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MYTHOLOGY

GREEK AND ROMAN.

DEDICATED

by the kind permission of their Royal Highnesses,

The Prince and Princess Christian,

to their Daughters

The Princesses Victoria and Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein.

MYTHOLOGY

GREEK AND ROMAN

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRIEDRICH NOSSELT

BY

MR. ANGUS

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MRS ANGUS W. HALL

AND

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PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHRISTIAN, TO THEIR DAUGHTERS
THE PRINCESSES VICTORIA AND LOUISE OF
SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN

"For this book doth tell of a path that leadeth to a Living Well"

LONDON
KERBY & ENDEAN, 440 OXFORD STREET
1885

K&E

THE WORLD AS KNOWN TO THE ANCIENT GREEKS.

FEB 2 2 1935
Theological Semin

TO

H.R.H. Princess Christian.

MADAM,

In asking for the permission so kindly granted by your Royal Highness to dedicate this translation of Dr Nösselt's "Handbook of Mythology" to your daughters the Princesses Victoria and Louise, I thought it might be worthy of their acceptance, and also generally useful—more especially as there is, I believe, a great want in this country of a book on Mythology, fit for the general reader and essential to the education of the young.

Believing that Dr Nösselt's Mythology would supply this want, I was induced to undertake the present translation, and, should it become as popular in England as it is in Germany, where it is not only a text-book in schools, but has also obtained a place on the book-shelf of every cultivated home, I shall be amply rewarded.

Classics are generally a sealed book to the young: I have therefore interspersed throughout carefully selected extracts from Wright's and Pope's "Iliad," Worsley's "Odyssey," Morris' "Virgil," and Garth's "Ovid." Buckley's "Euripides" and Blackwood's "Ancient Classics for English Readers" have been of great assistance.

The spelling of names is almost entirely in accordance with that of Smith's "Classical Dictionary," and, in the myths, the Greek names have been kept almost without exception.

From an historical point of view Mythology is most valuable, as it tells of those early ages when men were struggling instinctively towards the Light, and, even in their darkness, learnt to honour the good and brave and to despise the weak and cowardly.

Before concluding I desire to express my thanks to my friend Mrs FitzHugh, daughter of Mr James Mure, through whose hands the book passed before it went to press.

Trusting that this volume may give some amusement as well as instruction to the young Princesses, to whom it is dedicated, as well as to the general reader,

I remain,

With the greatest respect,

MADAM,

Your Royal Highness'

Most obedient and devoted humble servant,

AMALIA HALL.

CLAREMONT, SOUTHAMPTON,
Christmas, 1884.

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INTRODUCTION.

The first inhabitants of the world were undoubtedly gifted with all powers of mind and feeling, but these powers only became perfected by later experiences and trials. It is not probable that they were rude and cruel like the savages of America and the South Sea Islands, but rather complete children of nature, as far removed from wild barbarity as from the crimes that civilization brought in its train. They lived an innocent life,—at least so the most ancient legends tell us,—uninterrupted by envy or hatred, without sickness or infirmity, and with neither evil passions nor strong emotions to weaken their bodies. They reached a good old age, and after a long series of happy years, passed away in gentle sleep.

Where the actual scene of this beautiful natural life of our first parents lay has not been ascertained; that it was in Asia is certain, but whether in the valley of the Caucasus or the mountain plains of Kashmir, or elsewhere, is not known. Their descendants, as their numbers increased, took possession of the neighbouring countries, spreading further and further until they populated the most distant regions of the earth.

Their childlike simple belief in one God they lost early through their own fault. Then they turned to the elements of nature, and either feared or trusted as they received benefit or injury from them. When they heard the warring

of the storm or the crashing of the thunder, when a flash of lightning struck down a tree before their eyes, or the light and heat of the sun warmed and comforted them, they seem intuitively to have felt that there was some unknown mighty power which directed all these elements, bringing to mankind either happiness or misery.

As time went on, they identified these various powers, and looked upon them as individual gods. When they beheld them struggling with each other, the wind lashing the sea, the water overcoming the fierce flame, and the rivers flooding and devastating the land, they imagined that each element had its own special deity, and that these often warred one with another. The number of gods rapidly increased, but still they ever regarded One as more mighty than the rest, and the others as subordinate.

With all the qualities which they themselves possessed they endowed their gods, only in a higher degree. Thus so long as they themselves were innocent, their gods were innocent. When, however, in the course of time, men degenerated, they endowed the gods with all their own crimes and vices. They worshipped these deities, and called upon them in all the important affairs of life, offering to them sacrifices and prayers. Sometimes one nation adopted the gods of another, but even when this was the case, they invariably adapted them to their own requirements. And for this reason it is often difficult to trace the origin of the worship of certain deities.

Occasionally ancient monarchs, heroes, and benefactors of their country were immortalized after their death; and these different myths were in time connected by the poets and singers, who improved, completed, and often added, until they gradually blended them into a perfect whole.

No nation of the olden time was so distinguished

for beauty of imagination as the Greek. None of their gods were monstrosities, as among the Hindoos; they had mostly beautiful, human figures, but grander and more beautiful and perfect than those of the human race. To portray the gods was the highest aim of the painter and sculptor, and, as Greek art delighted only in noble forms, the nation at large received worthy representations of their great deities.

In plays, especially in tragedies, the gods were often made to take a visible part, or else their deeds were related and brought forward, so that the people became more and more acquainted with them.

The great mass of the people continued in the simple belief handed down to them by their fathers, and read all the myths and art representations of the gods literally; but the more educated tried to see and find a higher meaning in them.

By mythology we mean especially that of the Greeks and Romans, for our poets, painters, and sculptors confine themselves principally to these two nations. It is therefore essential that every well-educated girl should know so much of it as will enable her to understand and appreciate the various works of art and poetry and at the same time give her a better insight into the manners and customs of the ancients.

PART I.

GRECIAN AND ROMAN DIVINITIES.

I.—THE GRECIAN ACCOUNT OF THE CREATION.

Among the accounts of ancient writers as to the Creation of the World, very few seem to have been imbued with the idea that a Supreme Being had existed from Eternity, and had created all things. Even the Greeks did not cherish this grand conception. According to them the visible world was made out of very imperfect elements, and brought to its present state of perfect beauty by means of wonderful changes and terrific combats among the Powers of Nature, all of which were regarded as individual Beings.

These various evolutions they classed under the head of three divine kingdoms, the successive monarchs of which were named Uranus, Chronos, and Zeus. They further believed that each had gained his kingdom from his father and predecessor by rebellion and warfare. Neither Chronos nor Uranus was worshipped by the Greeks as supreme lord and master: all religious honour and worship were given to Zeus and his divine house alone. The most connected and best known of these myths is that of Hesiod, an old Greek poet, who lived probably about 900 B.C., and who relates the following:—

In the beginning everything was empty and void—an infinite dark space, called Chaos. Out of this arose (how is not said) the Earth, Ge or Gaea, not as a round ball but as a flat disc, thus dividing the infinite space into two parts, the Upper and the Under world—Heaven and Tartarus—the

latter remaining in darkness called Erebus (eternal night). But the earth also was still in darkness, for as yet there was nothing to light it, and this darkness was called Nyx (night). Out of Nyx and Erebus, both supposed to be divine beings, arose Hemera (day) on the Earth, and above her Aether (upper air). Then did the Earth bring forth the starry heaven (Uranus) which surrounded her, also the mighty Ocean and the Mountains.

II.—URANUS AND HIS DESCENDANTS.

As everything on earth appeared to have been brought forth by the combined powers of Earth and Heaven, the Greeks regarded Uranus and Gaea as man and wife, and the ancestors of all the Gods. Their children were—

(1.) The Titans and Titanidae, six of each. Of the Titans three only are celebrated—Oceanus, Japetus, and Chronos. The others were Coeus, Crius, and Hyperion. Of the Titanidae, their sisters, only four were well known—Tethys, Mnemosyne, Themis, and Rhea. Thia and Phoebe are seldom mentioned. These twelve represented the primitive powers of nature, as they appear in the forces of water and fire, and in the movement and light of the stars, &c.

Oceanus was the god of the mighty stream that encircled the whole earth, without beginning or end (he must not be mistaken for Pontus, the Mediterranean Sea, whose waters were salt), and his children were the rivers. He was of a peaceable, friendly disposition, and did not take any part in the revolt of his brothers.

He is depicted as an old man with a bull's head, or else seated in a carriage drawn by sea-monsters, and surrounded

by mermaids, sea-dogs, and mermen or Tritons, blowing horns. His wife was his sister Tethys.* An old poem describes her as the black-eyed wife of Oceanus, the queen in the sea-coloured garments, who rolls round the earth, wafted gently by the wings of the wind, and breaking the force of the waves against the rocks. She takes care of the sea-monsters, is the mother of fogs, clouds, and springs, and delights in the ships that sail on the broad bosom of the ocean.

Among the streams counted as the children of Oceanus and Tethys is Achelous, who is honoured as the king of rivers; also the Oceanidae, who appear as nymphs of springs and waters generally.

Japetus, and his sons, Atlas (part XI.), Prometheus and Epimetheus (part VII.), are the links between the gods and mortals.

Chronos or Saturn, the youngest of the Titans, was at the same time the most cunning. Their father, Uranus, greatly fearing his offspring, had thrown them into Tartarus, where they lay chained in everlasting darkness. But Gaea, their mother, had pity on her children, and advised them to rise against their father. This they did. Chronos placed himself at the head of his brothers, and having received a sickle-shaped knife from his mother, rushed up to his father, and wounded him while sleeping, so that he remained insensible from that hour. He sunk down into the depths of Tartarus, having first predicted punishment to his sons for their unnatural conduct.

Out of the blood that sprang from his wounds rose the dreadful Erinyes, the giants, and other monsters, of whom more hereafter.

* Tethys must not be mistaken for Thetis. The latter was a daughter of Nereus and Doris, and mother of Achilles.

Chronos then married his sister, Rhea, who became the mother of five children, Hestia (Vesta), Demeter (Ceres), Hera (Juno), Pluton (Pluto), and Poseidon (Neptune). Chronos fearing that the prediction of Uranus might come true, that his sons would, in their turn, rise against him, swallowed all his children as soon as they saw the light of day. When the sixth child was born, Rhea, fearing it might share the fate of its brothers and sisters, asked the advice of her parents, Uranus and Gaea, as to what she should do to save it. They told her to hide it in a cave in the island of Crete, and to give the greedy father a stone, wrapped in swaddling clothes, instead. She did so, and Chronos swallowed it so quickly that he never noticed the fraud.

Zeus (Jupiter), as the little one was called, was brought up in a cave in Crete, and when at the end of a year he was full grown, he determined to revenge himself on his unnatural father. Metis, one of the daughters of Oceanus, and afterwards Jupiter's wife, gave Chronos an emetic; this made him bring up first, the stone he had swallowed, and then, wonderful to say, all the five children!

Chronos represented Time. As Time swallows his children, the years, months, and days, so Chronos swallowed his children; and as the years, months, and days return again, so did Chronos' offspring. He is always depicted as an old man with a long beard, and in his hand a scythe, for Time mows down everything. Sometimes also with a snake biting its tail, an emblem of Eternity. The back of his head is covered with a veil, as a sign that Time only shows us the present, the future remains hidden. In Rome he was called Saturn.

In old legends his reign is called the Golden Age. People lived like the Gods, without sorrow, grief, or labour, and the earth brought forth her increase and riches. Free from

all toil, the people's lives flowed on in unbroken happiness. They knew no pain, no old age, for their bodies and spirits retained their youthfulness and vigour, till death came and carried them away in a soft sleep. After this they became invisible spirits, guarding the human race. In remembrance of this happy time, the Romans every year, in the middle of December, celebrated the Saturnalia. The feast began by the removal of the woollen bandages in which the feet of the statue were wrapped during the rest of the year, and this act loosed the various burdens laid on the citizens. All public and private business was put on one side; the courts of justice and the schools were empty, no criminal was punished, no war begun. The people only lived for pleasure; banquets were held, and what most distinguished these festivals was the freedom which the slaves enjoyed. Not only were they free, and allowed to wear a hat, the mark of freedom, and a toga with a red stripe like the noblest Roman, but they were waited on by their own masters at a bounteous table, and the latter had to submit to the most laughable punishments if they failed to acquit themselves properly. They were also allowed openly to complain to their masters of anything they wished changed. Happiness and joy reigned everywhere, and people gave each other presents as at our own Christmas time.

Saturn's wife, Rhea, was afterwards confused with the goddess Cybele, who was specially honoured in Phrygia, a country in Asia Minor. The legend of the origin of her worship is as follows:—

Maeon, one of the kings of Phrygia, had a daughter born to him. As, however, he had wished for, and expected a son, he sent the little girl off to a neighbouring mountain, where she was first nursed by lions and panthers, and afterwards brought up by old women. She grew up very

beautiful, good, and clever, and was beloved by everyone. She invented the drum, taught the use of healing herbs, cured children and animals, and was known by all as the "Good Mother of the Mountain."

During her journeys hither and thither, helping and doing good, and attended by her faithful servant Marsyas, she became acquainted with the shepherd Attys, the nephew of a neighbouring king. They mutually fell in love, and were secretly married; but when the father of Cybele (thus was the "Good Mother of the Mountain" called) heard what his daughter had done, he was furious, and had Attys killed. Cybele, driven to despair, left her father's castle, and fled to the mountains, there to nurse her bitter grief, accompanied only by the faithful Marsyas, who never left her. With flying hair, and amid the sound of drums and fifes, she hurried from country to country, still doing good wherever she went, teaching the people to cultivate the ground, to live sociably together, and to build permanent houses. While she was thus travelling through strange lands, the angry Gods sent a dreadful famine into Phrygia. The oracle was questioned as to what ought to be done to put an end to it. "Worship Cybele as a Goddess, and honourably bury Attys," was the answer. The people wished to obey, but not a vestige of the unfortunate youth's body was to be found. Then the Phrygians made a figure like Attys and buried it; to Cybele, however, they raised several altars, and instituted feasts in her honour. Her principal festival was from the 22nd to the 27th of March. The first day a pine tree was cut down, on which was hung a figure of Attys. This was carried into the temple of the goddess, and presented to her with these words, "The tree is brought to thee." On the second day, the day of anxious expectation, horns were heard over every

hill and valley. This represented the wailings of Cybele while searching for Attys. At last, on the third day, the long looked for one was found. With wild cries of joy, a pine torch in one hand, a knife in the other, and with flying hair and wild screams, the priestesses of the goddess, the Corybantes, rushed madly about, amidst the noise of drums, horns, fifes, and cymbals, gashing their arms and feet recklessly.

Rhea or Cybele is depicted as a tall handsome woman with a noble and calm face. She is generally seated on a throne with a couple of lions beside her; also in a carriage drawn by two or four lions. Her dress is fastened at the waist with a girdle, but her mantle hangs loosely down in front, and is brought like a veil over her head at the back. On her head she wears a mural crown, *i.e.*, a crown with towers, ramparts, and turrets. In her right hand a sceptre, in her left a small drum. Sometimes wheat ears are placed beside her, or the sun on one side and the moon on the other, or else above the mural crown, a cap with the sun and the moon.

(2.) Uranus and Rhea had, besides the Titans and Titanidae, two other sets of children, the Hecatoncheires and the Cyclopes. The Hecatoncheires or Centimanes (Gyges, Briareus, and Cottus) were enormous giants, powerful, strong, and of dreadful appearance, each having no less than fifty heads and one hundred hands. They were not wicked or cruel, but so terrible on account of their great strength, that their own father imprisoned them in Tartarus, and placed another monster, Campe, at the entrance of their prison, to guard them.

(3.) The Cyclopes (Brontes, Steropes, and Arges), according to Hesiod, were also mighty giants. Wherever volcanic mountains arose, and where the depths of the

earth shot forth streams of fire, there were they supposed to have their abode, as in Mount Etna and the Lipari Isles. They had only one eye in the middle of their foreheads, but this was as large as a small carriage wheel. Some poets give them three eyes, two ordinary ones in addition to the forehead eye. They were very skilful, and invented many artistic works.

III.—GAEA OR GE, AND HER DESCENDANTS.

Gaea, or the Earth, is called in old Greek legends and poems, the mother of the gods and men, the all-powerful protectress and creator as well as destroyer of all things. Grass, flowers, and herbs were her special delight and pleasure, and she, the honoured mother of all things, nurtures the creatures of earth, sea, and air. Besides the children she had by Saturn, she had others who were hers solely. These were :—

(1.) Pontus, the Mediterranean Sea.

(2.) Nereus, a sea-god. He represented the calm, smooth sea, and is depicted as a mild and just god. "He is," says Hesiod, "always ready to do a just and kind action, and dislikes all ill-deeds." He had the gift of prophecy, and lived at the bottom of the sea, where his daughters rejoiced him by their songs and dances. He kept the winds shut up in hidden caves, and loosed them at his pleasure, when they had to disturb the surface of the ocean. As the sea is always changing, sometimes green and sometimes blue, and as water has no shape of its own, but takes the form of whatever it is in, the poets ascribe to the sea-gods the power of being able to take different shapes.

Nereus is generally represented as an old man, with an oar over his shoulder, walking arm-in-arm on the sea with his wife Doris. They had fifty daughters, the Nereides and Doreides, lovely sea-nymphs, who, though not so beautiful as the goddesses, were quite as attractive. They knew that they were lovely, and woe to all mortal maidens who imagined themselves more beautiful than the Nymphs. The poets sing of their lovely feet, their rosy arms, their graceful figures, dark eyes, beautiful golden hair, and perpetual joyousness. They dwelt at the bottom of the sea, danced merrily over the waves, and rode on dolphins, sea-horses, or other marine animals. Their garments were gracefully wound round them, the colours being always either blue or green like the colour of the sea. Sometimes they appear in the form of various sea-animals, and join in the games of the merry dolphins. The most celebrated of the Nereides are Amphitrite and Thetis, of whom more anon.

(3.) Thaumas, the wonderful, does not appear after this, but his children, Iris and the Harpies, play a very prominent part in mythology.

Iris, the Rainbow, was the messenger of the Gods, and the special attendant of the Queen of Heaven. Whenever the latter had any business to transact on earth, Iris was at once sent off, and her path was marked by the brilliant rainbow. On Olympus she sat next to Hera, awaiting her commands, prepared the couch of her august mistress, and called those with whom she wished to speak. Sometimes also she did the bidding of Zeus and the other gods: as when Jove required the waters of the Styx to be brought up from the nether-world for the oath of the gods, he

> "Sends Iris down
> To bring the great oath in a golden ewer,
> The far-famed water, from steep, sky-capt rock

Distilling in cold stream. Beneath the earth
Abundant from the sacred river-head
Through shades of darkest night the Stygian horn
Of ocean flowers : a tenth of all the streams
To the dread oath allotted. . . . .
Who of immortals, that inhabit still
Olympus topped with snow, libation pours
And is forsworn, he one whole year entire
Lies reft of breath, nor yet approaches once
The nectared and ambrosial sweet repast.
. . . . . nine years
From everlasting deities remote
His lot is cast : in council nor in feast
Once joins he, till nine years entire are full.
. . . . . .
So great an oath the deities of heaven
Decreed the waters incorruptible."

— HESIOD, "Theogony" (Elton).

Iris is always represented as a young girl with saffron-coloured or golden wings.

The Harpies were hideous monsters, half birds, half women, frightfully scraggy. Two and sometimes four are mentioned: Aëllo, Ocypete, Celaeno, and Podarge. When the Gods wished to punish anyone they summoned the Harpies, who quickly came, fell greedily on all the food before them, eat ravenously without ever being satisfied, and destroyed and spoiled all that was left. They were not always depicted in the same way, but they are always shrivelled and thin, with women's faces, large coarse ears, birds' bodies, and long sharp claws.

(4.) Phorcus.—He, like Thaumus, is not either represented by ancient poets, painters, or sculptors, but is only mentioned as being the father of several monsters. He was a sea-god, and married to his sister, the beautiful Ceto. Their children were :

(*a.*) *The Graeæ.* Old women, grey haired from their very birth, who lived in perpetual darkness at the uttermost ends of the earth, somewhere beyond the Atlas Mountains in Africa. They had only one eye and one tooth between them, the latter as large as a boar's tusk. These were used by turns, and it was therefore difficult to depict them.

(*b.*) *The Gorgons.* Of these there were three: Stheno, Euryale, and Medusa, the two first immortal, the third mortal. They were monsters with broad inflated faces, snakes instead of hair, snakes wound round their bodies, enormous teeth, iron hands, and golden wings. Whoever beheld them was turned to stone. Medusa had been originally wondrously beautiful, but having offended the goddess Pallas Athene, she was changed into a hideous monster. When Perseus, one of the heroes of ancient Greece, killed her, and cut off her head, Minerva placed the frightful trophy on her shield, and even there the sight of it turned people into stone. The blood that dropped from the head produced all the numerous snakes with which Africa abounds, for the Gorgons, like the Graeæ, were supposed to live in those far distant parts of Africa, where reigned perpetual night. From the blood which gushed forth from the body of Medusa arose Pegasus and Chrysaor.

(*a.*) *Pegasus* was a winged horse, which as soon as it was created, flew to the abode of the gods. Here Zeus took it, harnessed it to his chariot, and drove furiously through the clouds, flashes of lightning darting out of the horse's hoofs. A later fable says: Pegasus was pasturing, free and wild, beside some springs near Corinth. Bellerophon, a noble youth, had long and vainly tried to tame the creature. At last one day, while sleeping in the temple of Pallas, the goddess appeared to

him, and presented him with a golden bridle. The hero awoke, found the bridle beside him, stole quietly with it in his hand to where the horse was drinking, threw it over him and succeeded in jumping on his back. On this account the animal was called Pegasus, *i.e.*, the horse of the spring. Bellerophon soon became ambitious and arrogant, swung himself on his winged steed into the air, and rose up towards heaven. The Gods, who quickly punish arrogance, sent a hornet to sting the horse, which rearing wildly, threw its rider, who only just escaped with his life. Pegasus then flew to the home of the Gods and served Zeus, until Eos, the Goddess of the Dawn, begged him for herself. She then harnessed him to her carriage, and drove him through the skies every morning.

Another and later poem says :—

The nine daughters of King Pierus once challenged the Muses to a trial of music, that was to be held on Mount Helicon. While the girls were singing, the whole air became dark and murky, caused by the discord of their voices. But when the Muses began, their song was so heavenly that both the sky and the earth paused to listen ; the stars stayed their courses, and the seas and rivers stood still. Yes ! Mount Helicon itself was so elated with joy, that it rose higher and higher, until Poseidon, fearing it might reach heaven, sent Pegasus down to stop the rising mountain. Stamping with his mighty hoofs on the summit of Mount Helicon, he succeeded in making it stand still ; but where his powerful feet had struck the ground, a spring gushed forth, called Hippocrine, whose waters inspired all those who drank them with divine powers. The presumptuous daughters of Pierus were changed into chattering magpies.

(*b.*) *Chrysaor* or *Goldsword.* So called because he was

born with a golden sword in his hand. About him mythology says nothing further than that he was the father of two monsters, Geryon and Echidna.

(*a.*) Geryon, a giant of fearful aspect, with no less than three bodies, six hands, six feet, and two wings. He was said to have been a king of Spain or the Balearic Isles, and owned magnificent herds of cattle, that were tended by his nephew, the giant Eurytion, and guarded by the two-headed dog Orthrus who was slain by Hercules.

(*b.*) Echidna was a monster of a different type. The upper half of her body was like a beautiful nymph, with large dark eyes and rosy cheeks, whilst the lower part was an enormous snake. She lived in a deep underground cave in the Pityusian Isles, where her beautiful face attracted all the passing sailors. When they came near, she encircled them with her snake's tail, and drawing them into the cavern, quickly devoured them. She had two husbands:

Typhon, one of the sons of Gaea and Tartarus.

Orthrus, the above named two-headed dog.

Her children were also monsters; among them were:

(*a.*) Orthrus, sometimes spoken of as her husband, and sometimes as her son.

(*b.*) Cerberus, a frightful dog, with three (according to Hesiod, fifty) heads, surrounded by a mane of hissing serpents, and the hinder part of his body, a dragon's tail. He guarded the entrance to the lower regions, only allowed spirits to enter, and growled at all mortals, unless first propitiated with corn and honey cakes. If any attempted to *leave* the Underworld, he at once attacked and devoured them. Hercules once brought him up out of Tartarus by squeezing his three heads together between his knees.

(*c.*) The Lernean Hydra, so called from the town of Lerna, in the Peloponnesus. This serpent lived in a large swamp near the town, and had fifty heads, the centre one being immortal. Hercules conquered it, but only with great difficulty.

(*d.*) Chimaera, another monster, half goat, half lion, and constantly spitting fire. She dwelt in Lycia, a province on the south coast of Asia Minor, and was at last killed by Bellerophon, who leapt on Pegasus, and attacked her as she flew through the air.

(*e.*) The Sphinx, a monster with a woman's head and neck, the body of a lion, the tail of a dragon, and large wings. She hovered about the neighbourhood of Thebes watching for travellers, to every one of whom she propounded a riddle, and those who could not guess it were at once devoured.

(*f.*) The Nemean Lion lived in a cave near Nemea in the Peloponnesus. He was of gigantic size and could not be wounded. Notwithstanding this, Hercules overcame him.

(*g.*) Ladon, the Dragon who guarded the Golden Apples in the garden of Hesperides. He had one hundred heads, from each of which issued a frightful hissing noise.

(*h.*) Scylla, a monster with six necks and six heads, each of which made a terrific roaring noise. Her twelve useless legs had grown on to a rock, standing in the straits between Italy and Sicily. It was so high that its summit reached to the clouds, and so smooth and glossy that no one could climb it. Her body was covered with wolves and sea-dogs, who all added to the frightful roaring, and she inhabited a cave, from which only her upper half projected. Here she lay and watched the passing ships, which often succumbed to her wiles. This fable arose from the fearful

noise caused by the waters, which formerly rushed through the straits with great rapidity, roaring throughout the caves excavated by the sea, and then, when any ships were wrecked, it was said the monster had destroyed them.

(*i.*) The Dragon of Colchis lay in a wood close to that city, on the eastern shores of the Black Sea, where, never sleeping, day or night, he guarded the Golden Fleece.

5. Fama. She was the Goddess of News, and the youngest of the daughters of the Earth. Gaea brought her forth to revenge herself on the Gods, after her children, the giants, had been conquered, so that she might make their misdeeds known. Fama had a temple in Athens. Virgil gives the following beautiful account of her:—

"Straight through the mighty Libyan folks is Rumour on the wing—
Rumour, of whom nought swifter is of any evil thing:
She gathereth strength by going on, and bloometh shifting oft;
A little thing, afraid at first, she springeth soon aloft;
Her feet are on the worldly soil, her head the clouds o'erlay.
Earth spurred by anger 'gainst the Gods, begot her as they say,
Of Coeus and Enceladus the latest sister birth.
Swift are her wings to cleave the air, swift-foot she treads the earth:
A monster dread and huge, on whom so many as there lie
The feathers, under each there lurks, O strange! a watchful eye;
And there wag tongues, and babble mouths and hearkening ears up stand
As many: all a-dusk by night she flies 'twixt sky and land
Loud clattering, never shutting eye in rest of slumber sweet.
By day she keepeth watch high-set on houses of the street,

Or on the towers aloft she sits for mighty cities' fear:
And lies and ill she loves no less than sooth which she must bear."

—VIRGIL, "Æneid" (Morris).

Tartarus was Gaea's husband, as well as Uranus. In him were imprisoned those immortals who had been thrown down by the conquering Gods, such as the Titans and Hecatoncheires. He was depicted with a brass floor, metal walls, and an iron gate. Later on the poets described Tartarus as the place where, after death, the wicked had to suffer punishment in everlasting darkness. Their son was

Typhon, a frightful monster, brought forth by the Earth, as a punishment to the Gods for having condemned her children, the Titans and giants to live in Tartarus. His birthplace was Cilesia, in Asia Minor, probably because there are many volcanic rocks and small craters there, and earthquakes are of frequent occurrence. He was so tall that his head touched the clouds, and when he stretched out his arms they reached from sunrise to sunset. His hands had no fingers, but instead a hundred dragons, and hideous snakes wound round his body, their heads rising above his, with fiercely glaring eyes, and long black tongues hanging out of their mouths. His whole body was covered with feathers, stiff bristles grew on his head, and from his chin descended a long shaggy beard. Two enormous wings grew from his shoulders, and whenever he raised his voice, the roaring and howling were so terrific that all the hills trembled.

The giants that arose from the drops of Uranus' blood were also called children of the Earth. They were frightful figures, men of enormous size and strength, with long hair growing from their heads and chins, and dragons' tails

instead of feet. Their appearance was so frightful that the very stars turned pale, and even the sun hid his face in fear.

The Eumenides or Erinyes (Furies) had the same origin. Only three of these are known by name, Alecto, Megæra, and Tisiphone. They represented the punishment that follows all misdeeds, especially the torments of conscience.

As soon as anyone had committed a crime, the Furies appeared and followed him incessantly with torches and scourges made of snakes. They whipped him from country to country, never leaving him, even at night, and following him down to the Netherworld. All human ills which were looked upon as punishments sent by the Gods, such as rage, madness, murder, war, and plagues, came from them. They lived at the entrance of the Kingdom of Death. Here they received the souls of the wicked, and from hence they rose to the earth to torment criminals during their lives. They were depicted as hideous women with broad, haggard, wrinkled faces, tongues hanging out of their mouths, snakes instead of hair, spots of blood all round their glowing eyes, claws instead of fingers, and black from head to foot. In their hands they carried a scourge of snakes and a torch or dagger. Whenever they were angry, drops of poison fell from their mouths to the earth, causing dreadful illnesses and destroying vegetation.

No wonder that the people were afraid of them, and did not even venture to mention their names aloud! When approaching a place dedicated to them, dead silence was preserved, for fear of waking them; even when praying to them, it had to be done with closed lips; and after the prayer was ended, the suppliant departed without looking back. Non-wine-producing fruits and black animals

only were sacrificed to them, and the wood used was elm, cedar, and elder, and to them the crocus and narcissus were sacred.

IV.—ZEUS OR JUPITER.

Zeus was regarded by the Greeks as the living spirit of Nature, that vital power that shows itself in everything that has life. His kingdom was the sky, and everything that took place there was his work. Zeus was the God of the Upper Regions, the mighty lord who drove along in the midst of thunder and lightning, the gracious sender of rain. It was therefore only natural that he was specially honoured, and was looked upon as the first among the Gods.

As soon as he was born, his mother gave him in charge to Themis, who got the goat Amalthea to nurse him, and ordered the Curetes, *i.e.*, the armed priests of Crete, to make loud noises by clashing their arms, to prevent Chronos hearing the little one cry. Amalthea, however, was such a frightful looking animal that the Gods begged Gaea to withdraw her from their sight. This was accordingly done, and the goat was hidden in a cave in the island of Crete, where she nursed Zeus. Bees were also supposed to have brought him food.

Amalthea was afterwards placed among the stars, where she still shines under the name of Capella, but her skin became the famous Ægis, the shield of Pallas Athene (Minerva). It was perfectly impenetrable, and Zeus made use of it when fighting with the giants.

Zeus grew so rapidly that, after a year, he was strong enough to revenge himself on his father. Metis, the Goddess of Wisdom, gave him an emetic for Chronos, who was obliged

to bring up all the five children he had swallowed. Zeus then deprived him of his kingdom, and divided it with his two brothers, Pluto and Poseidon. Pluto received the Underworld, Poseidon the sea, but Zeus retained the heavens and the earth for himself.

Before he could enjoy his new power, however, he had to fight many a battle. First came the Titans, who began a tremendous war in the mountainous districts of Thessaly. Zeus and the other immortals stood on Mount Olympus, and opposite on Mount Othrys stood the fearful Titans. Then commenced a terrific combat, and for ten long years they warred against each other, till heaven, earth, and sea were filled with the roar of battle.

At last Gaea advised the gods to call the Cyclopes and the Hecatoncheirae to help them. These monsters were still in Tartarus, where they had been imprisoned, and another monster, Campe, guarded the entrance. Zeus appeared, slew Campe, and led the freed prisoners against the Titans.

Joyful, and full of courage, they prepared themselves for battle. The clever Cyclopes gave Poseidon the mighty trident, and Pluto, the helmet, which made him invisible, while for Zeus they brought the flashing lightning from the depths of the earth. After Zeus had refreshed his fellow-combatants with nectar and ambrosia, the fight began anew.

Making use of his weapons, he let loose the storms, which threw lightning and dust in the eyes of the combatants, till the Titans were completely overcome by the "hundred armed Ones," and were obliged to confess themselves vanquished.

The victorious Gods then chained them, threw them into the gruesome depths of Tartarus, and placed the Heca-

toncheirae to guard them. But the Earth lamented over the fate of her sons, and in order to punish the Gods for their severity, created the Giants, those dreadful monsters, before whom the very stars turned pale. They came forth out of the earth, eager for war, piled mountain on mountain in order to reach heaven, and then rushed towards it with burning oak trees and enormous pieces of rock. Well may the Gods have feared such an onslaught! But as an oracle had foretold, that they could only conquer the Giants by the aid of a mortal, Zeus called the powerful Hercules to their assistance. As soon as Gaea heardt his, she searched for magic herbs, by which she could protect her sons against the arms of mortals. Zeus, however, forbade all the Gods of Light, Eos (sunrise), Helios (the sun), Selene (the moon) to shine, and himself cut all the magic herbs, so that Gaea found none.

Now began the terrible conflict. All the Gods helped, and Hercules worked bravely with them. Here one Giant was killed by arrows, there another was overthrown by red-hot iron. A third fell under Hercules' club, on others islands and volcanoes were thrown, and at last Jupiter flung his mighty thunderbolts and killed all that were left. Once again the angry Earth tried to avenge the overthrow of the Titans and Giants, and brought forth a monster more terrible than any that had preceded it, the dreadful Typhon. While the gigantic snakes that wound round him hissed fearfully, flames issued from his mouth, and he rushed towards heaven throwing enormous pieces of burning rock, which so terrified the assembled Gods that they all fled to Egypt, where they changed themselves into various animals, that Typhon might not recognise them. Even mighty Jove fled, but while doing so, hurled thunderbolts behind him as his pursuers came ever nearer and nearer. But they were of

no avail, and not until he raised his sharp diamond-sickle was the monster quelled, and, fleeing in his turn, took refuge in the Caucasus, where a mighty conflict between him and the God of Heaven took place.

Already Zeus thought he had conquered, blood streamed from the thousand wounds that Typhon had received, when suddenly, the innumerable snakes that grew on his body wound themselves round the God, and threw him to the ground. Typhon secured the sickle, cut out the sinews of Zeus's hands and feet, threw him across his shoulders and carried him to Sicily, where he shut him up in a horrible sulphurous cave.

The sinews he wrapped in a bear's skin, placed a dragon to guard them, and hurried off to find the other Gods.

Meanwhile Pan and Hermes, who were hiding in the neighbourhood, heard the moans of the wounded Zeus. They crept cautiously forward, stole the sinews from the dragon, fitted them again into their proper places, and lo ! Zeus was well and sound once more. He hastily got into his thunder-chariot, with the winged steeds, and pursued the monster. Typhon fled before the thunderbolts of the God, till he reached Mount Nysa, where the Parcae persuaded him to take some fruit to refresh himself. They did so with the view of giving Zeus time to overtake him, and in this they succeeded ; but no sooner did Typhon perceive the approaching God than he fled and took refuge in Thrace, on Mount Haemus. Here they again met in mortal combat. Jupiter hurled thunderbolts and lightnings ; Typhon, whole mountains ; but the thunderbolts were the most destructive, and at last the monster turned and fled through the sea to Sicily, where he met his doom ; Jupiter throwing him to the ground and rolling Mount Etna on the top of him. There he lies still, and whenever he turns or moves, the earth

shakes ; when he breathes, the mountain smokes, and when he rages, flames and fire rush out of the crater.

Now at last the power of Zeus was established. There was but one more battle which we shall relate. Neptune (Poseidon) had two sons, the giants Otus and Ephialtes, also called Aloïdae, after their foster father Aloeus. When only nine years old they were nine fathoms high, their father Poseidon having endowed them with the faculty of growing every year one fathom in height and one yard in breadth. Thus, at nine years of age, they declared war against the Gods, threatening to take Heaven by storm by piling the mountains Pelion, Ossa, and Olympus, one on the top of the other. The Gods were startled at this mighty attack, and would, it is said, have been conquered if the giants had been grown up. Ephialtes demanded Hera (Juno), and Otus, Artemis (Diana) to wife. At first Ares (Mars) opposed them, but although he was very strong and experienced in warfare, he was overcome, bound, and thrown into prison, out of which Hermes (Mercury) rescued him by stratagem. It was only, however, by cunning that the giants could be conquered. Artemis, assuming the disguise of a stag, ran right between the two armies, and as they shot at the animal, their arrows missed the stag, hitting each other, and they sank lifeless to the ground. As punishment for their presumption they were condemned after their death to remain chained, with snakes, back to back to a pillar in the netherworld. On this pillar sat an owl, which by its cries never allowed them to sleep, while a vulture was ever beside them, devouring their entrails as fast as they grew.

This was the last combat that the monsters attempted against the Gods, who now enjoyed their sovereignty undisturbed.

ZEUS DICTATING THE LAW TO EROS.

Over all Gods and people and everything in heaven and earth, Zeus reigned supreme. He is represented as driving in his thunder-chariot with winged horses through the clouds; flashing lightnings, gathering the clouds and scattering them again, and sending down rain, hail, and snow. He has his throne in the heavens on Mount Olympus, a high mountain in Greece, whose summit is generally surrounded with clouds. On this account he is also called the Olympic. From thence he looks down on the doings of men, and keeps them and the Gods in order. Here also stand the magnificent palaces where the Gods hold their feasts and sit in council. The fate of men, all earthly happiness and misfortune, riches and poverty, life and death, all depend on Zeus. He was looked upon, especially, as the guardian of hospitality, and punished all those who failed in this duty. This, amongst others, Lycaon, King of Arcadia, experienced.

Zeus, hearing that he killed every stranger who came into his country, determined to prove the correctness of this report. Assuming the human form, he went to Lycaon's house. Very soon the others present divined he was a god, and began to worship him; but the king only laughed at them and determined to kill him in the night. Wishing, however, to be quite sure that his guest was not a god, he thought he would prove his omniscience, and placed a dish of child's flesh before him. Then Zeus' mighty anger was roused; the king's house stood suddenly in flames, and in trying to escape Lycaon was turned into the cowardly but murderous wolf. Zeus equally rewarded those who practised the rights of hospitality. The Roman poet, Ovid, gives us the following example:—

There was a district in Phrygia, in Asia Minor, that in ancient times had been inhabited, but was now covered by the sea.

Here Jove with Hermès came; but in disguise
Of mortal men concealed their deities;
One laid aside his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilsome steps together trod:
For harbour at a thousand doors they knocked;
Not one of all the thousand but was locked.
At last an hospitable house they found;
A homely shed, the roof not far from ground,
Was thatch'd with reeds and straw together bound.
There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long married, and a happy pair:
Now old in love, though little was their store,
Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master, or for servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all;
Command was none, where equal love was paid;
Or rather, both commanded, both obeyed.
From lofty roofs the gods repulsed before,
Now stooping, enter'd through the little door:
The man (their hearty welcome first expressed)
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest:
But ere they sate, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuff'd with straw, the seat to raise;
Coarse, but the best she had; then rakes the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
The living coals: and lest they should expire,
With leaves and bark she feeds her infant fire:
It smokes; and then with trembling breath she blows,
Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose;
With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these,
And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus formed, she sets the kettle on
(Like burnish'd gold the little seether shone):
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground (a small well-water'd spot);

She stripp'd the stalks of all their leaves ; the best.
She cull'd, and them with handy care she dressed.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung ;
Good old Philemon seized it with a prong
And from the smoky rafter drew it down ;
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one ;
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which, for their sakes alone, he wish'd were more.
This in the pot he plunged without delay,
To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat,
And shorten'd the delay by pleasing chat.
A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driv'n nail :
This filled with water, gently warmed, they set
Before their guests : in this they bath'd their feet,
And after with clean towels dry their sweat.
This done, the host produced the genial bed,
Sallow the feet, the borders, and the stead ;
Which with no costly coverlet they spread,
But coarse old garments : yet, such robes as these
They laid alone, at feasts or holidays.
The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
The tables set : th' invited gods lie down.
The trivet table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thrusts beneath the limping leg a sherd ;
So was the mended board exactly rear'd :
Then rubbed it o'er with newly gathered mint,
A wholesome herb that breathed a grateful scent.
Pallas began the feast, where first was seen
The parti-coloured olive, black and green ;
Autumnal cornels next in order serv'd ;
In lees of wine, well pickled and preserved.
A garden salad was the third supply
Of endive, radishes, and succory :
Then curds and cream, the flow'r of country fare,

And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
All these in earthenware were serv'd to board ;
And next in place, an earthen pitcher, stor'd
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford ;
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought : like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls ; and these were shining clean,
Varnish'd with wax without, and lin'd within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepared
And to the table sent the smoking lard,
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A sav'ry bit, that serv'd to relish wine :
The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
Still working in the must, and lately pressed.
The second course succeeds like that before,
Plums, apples, nuts, and of their wintry store
Dry figs, and grapes, and wrinkled dates were set,
In canisters, t' enlarge the little treat :
All these a milk-white honey-comb surround,
Which in the midst the country banquet crown'd :
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face :
In all they did, you might discern with ease,
A willing mind, and a desire to please.

Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and still,
Though often emptied were observ'd to fill,
Fill'd without hands, and of their own accord
Ran without feet, and danc'd about the board.
Devotion seized the pair, to see the feast
With wine, and of no common grape increas'd ;
And up they held their hands, and fell to pray'r,
Excusing as they could, their country fare.

One goose they had ('twas all they could allow),
A wakeful sentry, and on duty now ;
Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow :
Her with malicious zeal the couple view'd ;

She ran for life, and limping they pursued :
Full well the fowl perceived the bad intent,
And would not make her master's compliment ;
But persecuted, to the Powers she flies,
And close between the legs of Jove she lies ;
He, with a gracious ear, the suppliant heard,
And saved her life ; then, what he was, declared,
And owned the God. "The neighbourhood," said he,
"Shall justly perish for impiety :
Ye stand alone exempted : but obey
With speed, and follow where we lead the way :
Leave these accurst, and to the mountain's height
Ascend ; nor once look backward in your flight."
They haste, and what their tardy feet deny'd,
The trusty staff (their better leg), supplied.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there secure, but spent with travel, stop ;
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes :—
Lost in a lake, the floated level lies :
A wat'ry desert covers all the plains ;
Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains.
Wond'ring with weeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbours' fate, and country now no more,
Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increas'd, in height and bulk to grow
A stately temple shoots within the skies,
The crotchets of their cot in columns rise,
The pavement polish'd marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture grand, the spires and tiles of gold.
Then thus the sire of Gods, with looks serene :
"Speak thy desire, thou only just of men ;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound."
Awhile they whisper ; then to Jove addressed,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request :
"We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altars, rites divine ;

And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife :
We beg one hour of death, that neither she,
With widow'd tears, may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with withered arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre."
The godheads sign their suit. They run their race
In the same tenour all th' appointed space ;
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple-gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green :
Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthened arms a sprouting wood ;
New roots their fastened feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind :
Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give and take at once their last adieu.
At once, "Farewell, O faithful spouse !" they said :
At once th' incroaching rinds their closing lips invade.
—OVID, "Metamorphoses," Book viii. (Dryden).

He was changed into an oak, and she into a lime, and for many years after, the people pointed out the sacred trees.

All the Gods looked upon Zeus as their father and lord, they dreaded his anger, and were often punished for disobedience. All, even the mightiest of them, bowed before his strength and might. He once, in anger, said to Hera, "Not all the Gods could aid thee if I were to hold thee with my all-powerful hands." Notwithstanding this, he had once to seek for foreign help against some of the Gods. Hera, Poseidon, and Athene had combined to overcome him. On hearing this, Thetis hurried off and fetched the mighty Briareus, one of the Hecatoncheirae, from the Underworld,

who placing himself beside the God, dared any to touch him.

As it was necessary, in order to rule the world, that Zeus should be wise above all others, his first wife was Metis, Goddess of Wisdom, and yet, although not a sound escaped him, he was outwitted by the other Gods, and only later on did he discover their frauds.

Amongst the Goddesses the following were his wives :—

1. **Metis**, a daughter of Oceanus, who administered the emetic to Chronos. Her daughter was Pallas Athene (Minerva), Goddess of Wisdom.

2. **Themis**, one of the Titanidae. Her children were the Hours and the Parcae. Themis was the Goddess of Order, Regularity, and Equality, and presided over the division of the food at the Gods' banquets. She was confounded with her daughter Dice, Goddess of Justice, one of the Hours and protectress of all ordinances. She was a serious, awe-inspiring maiden, but to delineate her with bandaged eyes, holding a sword and scales, is a later idea unknown to the ancients.

3. **Hera** or **Juno**. She was, as already stated, a daughter of Chronos and Rhea, a sister of Zeus, and was also eaten by her father. Her mother took her to Oceanus and Tethys, who nursed and brought her up with great care. She was regarded as Zeus's principal wife. Their marriage was celebrated in Crete, in presence of all the Gods and Goddesses, who each brought a wedding gift. From Gaea she received a branch with golden apples ; this she planted, and gave the Hesperides charge of the beautiful gardens in which it grew. At this marriage all the rites and customs in vogue among the Greeks were observed, and which we will briefly describe. First came a gorgeous procession, led by the bridal couple, seated on a splendid

car, decorated with wreaths, and drawn by two magnificent horses. Bride and bridegroom were crowned with mint, balm, and dittany. Later, myrtle was substituted. On each side went torch-bearers and musicians; behind the carriage came the bridegroom's friends, singing joyous songs, until they reached the bridegroom's house, where the housekeeper received them, and placed cakes, figs, and other fruits before them.

Hera was looked upon as the foundress and protectress of marriage, though certainly, as a wife, she was not a pattern of fidelity, for she was quarrelsome, jealous, and deceitful. She constantly tormented Zeus with reproaches, followed his footsteps with suspicion, and revenged herself unmercifully on all whom he found more amiable than herself. This happened very often, for, beautiful as she was, her jealous nature estranged him, as she constantly crossed his plans. This led to stormy scenes between them. Once he hung her up in the sky, fastening two anvils on to her feet, and when she again tormented him, he reminded her of it, and threatened to repeat it.

"Hast thou forgot, when bound and fix'd on high,
From the vast concave of the spangled sky,
I hung thee trembling in a golden chain,
And all the raging gods opposed in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from the Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.
For godlike Hercules these deeds were done,
Nor seemed the vengeance worthy such a son:
When, by thy wiles induced, fierce Boreas toss'd
The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast,
Him through a thousand forms of death I bore,
And sent to Argos, and his native shore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull the unwilling vengeance on thy head."

"Iliad," Book xv. (Pope).

When, however, she wanted to get anything from her husband she could make herself very agreeable. Thus, during the Trojan war, when Zeus had commanded that none of the Gods should take any part in it, and, in order to see this carried out, seated himself on the top of Mount Ida, where he kept strict watch, Hera, who favoured the Greeks, determined to put him to sleep, and went into her chamber to deck herself carefully. First, she bathed in the celestial waters, to remove every spot and stain; then she anointed herself with sweet-scented oil, combed and arranged her magnificent hair, which fell in luxuriant and shining tresses from her regal head, and shrouded herself in a beautiful garment, wrought by the artistic fingers of Athene, fastened in front with golden hooks. She then placed precious rings in her ears, and wrapped a veil round her head, which shone like the sun. The principal ornament was, however, still wanting, and hastening to Aphrodite, she begged the loan of her girdle, which made all those who wore it irresistible. She said she wanted it to reconcile her father, Oceanus, with his wife Tethys, as they had been for some time estranged. Having obtained it, she quickly flew to the Isle of Lemnos, and begged the God of Sleep to cover the ever-wakeful eyes of Jupiter with slumber. Sleep allowed himself to be persuaded and accompanied her to Mount Ida, where he hid himself behind the highest peak of the mountain. Hera now approached Zeus, telling him she was only passing on her way to the ends of the earth in order to reconcile Oceanus and Tethys. But the girdle did its work. Zeus thought he had never seen his wife look so beautiful, and entreated her with kindly words to take a seat beside him. Gladly she obeyed, and soon Sleep sank down gently and closed his eyes. The Gods had only

waited for this. Neptune hastened to the camp of the Greeks, led them against the Trojans, and caused frightful destruction amongst them. At last Zeus awoke and saw the fearful confusion. He discovered that Hera had deceived him, and threatened her with his anger. She, however, declared herself innocent, and the God allowed himself to be quieted. All the poets unite in praising the beauty of Juno. They describe her as tall, beautifully formed, of a majestic presence, and particularly laud her beautiful and commanding eye and white arm. Woe to the mortal maiden who thought herself more beautiful than the Goddess! Mythology relates numerous instances in which Juno made both women and maidens feel the power of her vengeance.

To her the peacock was sacred, for he is said by his cry to foretell the changes in the weather, and Juno represented the lower regions of air, where they principally occur. The Isle of Samos was her birthplace; here she was specially venerated, and a number of peacocks kept in her honour. She was worshipped in many other parts of Greece besides Samos, but more especially at Argos in the Peloponnesus, where a magnificent temple outside the town was erected to her. Every year her fête was celebrated by two processions, one consisting of armed and mail-clad men, the other of women, led by the head priestess, who was seated on a car drawn by white bullocks. As soon as the procession arrived, a hecatomb (a hundred head) of oxen were sacrificed, followed by various warlike games. Her children were: Ares (Mars), Hephaestus (Vulcan), and Hebe. In Rome she was worshipped under the name of Juno, as Jupiter's wife, and Goddess of Light and Marriage, and often a surname was added, such as Juno Lucina, Juno Sospeta, Juno

Regina; as the latter, she was also called the Capitolian, and in her temple in the Capitol sacred geese were kept in her honour, and it was said of them that during the wars with the Gauls their vigilance saved Rome. As Juno Regina, she had rendered the Romans another service in the town of Veji, of which she was patroness. When they were besieging this place, they dug a passage under the walls into the city, and at the end of it found themselves in her temple. The town was conquered; the Romans wished to carry the mighty Goddess back with them to Rome, but dared not do this without first asking her leave. They therefore went to the temple and asked the figure whether she would go with them; she graciously bent her head and was carried in triumph to Rome, where a temple was built for her on Mount Aventine. Here she was especially worshipped by married women.

4. **Leto** or **Latona** was the daughter of Coeus, one of the Titans. She represented the starlight night, and was depicted as a kind and gentle Goddess, the most beneficent of all those on Mount Olympus, and the friend of Gods and men. Nevertheless she was unmercifully persecuted by jealous Hera, who, in order that she might find no rest, made all continents and islands promise not to harbour her, and placed Mars on one high hill, and Iris on another, to see that her behests were carried out, while she sent a dragon to follow her enemy. Tired, parched with thirst, Latona came to a lake and attempted to drink, but the peasants drove her away, whereupon they were changed into frogs. At length she found rest on the island of Delos.

Of this there are two accounts. One says Delos was a floating island, and as such was not included in Hera's

prohibition. It had therefore taken compassion on the wandering Goddess, and as soon as she stepped on to it, four pillars rose from the bottom of the sea to support and steady it.

The other legend says, Poseidon so pitied Latona that he raised this island (which had hitherto lain at the bottom of the sea) with his trident, and sent Hermes to guide the Goddess thither. But Delos was afraid of incurring Hera's anger by taking her in. Latona, however, took an oath that Apollo's temple should be built there, and that the fire on his altar should never die out. This satisfied and quieted Delos, and soon after Latona's two immortal children, Apollo and Artemis, were born.

Besides these four goddesses, Zeus had several mortal wives. The most celebrated of whom were:

(1.) *Danaë*, a daughter of Acrisius, King of Argos, in the Peloponnesus, who, having been forewarned that he should die by the hand of his grandson, determined that his daughter should never marry, and shut her up in a brazen tower. Zeus, however, had pity on the unfortunate captive, and one day, as she stood by the open window of her prison, a shower of golden rain fell in. Surprised and delighted, Danaë gathered up the glittering drops, when lo! the metal changed into the God of Heaven, and Zeus stood before her. This is probably meant to convey that her warders allowed themselves to be bribed with gold. Soon after she had a son called Perseus, whose history we shall relate further on. As for Danaë, her father was so enraged that he placed both her and her child in a chest, and threw it into the sea. The kind and pitying sea nymph saved them both, by wafting the chest to the isle of Leréphos, where the king took it in. When Perseus grew up, he went forth into the world in search of adventures, per-

formed many wonderful feats, and returned to the island, where, finding that the king had, during his absence, greatly tormented his mother, he turned him into stone with the Medusa's head, which he had brought with him, and took his mother to Argos.

(2.) *Maia*, was a daughter of Atlas, and grand-daughter of the Titan Japetus. Atlas had seven daughters, who were afterwards placed in the heavens, and formed the constellation of the Pleiades. Maia bore Zeus one son in Arcadia, called Hermes or Mercury.

(3.) *Semele*, daughter of Cadmus, King of Thebes. Zeus fell in love with her and often visited her in human form, for no mortal could endure the splendour of his divine glory. For a long time Semele was happy in the belief that she was beloved by the mighty Zeus, till at last Hera, ever jealous and restless, determined to destroy her. She came disguised as a slave, and casually ventured to remark that perhaps after all her lover was not the mighty God of Heaven. "You can easily put him to the proof," added she cunningly, "by asking him to appear to you in all his glory, as he does to Hera." Semele fell into the trap. When Zeus came to her again, she begged him to grant a request. He promised to do whatever she asked, and strengthened it by taking the oath of the Gods. Hardly, however, had Semele expressed her wish, than Jupiter regretted his oath, and entreated her to withdraw her foolish request; but the more he begged, the stronger grew Semele's suspicion that her lover was not the God, and he was forced to fulfil her wish. Then suddenly she heard the roaring of a terrific storm. Lightnings flashed through the dark night, and thunders, repeated by a thousand echoes, made the earth tremble and shake. At last the God of Heaven approached and stood before her in

resplendent glory, but alas! she could not bear the blinding sight, and as his burning rays turned her mortal body into ashes, her spirit rose to the abode of the immortals. Her son was Dionysus or Bacchus. She is always represented as a beautiful maiden with long flowing hair.

(4.) *Europa* was a Phœnician, daughter of Agenor, and sister of Cadmus, King of Thebes. Once whilst she and her companions were playing in a meadow and gathering flowers, Zeus saw her from his seat in the clouds, fell in love with her, and determined to carry her off. To escape the jealous anger of Hera he changed himself into a bull, swam the sea, and came to land just where Europa was sitting. He lay on the grass near the maidens, and looked so gentle and quiet, that, fearing no danger, they gathered round him and stroked the beautiful creature, wreathing his neck with flowers. Europa even ventured to seat herself on his back. Now he rose, but Europa remained sitting, and allowed herself to be carried about the meadow. Suddenly, however, he quickened his pace, hurried to the sea shore, and jumped into the waves before the other maidens could come to her rescue. He swam with her to the Island of Crete, where she became his wife. Her children were Minos and Radamanthus, two kings of Crete, celebrated for their justice and wise laws, and on this account were, after their death, made judges in the Underworld. Europa was also married to a king of Crete.

(5.) *Callisto.* It has already been related how Zeus punished Lycaon, the inhospitable king of Arcadia. His daughter, the beautiful Callisto, was a great lover of the chase, and often hunted in the woods in the suite of Artemis. When, however, Zeus had persuaded her to marry him, the incensed Artemis changed her into a bear. One day when her son Arcas was hunting in the woods he met his

mother (whom he did not recognise under her transformation), and was about to kill her, but Zeus, to prevent the murder, quickly changed him also into a bear, placing both in the heavens as stars. Hence Callisto is is always called the Great Bear, and Arcas the Little Bear. But even there Callisto was followed by the jealous anger of Hera, who prayed Tethys not to allow that constellation to sink into the sea with the rest to cool itself, and on this account, say the ancients, the Great Bear never sets but gyrates in everlasting circles round the Pole. Another fable says that Zeus himself changed Callisto into a bear to hide her from Hera, but she saw through the deception and caused Artemis to shoot both her and Arcas, after which Zeus placed them in the sky.

(6.) *Io*, was a daughter of the river God Inachus in Argolis, and grand-daughter of Oceanus. One day when she had wandered rather further than usual from her father's shores, she heard the voice of Zeus, who had seen and loved her. Io, startled, attempted to fly, but he spread dark night over the earth to prevent her escape. Hera, ever on the watch, missing her husband, looked on the earth, and seeing it covered with black night in the middle of the day, became suspicious and ordered Night to retire. Zeus, noticing her vicinity, quickly changed Io into a white cow, that she might thus escape Hera's wrath.

She, however, was not deceived, and begged him to make her a present of the beautiful animal. Very unwillingly Zeus consented, afraid of confirming her suspicions by refusing. Hera now placed the unhappy maiden under the charge of Argus, in whose head were a hundred eyes, two only of which slept at one time. Wherever Io might wander, nothing escaped his glance. During the day she fed under his eyes, and at night she

was firmly tied, so that there was no possibility of escape. In vain she tried to stretch out her arms entreatingly towards him. Alas! she had no arms now! and the pitiful cries she uttered were only fearful bellowings. At last she came to the shores of her father's river, and when she looked into its clear waters she started back with terror, for instead of the sweet face that was wont to be reflected there she now saw only a cow's head with crumpled horns. There were her playmates, the Naiads, and her father Inachus, but no one recognised her. With wonder they noticed that the cow followed them lovingly, so they stroked the gentle creature, and fed her with herbs. She licked her father's hands, while tears of anguish fell from her eyes. Unable to make herself known, she, with her foot, traced the name "Io" on the sand. Then they suspected who she was, and Inachus loudly complained at the misfortune that had befallen his child. But Argus quickly chased the unhappy maiden further on, and seated himself on a mount that he might observe her better. Mighty Jove at last took compassion on her, and ordered Mercury to kill Argus. Mercury instantly flew down to the earth, disguised himself as a goatherd, and driving his goats close to where Argus was sitting, began to play on his shepherd's pipe. Argus, quite enchanted, listened, and begged him to come and sit beside him. Mercury then told him so many amusing stories, that, assisted by the magic wand of the God, the hundred eyes gradually closed in sleep. Quickly Mercury drew forth the hitherto hidden sword, and cut off the head of the slumbering monster. But even now poor Io was not free, for Hera sent the terrible Erinyes into her heart, and they drove her about from place to place all over the earth, till at last she sank down exhausted beside the shores of the

Nile. Her sighs and tears and her pitiful bellowings were heard by Zeus, and he entreated Hera to put an end to the unhappy one's sufferings, promising that Io should never again give her cause for jealousy. Thereupon Hera loosened the spell, and Io was restored to her original form. Her son Epaphus was supposed to have been born in Egypt, where she was afterwards worshipped as a goddess. As she is always represented with horns like the Egyptian Goddess Isis, the legend of Io gradually became mixed up with the worship of Isis.

(7.) *Leda*, was the wife of Tyndareus, King of Sparta. Zeus saw her, and, enchanted with her beauty, changed himself into a white swan, and made Aphrodite, who had also changed herself into an eagle, chase him, while he pretended to fly for safety into Leda's arms. The kind-hearted queen, fearing no evil, took him up, but no sooner had she touched him than he stood transformed before her, and carried her off. Her children were Castor and Pollux, Helen and Clytemnestra. Some myths say that Castor and Pollux both came out of one egg. They are also called Dioscuri, were famous for their great brotherly love and bravery, and their skill in all the arts of war; Castor more especially for his horsemanship, and Pollux for pugilism. Both took part in the Argonautic expedition. Once, while in the Black Sea, a storm arose, and while all the sailors prayed to the Gods for help, flames of fire suddenly appeared on the brothers' heads, and the tempest was stilled. By this it was known that they were the sons of a god, and ever after, sailors, during storms, used to pray to them for help. If, during a thunderstorm, tiny flames (the fire of St Elmo) appeared on the tops of the masts, it was taken as a sign that, although invisible, they were there. Of their brotherly love, the following is an instance:—

Castor had been slain in battle, but Pollux had only been stunned by the blow of a stone, so Zeus raised him to the abode of the Gods. Here, however, he could find no happiness, his beloved brother not being there, and he entreated Zeus either to kill him and let him join his brother in the Underworld, or else to allow Castor to participate with him in the delights of heaven. Zeus chose a middle course. He allowed Castor to spend one day in the sky, and Pollux to accompany his brother the next to the Underworld, so the two brothers lived alternate days between Heaven and Hades. They were afterwards placed among the constellations, and are depicted with a star on their heads. They are never apart, but always together, either on horseback or standing beside their steeds, or else without horses, and holding spears in their hands.

Helen was known as the most beautiful maiden in Greece, and all the kings' sons sought her in marriage. Tyndareus then told them that as only one could obtain her, they should take an oath to let the decision rest with her and be satisfied with it. They took the oath, and she chose Menelaus, King of Sparta. Accounts differ as to her fate after the destruction of Troy. One poet relates that, when in Troy, she reproached herself bitterly for having left her husband and followed Paris, for whom, on account of his cowardice, she soon did not care. When Troy was taken, Menelaus found and would have killed her, but the sword fell from his hand,—at length he forgave her; and after her return to Sparta she became a good wife and true spouse.

Another legend says that she was wrecked during a storm while flying with Paris to Egypt. The king of that country, Proteus, hearing from her attendants who she was, took possession of her and all her treasure, and ordered Paris from the country.

GANYMEDE FEEDING THE EAGLE.

Meanwhile, Menelaus, who could not forget his lost wife, heard that she had fled to Egypt, and resolved to pursue her. But before he arrived there Proteus was dead, and his son, who reigned in his stead, so persecuted Helen that she fled from the palace, and found a resting-place in the tomb of Proteus. Here she spent her days in weeping, and even the assurance of Hermes that she would one day see her husband again, had scarcely the power to keep her alive. Menelaus landed just as she had sunk down on the grave of Proteus, calling on the spirit of her late protector for aid. They recognised and embraced each other, and all the past was forgotten, the King of Egypt allowing the re-united couple to depart in joy to Sparta.

Clytemnestra became the wife of Agamemnon, King of Mycene, in the Peloponnesus.

(8.) *Alcmene.* She, like her husband Amphitryon, King of Tiryus, was a descendant of Perseus, and was of such unearthly beauty that she fascinated Zeus. She was the mother of Hercules, the most celebrated of all the heroes.

The favourite of Zeus was a boy called Ganymede, son of Troas, King of Troy. The lad was so beautiful that Zeus determined to have him for his own. One day while the boy was watchinghis father's flocks on Mount Ida, Zeus flew down in the shape of an enormous eagle and carried him gently to the skies. From that time he continued to live with the Gods, and at their banquets filled the goblets with wine.

The temple of Zeus at Olympia, in Elis, near the west coast of the Peloponnesus, was the most celebrated of all his shrines. It was built in the year 450 B.C., and was in the usual form of the Greek temples, *i.e.*, an oblong. It was of

white marble surrounded with Doric colonnades. Both in front and behind the roof formed a high gable. That in front was surmounted by a gilt statue of the Goddess of Victory, with a golden shield in one hand and the Medusa's head in the other. On one side was depicted the race between Pelops, the son of Tantalus, and Oenomaus, King of Elis. On the other side was the battle of the Lapithae and the Centaurs. The former were a Thessalian race, and the latter were supposed to be creatures, half men, half horses. The doors of the temple were of brass, on which were worked, in relief, all the deeds of Hercules. But the most remarkable thing of all was the wonderful statue of Zeus inside the temple. Phidias, the great Athenian sculptor, had accomplished this masterpiece. Seated on a throne of ebony, inlaid with ivory and gold, was the God in all his majesty. He was of superhuman size and was made of ivory, while his robe and sandals were of gold. On his golden curls, which fell in masses over his shoulders, reposed an olive wreath of gold. In his right hand he held the Goddess of Victory, and in his left a sceptre, cunningly fashioned in various metals, and surmounted by an eagle. His naked breast was half covered with the golden curls of his massive beard, and his golden robe was ornamented with lilies and figures of animals. The throne stood on a gigantic square of marble, the front of which was beautifully carved, while on each side stood the Hours and Graces.

But where the sculptor's skill surpassed itself was in the calm majesty, the look of grandeur, nobility, and goodness that pervaded the countenance of the God. Indeed, so wonderful was it that the artist himself, the first time he saw it completed, was fairly overcome, and fell down and worshipped his own handiwork.

Representations of Zeus were very numerous. Some-

times he is depicted seated on his throne, hurling his mighty thunderbolts; sometimes, holding his sceptre in his hand; at others, driving his chariot, and flashing lightnings and thunders on the cowering Giants beneath. An eagle is generally seated at his feet.

Several Oracles were sacred to him. The oldest and most celebrated was the one at Dodona, in Epirus, and its origin was supposed to be as follows:—

In very ancient times two black doves flew away from the temple of Ammon at Thebes, in Upper Egypt. One came to the Libyan Desert, and, seating herself on a tree in an oasis, was the origin of the oracle of Zeus Ammon, his temple being there built. The other flew across the sea to Epirus, seated herself on an oak tree, and, in human voice, called all the surrounding inhabitants to build a temple to Zeus. The people erected the temple, surrounded it as usual with colonnades, and soon crowds flocked from far and near to hear and consult the God. Many must have been well satisfied with the result, for the walls of the temple, as well as the colonnades, were covered with votive offerings. Close to the temple was the sacred grove of oaks, the trees of which, according to the legends, had the gift of speech. One oak was especially sacred, as being the one on which the dove had settled, and beneath it the priests used to sit and listen to the rustling and murmuring of the leaves, which, they pretended, were the sayings of Zeus. All round the temple brazen bowls were hung, and from time to time the priests would strike them till the sound, ringing far and near, from these tones they predicted future events.

Not far from the temple was the holy well, which always overflowed at midnight, and dried up at noon; this also was considered sacred and prophetic.

The Romans learned the knowledge of Zeus from the Greeks, and called him Jupiter. They honoured him as chief of the Gods, and gave him the epithets of Best and Greatest. His chief temple was on the Capitol at Rome, where he was represented seated on his throne, with Minerva on his right hand and Juno on his left. Here all the principal sacrifices were offered, and the Sybilline books and public documents were kept. Tarquin the elder began the building, and Tarquinius Superbus completed it, and though it was several times burnt down, Domitian, in the end of the first century after Christ, rebuilt it more magnificently than before.

We must say something of Zeus's daughters: the Horae, the Parcae, the Muses, and Graces.

V.—HORAE. PARCAE. MUSES. GRACES.

(1.) The Horae, daughters of Zeus and Themis, represented the seasons. Their number is not always the same. At first there were only two, for in the East there are only two seasons, the dry and the wet. In Greece, however, there are three, spring, summer, and winter (autumn is not noticeable), so the Greeks generally adopted three Hours, and called them, Dice, Eumonia, and Irene, *i.e.*, Justice, Decorum, and Peace, for the Hours were also the Goddesses of domestic life, and superintended the well-being of the country. Sometimes four are mentioned, which would correspond to *our* four seasons. The poets all praise them greatly. They provided good laws, saw justice properly carried out, kept the peace, ennobled mankind, and provided riches and prosperity generally. On Olympus it was their duty to feed and harness Hera's horses, which office they likewise performed for the Sungod, as well as helping

him to clothe and to divest himself of his shining armour. They also waited on the Goddesses and helped to deck them. The poets especially praise Dice, whom they sometimes confused with her mother Themis. They describe her as sitting beside Zeus, observing the doings of mankind. With justice she metes out each one's destiny, and smoothes away all unfairness; any injustice made her very angry, and she punished anyone who practised it and upset her scales of justice. She took an interest in all festivals and friendly gatherings, and was the promoter of peace and kindly intercourse, but she hated excess, for she personated the highest wisdom and virtue. During the golden age she still dwelt among mortals, but when that had passed away, and the degenerate silver age began, she took refuge in the mountains, whence she only occasionally descended to warn mankind that she would leave them altogether if they did not abandon their avarice, dissensions, and injustice.

But the mortals would not listen to her, and the iron age commenced. Then Dice left the earth, and turned towards heaven, where she still shines as a star-maiden, called Astraea. She was represented as a stern-looking woman, and is sometimes mixed up with Nemesis, the Goddess of Avenging Justice.

(2.) The Parcae or Moirae. They were the daughters of Zeus and Themis. The ancient Greeks believed that everyone had a fixed destiny which neither he nor the Gods could alter. The Greeks called it Moira, the Romans, Fatum, and when once a man's Fate was decided, do what he liked, it would overtake him at last. The Gods themselves were under the power of Fate, and even Jove was not exempt. The Gods often, especially Zeus, pronounced the Fate of mortals. This Fatum was always considered by the poets as a person, and thus

arose the myth of the Parcae or Moirae, Goddesses of Fate. They were supposed to deal out both mortal and immortal destinies, and were called the daughters of Zeus, because on his decision all destinies hung. From the justice of these Goddesses, the Parcae were generally termed the daughters of just Themis. The Greeks acknowledged three : Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, who were always depicted as very old women. As soon as a child was born they began to spin the thread of its life. Clotho held the spindle and fastened the thread, while Lachesis continued to spin until man's fatal hour having struck, the inexorable Atropos came to cut the thread. They knew the fate of man from his birth, and sometimes even foretold it him. Thus Atropos looked into the past, Lachesis into the present, and Clotho into the future, as they sat together weaving and singing over their work.

Amongst the Parcae, we must not omit the Children of the Night. As death was represented as something terrible that no prayers or entreaties could turn aside, the poets imagined some very cruel and inexorable Goddesses of Destiny called Keres, who, unlike the Parcae, did not deal out Fate with justice, but delighted in murder, and loved to bring misfortune and destruction on mankind. They did not dwell in Olympus, but in the Underworld, and it was their business to see that Pluto never wanted a sacrifice. The destinies they meted out were always cruel, for they loved bloodshed, and attended every battlefield, where they fought furiously with their claws over the bodies of the dead warriors, tearing them from each other.

(3.) The **Muses.** These were nine, and they were the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, whom we already know as one of the Titanidae. Mnemosyne means memory.

Mount Olympus was the oldest place of worship of the Muses; afterwards, Helicon, Parnassus, and Pindus, three mountains in Greece, were dedicated to them. Out of these rose springs, the waters of which were miraculous; the Castalian spring on Mount Parnassus, and Hippocrene and Aganippe on Mount Helicon.

The streams of Lethe and Mnemosyne were also sacred to them: whosoever drank of the former, completely forgot the past; but he who wished to retain and sharpen his memory, tasted the waters of the latter.

The Muses were beautiful young maidens in loose flowing garments. At first they were all worshipped alike, without any distinctive attributes, but in later years each had a special art assigned to her. When on Mount Olympus, they played and sang during the banquets of the Gods. Apollo, as the leader of their choir, was named Musagetes, *i.e.*, leader of the Muses. Their names and attributes are as follows:—

1. *Clio*, the Muse of history; she carries a half-opened roll of papyrus in her hand.

2. *Euterpe*, the Muse of lyric poetry and music, especially the flute, has generally one or two flutes in her hand.

3. *Melpomene*, the Muse of elegy and tragedy, wears a veil over her head. In one hand she holds a dagger, in the other a tragic mask.

4. *Thalia*, the Muse of comedy, has a tambourine in one hand, a shepherd's crook in the other, and at her feet a comic mask. Sometimes she wears a goat's skin round her shoulders.

5. *Terpsichore*, the Muse of choral dance and song, was represented playing on a seven-stringed lyre.

6. *Erato*, Muse of erotic poetry, is often depicted in a dancing posture, holding a nine-stringed lute, which she

strikes with the plectron (a small stick of wood or ivory), used instead of the fingers for striking the strings.

7. *Polyhymnia*, the Muse of sacred songs and myths, also speech and mimicry, appears wrapped in a loose mantle. She sometimes bears a scroll, and generally has the forefinger of her right hand on her lips.

8. *Urania*, the Muse of astronomy, is represented as looking up towards the sky, holding a celestial globe in her left hand, and a small staff, with which she points out the stars, in her right.

9. *Calliope*, Muse of epic poetry, carries a folded scroll of parchment in one hand, and a stylus in the other. She has often also waxen tablets beside her.

Hesiod says they used to bathe in the pure stream of Hippocrene, and on the vast and holy Mount of Helicon held dances at night, with delicate feet leading

> "The mazy measure, breathing grace.
> . . . . . .
> From the Muse
> And Phœbus, archer-god, arise on earth
> Minstrels and men of song.
> Unutterably blest
> He whom the Muses love. A melting voice
> Flows ever from his lip : and is there one
> Whose aching heart some sudden anguish wrings?
> But lo ! the bard, the Muse's minister,
> Awakes the strain : he sings the mighty deeds
> Of men of yore : and straight, though stricken to the soul,
> He shall forget, nor aught of all his griefs
> Remember : so the blessing of the Muse
> Hath instantaneous turned his woes away."
>
> —HESIOD, "Theogony" (Elton).

They were also called Camoenae, and from the district of Pieria, Pierides. Their competition with the daughters of

Pierus has already been related. Another instance of the power of their song is the following legend :—

Once, when they were all playing and singing, a whole nation heard them, and were so enchanted with their music, that they forgot to partake of any food, and at length died, quite shrivelled up. Then the Muses, in pity, changed them into grasshoppers.

From the Muses were descended—

a. The Syrens, daughters of the river god Achelous and Terpsichore, Melpomene, and Calliope. The Greek poets pictured them as nymphs, living on an island near the coast of southern Italy. Here they sat and sang so enchantingly that the strains fascinated all the mariners who passed by, and when they, attracted by the music, landed on the island, they were attacked by the Syrens and killed, and the shore was covered with the blanched bones and remains of their victims. These terrible beings varied from two to eight in number. Fate had told them they would die if they allowed any to pass their island without charming them by their music. Now the ship of the Argonauts approached. As soon as it came in sight, they seated themselves on one of the rocks that jut out into the sea, on the coast of Sicily, and began their bewitching songs. But what was their amazement when Orpheus, the beautiful singer, sang on board the ship so enchantingly to his lute, that *they* had to leave off their own songs to listen, while the crew, undisturbed by their witchery, sailed past in safety. Then the Syrens threw away their lutes, for they remembered the dire prophecy that Fate had foretold them, and in despair, dashed themselves down from the precipitous heights into the depths of the sea below, where they were at once changed into rocks. Notwithstanding this, they are later on still mentioned by the

poets, *i.e.*, Ulysses, on his return from Troy, after wandering and tossing about for ten years, came past their island. Fortunately he had been warned against them, and when nearing the dangerous spot, said to his companions, "Listen, dear friends, we are now approaching the Syrens with their magic voices. I will therefore fasten all your ears with wax, so that ye cannot hear them. I alone will brave the danger, but bind me with ropes to the mast, and even if I entreat and beg you with every possible gesture to loosen me, only fasten my bands the tighter, till we are in safety." Scarcely had he stopped his companions' ears, than the Syrens came floating by and began their songs. Ulysses, who alone heard their music, nearly lost his senses with longing and delight, and all past warnings were forgotten. Frantically he beckoned to his companions to loosen his bands, but while some of them redoubled their exertions to get quickly away from the spot, others hastened to bind him more firmly, and not till the Syrens were quite out of sight, did they take the wax from their ears or loosen Ulysses.

The Syrens are variously described. Sometimes with birds' claws, like the Harpies, sometimes as women, with wings and web-footed, and sometimes as beautiful young girls with hens' feet. Once they were persuaded by Hera to enter into a trial of skill with the Muses, but they were completely vanquished by the heavenly singers, who pulled out the beautiful feathers of the Syrens' wings and made them into victors' crowns for themselves.

(*b.*) Hymen or Hymenäeus. A son of Zeus, and one of the Muses, but which of them is not certain; while some say he was the son of Dionysus and Aphrodite (Venus). He was the God of wedding festivities and marriage. The legend about him is as follows :—

In ancient times there lived in Athens a beautiful youth called Hymen. He loved a young girl, whose parents would not give their consent to her marriage, or even allow him to see her, for she was rich, and he was poor. He therefore took advantage of the great feast that was held every year at Eleusis in honour of Demeter, in which only women and girls were allowed to take part; disguising himself as a maiden, he had the good fortune to find his betrothed. Suddenly some pirates landed on the coast and carried off all the girls to a desert island, where, tired with their journey, they fell fast asleep. Hymen, however, kept awake, and as soon as all was quiet, rose up, killed the pirates, and then returned quickly to Athens, where he promised the bereaved parents to restore their daughter to them, if they would bestow her on him. To this they joyfully consented. He brought back the captured maidens to Athens, and never before was there such a wedding seen as his. All that was then done became the custom at future weddings in Athens; songs were composed in honour of Hymen, and he was ever after looked upon as the God of Marriage.

Another legend says that Hymen was a youth of Argos. While his wedding feast was going on, the house fell in, and he was killed, but Æsculapius woke him up from death.

Hymen is always numbered among the attendants of Aphrodite, and is therefore often represented with her and Eros or Amor. He is represented as a beautiful youth, barely beyond the age of boyhood, with wings, a saffron coloured garment, and sandals; on his head he has a wreath of marjoram, and in his hand he carries an upright torch. He was supposed to preside at weddings, and songs were always sung in his honour.

(4.) The **Caryatides** or **Graces.** They are called the

children of Zeus, and Eurynöme, daughter of Oceanus, is generally named as their mother. They were the Goddesses of Grace and Beauty, three in number, and the constant attendants of the immortals at their banquets and festive gatherings. Their names were: Euphrosyne (Joyousness), Aglaia (Brilliancy), and Thalia (Thoughtfulness).

The Graces always followed Zeus and Hera, Apollo and Dionysus, joy and pleasure attending their footsteps. Even the Goddess of Beauty could not do without them if she wished to please and fascinate; it was by their aid that she was bathed and anointed, and clothed in shining raiment. One of them is sometimes called the wife of the God of Sleep, a very charming little allegory, for beauty is ever most lovely when asleep, and sleep and gracefulness are inseparable.

The Graces are generally represented in a group as beautiful young girls, nude, for grace and beauty should not be hidden, standing back to back, in a dancing posture, their arms interlaced, and branches and flowers are in their hands.

(5.) Hebe. A daughter of Zeus and Hera, and the Goddess of Youth, was depicted as a very young girl. At first her duty in Heaven was to fill the goblets of the immortals with nectar. But this office was taken from her, because she had once stumbled while performing it, and given to Ganymede; she became the wife of Hercules, after his ascent to Olympus.

Cottrell Engr

HEBE

VI.—POSEIDON OR NEPTUNE. VENUS OR AMPHITRITE.

Poseidon, like the rest of his brothers and sisters, was, after his birth, swallowed alive, but one legend tells us that Rhea substituted for him a new-born colt, and hid her son in a sheepfold, where he was brought up by shepherds.

After Chronos had been thrown into Tartarus Poseidon closed its iron gate upon him, and when the three brothers divided the universe between them, Pontus (the sea) fell to his share. The Cyclops forged the mighty trident with which he ruled the sea, as Zeus did the heavens with the sceptre. He was passionate, wild, and fierce, like the element he represented. When he struck the earth the tops of the mountains trembled, and even the Underworld began to quake. He united the clouds, allowed them to rain into the sea, and called the storms together so that they agitated his watery kingdom till gigantic billows rose, and then he calmed the ocean with one wave of his all-powerful trident. Standing in his chariot, always with the trident in his hand and surrounded by Tritons, Nereids, Dolphins, Whales, and Seals, he drove over the waves; but often retired to his magnificent palace at the bottom of the sea, at Ægea, on the borders of the Ægean Sea. With four strides he could accomplish the distance between his palace and Olympus. Sometimes he was kindly disposed towards mankind, and it was he who taught the Greeks the art of navigation; but most generally he was antagonistic to them; and every disturbance of the ocean, and every shipwreck, was attributed to him.

In the Trojan War he sided with the Greeks, until mighty Jove forbade any of the Gods and Goddesses to

take part in the combat. For a long time none ventured to disobey him; even when Hera herself begged Poseidon to interfere he at first refused, and remained seated on a mountain, in an island not far from the Trojan coast; but at length, seeing the Greeks were really hardly pressed, he suddenly left the jagged peak, and with four steps reached his palace at the bottom of the sea. Harnessing his chariot he arrayed himself in his splendid golden apparel, and with his richly chased golden scourge in his hand, he mounted the car:—

> His whirling wheels the glossy surface sweep;
> The enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep
> Gambol around him on the watery way,
> And heavy whales in awkward measures play;
> The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
> Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
> The parting waves before his coursers fly,
> The wondering waters leave his axle dry.
>
> —"Iliad," Book xiii. (Pope).

On reaching the Grecian ships he unharnessed his horses, placed them in a cavern, gave them ambrosial food, fastened fetters round their feet to prevent their running away, and hurried into the midst of the Greek host, where, under the guise of a priest, he encouraged them to go on fighting. The vicinity of Zeus on Mount Ida prevented his taking any actual part in the combat. So Hera devised a means of allowing him to do so. She went beautifully attired to Zeus on Mount Ida, and succeeded, with the help of the God of Sleep, in lulling him to slumber. Then Poseidon at once plunged into the fight, placed himself at the head of the Greeks, and forced the Trojans to fly. Suddenly Zeus awoke, looked down on the battlefield, and saw with anger how Poseidon had disobeyed his

commands. At first his rage was turned on the artful Hera, but she called heaven and earth to witness that Poseidon was not fighting at her request, which pacified Zeus. He smiled graciously on her, bade her call Iris to him, and when the fair messenger appeared, he commanded her to go down to Poseidon and bid him, in Zeus's name, to return at once to the sea, or to join the other Gods on Olympus. Quickly Iris departed on her errand, and carried the message to Poseidon. He was very wrathful at Zeus's interference. "I am his brother," said he, "and when we divided the universe, Heaven fell to *his* share, and the Sea to *mine*, while the Earth is our joint property. Therefore I shall not obey him; he may frighten his sons and daughters with his imperious words, but not me." Iris, however, soothed him gently. "Must I really carry back such words to the all-powerful Jove, or wilt thou not rather give me another answer?" "Thou art right," answered Poseidon, "and thy words are prudent and sensible. But thou cannot blame me, that his overbearing message should hurt and incense me. Still it is better that this once I should give in to him," and he left the Greek host to dive again to his own kingdom.

The horse was especially sacred to him. He had created it, and invented the bridle, and was therefore always prayed to for help and protection by all those engaged in races. The ancients believed that the Dolphins were fond of the human race, were great lovers of music, and often rescued people who were in danger of being drowned. They also gave warning of a coming storm by playing on the surface of the sea, and were especially fond of the singer Arion, who lived at the court of Periander, ruler of Corinth, about 700 B.C. This musician had accumulated great riches on a journey through Italy and Sicily, by his

enchanting songs, and had embarked with his treasures to return to Corinth. But the covetous sailors determined to throw him overboard and take possession of his riches. He entreated them to spare his life, but in vain! He then offered them all he had, but they, afraid that he would betray them, insisted on his death. "It is well," said he, "yet grant me this one request. Let me die as I have lived: in festal garb, my lyre in my hand, I would sink down into my watery grave." They permitted him to do this, and arrayed in rich robes, he stepped on the edge of the ship, sang a song, and plunged into the waters beneath.

But the marvellous tones of his lyre had attracted a shoal of Dolphins, who listened to him entranced, and as he touched the water one swam up to him, let him mount his back, and carried him safely to the southern point of the Peloponnesus, while the sailors thought he was drowned. Arion, on reaching Corinth in safety, went to Periander and told him of his wonderful rescue.

In a short time the sailors also arrived. "Where have you left Arion?" asked the monarch. "He died at sea," they answered, and then suddenly the singer himself stood before him. The men, thinking it was his spirit, immediately confessed their guilt, and suffered their just punishment on the cross. The faithful Dolphin was, as a reward, placed by the Gods among the stars, and Arion's Lyre also forms one of the most beautiful of the constellations.

Poseidon was generally depicted nude; either driving in a chariot, standing on the backs of sea-horses, or sitting on a dolphin, but almost always with his trident in his hand. His hair was bluish black, falling on his shoulders in full curls. The sea-horses were represented as half horses and

half fish, and sometimes two—often four—were harnessed abreast. Often the God was alone, and then again accompanied by his wife.

Besides Amphitrite, his principal wife, he had several minor ones, also a great many sons, for whoever possessed size, strength, wildness, and fierceness, was called a son of Poseidon, the pirates and sea-robbers being reckoned among them. One of them was the giant Antaeus in Libya, whose mother was the Earth. He was sixty yards long, lived on the flesh of lions, and forced all strangers to fight with him. At last the mighty Hercules appeared, but even he found it difficult to overcome him, for every time the monster touched his mother Earth, he gained fresh strength, till at length Hercules with a mighty pull lifted him off the ground and crushed him in his arms.

Amphitrite, a daughter of Nereus and Doris, was the most beautiful of all the Nereids. When Poseidon first sought her in marriage she disdained him, and sought refuge with Atlas. Poseidon searched for her everywhere, and despatched his servants in every direction, but nowhere could she be found. At last a Dolphin discovered her, and the clever animal succeeded in persuading her to listen favourably to the God's wooing.

Now she became Queen of the great Ocean Kingdom, and out of gratitude placed the Dolphin among the stars. The poets, when describing her loveliness, call her the "Blue-footed One," a surname which, according to our idea, does not however bespeak much beauty. She is generally depicted without garments, and standing in her chariot, while the wind softly wafts her veil above her head. Sometimes she rides on a Dolphin, or is seated in a gigantic shell drawn by Dolphins.

Triton, the son of the God and Aphrodite, was Poseidon's

general attendant, and was a sea-god and animal. His hair was like green seaweed, under his ears were gills, his mouth was large and broad, showing enormous teeth, his body and hands were covered with scales, his fingers had claws instead of nails, and on his chest and body were fins. Later on the number of Tritons was greatly increased, and they were represented with human heads, and bodies ending in fishes' tails. They generally accompanied Poseidon, swimming beside his chariot, and blowing through pierced conch-shells. This blowing noise was at times so terrific that it was powerful enough to still the wildest roaring of the ocean.

Another of the sea-gods was *Proteus*, a son of Oceanus and Tethys. As he had formerly been King of Egypt he frequented that coast, and had the gift of being able to change himself into any shape he liked, and to foretell the future. He usually tended Poseidon's horses. When the sun shone bright and warm at noon he rose from the waves, and sunned himself with the seals on uninhabited and rocky islands. Often he slept in the midst of the animals, but always carefully counted them lest any should have got away. When obliged to foretell the future, he endeavoured to escape by changing himself into all sorts of shapes. Menelaus, on his return from Troy, wished to consult this God, so he and three other Greeks wrapped themselves in seal-skins, and lay down thus disguised amongst the sea-animals. But no sooner was Proteus asleep than Menelaus jumped up, bound him firmly, and then forced him to disclose the future to him.

Another sea-god was *Glaucus*, who was originally a fisher in Bœotia, and could swim marvellously. Once he had caught a great quantity of fish, and when they were dead he laid them on the grass. But in the grass grew a herb,

which had life-giving properties, and in a short time they all came to life again, leapt up, and sprang back into the sea. Glaucus rushed after to re-capture them, upon which Oceanus and Tethys received him graciously, and changed him into a sea-god. He also had the gift of fortune-telling, and is generally represented as half man, half fish, his body covered with blue scales, and ending in a fish's tail. His arms were also blue, his chest broad and deep; his beard was green, and water dropped from his long waving hair.

VII.—PLUTO AND PERSEPHONE OR PROSERPINE.*

Pluto, another son of Chronos and Rhea, was called Hades by the older Greeks. After his birth he fared no better than his brothers; but when the three divided the universe the Underworld fell to his share. That he took part in the war with the Titans has already been related. For this purpose the Cyclops forged him the helmet which rendered him invisible. His palace in the Underworld is described as gloomy and silent, and the entrance to it was guarded by the monster Cerberus. Not far from it grazed Pluto's horses. When he drove out he stood on a chariot drawn by four black horses, harnessed with golden reins.

He once had a combat with Hercules, when the latter descended to the Underworld to bring back Alcestis to Earth, and received an arrow in his shoulder. Furious with rage and pain he rose and went up to Olympus, where Æsculapius laid some healing balm on the wound.

The statues of this God can always be recognised by the

* Plate IX., fig. 26.

wild and disordered state of the hair, which hangs over the forehead, giving a very fierce expression, whereas Zeus and Poseidon always have their's carefully parted, so as to leave the forehead free. On his head he wears a helmet, a wreath of narcissus and maidenhair, or a crown of ebony. In his hand are a double-pointed sceptre, and a staff or key. At his feet lies Cerberus. Sometimes the upper part of his body is bare, or else he is clothed in a tunic, and he is seated, either on a throne of ebony, or in a chariot.

The cypress and box were sacred to him. All his sacrifices were offered at night. The priest, with a wreath of cypress round his head, sprinkled the animal about to be sacrificed (either a black bullock or a black goat) with incense between the horns, and having first burnt it, offered it to the God.

The Greeks believed that all people, after death, were led as shadows by Mercury to the Underworld. Every dark cave or gloomy abyss they imagined to be one of the entrances to Tartarus, which was pictured as a vast gloomy space below the surface of the earth, where perpetual darkness (Erebus) reigned; for sunlight could never penetrate it. Frightful storms raged through this waste, and if any one had the misfortune to fall into it from the earth he was blown about for a whole year before reaching Tartarus itself, for as far as the sky was *above* the earth, so far did Pluto's Kingdom lie beneath it, and the pillars that supported the celestial vault reached right up from Hades. If an anvil were to fall, it would take ten days and nights before it reached the bottom!

At the entrance to Tartarus stood the Palace of Night; here lived: Sleep, Death, Dreams, Sorrow, Trouble, Sickness, Age, Hunger, War, Envy, Hatred, and all the ills that man is heir to. Having once passed these, two slowly

rolling rivers came in view, the Styx and the Cocytus, and where they met, their waters formed a dull, black, marshy lake. Here Charon, the dark and sinister looking boatman, with unkempt locks and ragged clothes, ferried the shadows across in his rotten boat for the sum of two oboles (about twopence). Those who had not been buried could not go across: they must wander up and down the shores of the lake, without intermission or respite, for a hundred years. Once across the lake the shadows came to a cavern, where Cerberus kept watch, so that no *living* man should enter the Kingdom of the Shades. At last a large open space was reached, where the three judges of the Underworld, Minos, Acacus, and Rhadamanthus, sat to give judgment, and to decide whether the Spirit was to go into the kingdom of the blessed, or among the condemned.

The first was called Elysium and lay to the right, where the palace of stern Pluto guarded its entrance, while, to prevent any unhallowed being entering in, it was surrounded on all sides by the river Lethe. All the happy spirits drank of the silvery waters, and immediately every sad and mournful recollection faded from memory. Thence they wandered on in a pleasant twilight, beside crystal streams, and fresh green meadows full of lovely flowers, listening to the songs of birds, or resting in beautiful woods and scented groves. No heat nor cold was felt, for perpetual spring reigned, and the ground brought forth a plentiful harvest three times a year, without labour of any kind. No troubles nor sorrows, such as fall to the lot of mankind on earth, ever entered here. Every morning brought fresh joys, and every day the happy spirits felt how blessed were these realms. They dwelt in perfect peace, and only did that which they had loved best to do when on the earth. Some danced to the sound of

the lyre, some wandered about, and others had friendly combats.

Those condemned by Minos to go to Tartarus, received from Rhadamanthus the punishment destined for them.

Tisiphone, one of the Furies, seized the victim, dragged him to the left towards the rest of the condemned, and scourged him pitilessly, calling on the other Furies to assist her. In order to prevent the wicked from ever leaving this spot it was surrounded by the roaring floods of Acheron, and the fiery waters of Phlegethon. Here all the wicked of this earth suffered unspeakable tortures. The Danaïdes, the fifty daughters of King Danäos of Argos, who killed their husbands in one night by command of their father, were here employed perpetually drawing water in bottomless buckets, feeling all the while the utter hopelessness of their task.

Tantalus, a King of Phrygia, in Asia Minor, had once been a favourite of the Gods ; he had eaten at their table, and was considered worthy of their friendship. But the ungrateful monarch stole their nectar and ambrosia and gave it to his servants, and when the immortals afterwards dined with him, he, to prove their omniscience, killed his own son Pelops and served him up at the feast. The Gods perceived his wicked deed, and rose in anger from the table. Only Demeter, absorbed in grief for the loss of her daughter Persephone, who had lately been stolen from her, did not notice the fraud, and had already eaten a piece of the shoulder. In order to avoid punishing the innocent with the guilty they brought the slaughtered boy to life again, and gave him an ivory shoulder in place of the one he had lost. But the wicked father was condemned to everlasting punishment.

He was thrown into Tartarus, and plunged in the

middle of the lake, the waters of which reached to his chin ; a burning thirst perpetually consumed him, but whenever he stooped to drink, the waters receded, and he could not obtain a single drop. Frightful hunger also assailed him, but although trees laden with tempting fruits hung their branches down to his very lips, no sooner did he attempt to reach them than they fell away from his grasp. Thus was he condemned always to see that for which he longed, but never to obtain it.

Another legend relates that his punishment consisted of a perpetual terror that an overhanging rock would fall and crush him to pieces. He tried to save himself, but in vain—his feet were rooted to the spot! he could not move.

Sisyphus, King of Corinth, had often offended the Gods. He used to watch for travellers on the sides of a narrow pass whence there was no escape, and thence threw down pieces of rock and killed them. For this crime Zeus sent Death to him. But Sisyphus took Death prisoner and loaded him with fetters. At length Pluto remarked that no more spirits came to the Underworld, and he had to ask Ares to free Death from the chains. When at length Sisyphus in his turn came to die, he dared once more to cheat the Gods. He besought his wife not to have him buried, and then, when he reached Tartarus, he complained bitterly of her hard-heartedness, and begged Pluto to let him return once again to earth to reproach her. The God permitted him to go, but Sisyphus never returned. Then Pluto, in great wrath, sent Hermes to fetch the king to Tartarus, and for this evasion, as well as his many other crimes, he now suffered his well-merited punishment. He was condemned to roll a huge piece of rock up hill, and whenever, after endless labour,

he had nearly reached the summit, an unseen power rolled it down again with relentless force, while Sisyphus had to spring on one side to prevent being crushed, and begin again his hopeless task.

Ixion, a Thessalian prince and the father of the Centaurs, creatures half men, half horses, had quarrelled with his father-in-law (Deïoneus), but feigning to be friendly with him, he invited him to a grand banquet of reconciliation, and afterwards let him fall through a trap-door into a burning furnace where he perished miserably. Ixion, seized with remorse for his wicked deed, begged the Gods to pardon him, and they not only forgave him, but became so fond of him that they allowed him to join their celestial banquets. This made him proud and overbearing, and at last he so far forgot himself as to fall in love with imperial Hera.

Greatly offended at his audacity, she withdrew in anger, and Zeus, incensed, threw a thunderbolt at him, and hurled him down into the depths of Tartarus. Here he was fastened by snakes to a wheel which the stormy winds blew perpetually hither and thither, racking his body in every joint; a true and striking picture of the restless torments of an evil conscience.

Prometheus, the son of one of the Titans, and a brother of Atlas and Epimetheus, belonging therefore to the celestial race, had created the first man. Taking some clay, he had shaped it into the human form, and endowed it with attributes from every animal. Life alone was wanting. Then Athene, seeing his difficulty, hid him beneath her shield, and took him to Mount Olympus, where he lighted a torch in the rays of the Sun's chariot, and with this celestial fire, put life into the image he had made. Thus was the first man created, and from him all the world

became populated. The Gods, well pleased at this, came down from heaven and made an agreement with mankind that they would grant them fatherly protection, while the mortals in their turn should worship them and offer up sacrifices; in order to ratify this contract a sacrificial offering was at once to take place. Prometheus divided the sacrifice into two parts, the Gods were to choose one, the other was to be for mankind. He, however, intended to deceive the divine powers, so he covered the flesh, fat, and entrails with the paunch and skin to make it unsightly, thinking that the Gods would leave it and choose the other pile, which consisted only of the bones, neatly arranged, and well-covered with a layer of fat. Then he prayed to the King of Heaven, "O Zeus, greatest and mightiest of all the Gods, choose as thy inmost heart directs thee." But Zeus detected the fraud, and his anger was kindled. He reproached Prometheus for his duplicity, and took the warmth-giving fire away from mankind.

Prometheus was not to be daunted, however; he ascended to Olympus, stole the fire a second time, and hiding it inside a hollow reed, brought it down to the earth. But the theft was quickly discovered by Zeus, who ordered Hephaestus, the skilful workman, to make a lovely image equal to the Goddesses in beauty. Athene then took her, dressed her in an exquisite silver garment, wreathed with garlands of rare flowers and sweet-scented herbs, threw a beautiful veil round her, and placed a golden crown of rare workmanship, also made by Hephaestus, upon her head.

When the Gods saw this exquisite image, more perfect than a human being, and yet hardly to be distinguished from one, they were both astonished and delighted, and declared that Prometheus would never discover the fraud.

He, however, was well on his guard, and warned his brother Epimetheus not to accept any present from the Gods; for Prometheus, *i.e.*, "forethought," was far more clever than Epimetheus, or "afterthought." The Gods now sent Pandora — thus was the image named — down to earth, and Epimetheus, notwithstanding his brother's warning, received and welcomed her joyfully. Alas! he did not know all the evils she would bring on mankind! She gave him a box that she held in her hand, and begged him to open the lid for her. In vain Prometheus entreated him to have nothing to do with it; his curiosity got the better of him—he opened it—and those evils that have troubled the world ever since flew out: sickness, sorrow, hatred, hunger, and evil passions of every sort and kind. Only Hope remained at the bottom of the box, and Zeus, in mercy, not wishing to make mankind quite miserable, shut the lid before she could fly away; and thus when grief and trouble crush mankind beneath their heavy load, fair Hope is ever ready to console and comfort them.

Zeus, however, was not yet satisfied, and to punish Prometheus for his audacity he chained him to a pillar in Tartarus, where an eagle perpetually hovered round him gnawing his liver, which, as fast as it was eaten by day, grew again during the night. This torture was to last for ever, or at least for thirty thousand years; but later on the Gods relented, and the punishment was remitted.

According to another myth, Prometheus was chained to the Caucasus, where Hercules found him, slew the eagle, and thus freed the unfortunate victim of the wrath of mighty Jove.

Tityus, an enormous giant, who had once dared to offend Leto, wife of Zeus, was also tormented in Tartarus. He lay extended on the ground, his body covering nine acres.

Two vultures sat on him, driving their beaks and talons into him and gnawing his entrails, while he in vain tried to drive them away with his hands.

These and many others were to be seen suffering untold torments in the gloomy depths of Hades.

Virgil, in his "Æneid," tells how Æneas, the Trojan Prince, when fleeing from Troy went to the city of Cumea, near Naples, to consult the Sybil, who there lived in a cave, as to his future fate; and how she then led him down to the Underworld. The entrance to it is thus described:—

A deep den is there, pebble-piled, with mouth that gapeth wide;
Black mere and thicket shadowy-mirk the secret of it hide.
And over it no fowl there is may wend upon the wing
And 'scape the bane; its blackened jaws bring forth such venoming.
Such is the breath it bears aloft unto the hollow heaven.

—VIRGIL, "Æneid" (Morris).

The Sybil offered four black oxen to Hecate, at the same time pouring wine on the animals' foreheads, tearing away the hair from between their horns, burning it, and calling incessantly on Hecate, while the animals were sacrificed. Then Æneas offered a black ewe lamb to Nyx, another to Gaea, and a young heifer to Proserpine. When all was ended, and while the sacrifices were still burning on the altars, a frightful rumbling noise was heard; the hills and woods shook and trembled, and fearful sounds, resembling the howling of dogs, issued forth. "Hecate will now appear," cried the Sybil, "away all ye who are unclean. But you, Æneas, summon up all your courage, draw your sword from the scabbard, and follow me." With these words she dashed forward into the rocky depths that yawned before her, Æneas following quickly.

All dim amid the lonely night on thro' the dusk they went,
On through the empty house of Dis, the land of nought at all.
E'en as beneath the doubtful moon, when niggard light doth fall
Upon some way amid the woods, when God hath hidden heaven,
And black night from the things of earth, the colours clear hath driven.
Lo, in the first of Orca's jaws, close to the doorway side,
The Sorrows and Avenging Griefs have set their beds to bide ;
There the pale kin of Sickness dwells, and Eld, the woeful thing,
And Fear, and squalid fashioned Lack, and witless Hungering,
Shapes terrible to see with eye ; and Toil of Men and Death,
And Sleep, Death's brother, and the Lust of Soul, that sickeneth :
And War, the death-bearer, was set full in the threshold's way,
And those Well-willer's iron beds : there heartless Discord lay,
Whose Viper-breeding hair about was bloody filletted.
But in the midst a mighty Elm, dusk as the night, outspread
Its immemorial boughs and limbs, where lying dreams there lurk,
As tells the tale, still clinging close, neath every leaf-side mirk.
Withal most wondrous, many-shaped, are all the wood beasts there ;
The Centaur's stable by the porch, and two-shaped Scylla's fare,
And hundred folded Briareus, and Lerna's Worm of dread
Fell hissing ; and Chimaera's length and fire-behelmed head,
Gorgons and Harpies, and the shape of that three-bodied Shade.

—VIRGIL, "Æneid" (Morris).

At sight of all these monsters, sudden fear seized Æneas, and he drew his sword to overcome them. But just in time his guide reminded him that they were only spirits without bodies.

They had now arrived on the marshy banks of Acheron,

the dark waters of which flow into the slimy Cocytus. Here they found Charon, with his long, grey beard, his wild, shaggy hair shadowing his face, his eyes shooting fiery glances, and a ragged cloak thrown round his shoulders. As soon as his boat approached the shore all those waiting crowded and pushed eagerly forward, each one wishing to be the first to get in. Here were mothers and fathers, heroes, giants, youths, brides, and bridegrooms, in untold numbers, all entreatingly stretching forth their hands, and praying to be ferried across to the opposite shore.

But gloomy Charon picked out, one here, one there, and chased the others away, by throwing mud and slime at them.

"Tell me, maiden," asked Æneas of his guide, "what means all this throng beside the stream? Why do some wander up and down the shore while others are taken across?"

"I will tell thee," answered the Sybil; "all that mass of beings that drifts about so helplessly, is the spirits of those who have not been buried on earth. Charon dare only carry those across whose bones are laid at rest in the ground. The rest must wander round these shores for a hundred years; after which lapse of time they may once more approach these swamps."

With great sorrow Æneas now recognised amongst the wandering spirits many old friends, especially those who, having been drowned at sea, had not received the funeral rites of the grave. He spoke to several of them, and they entreated him earnestly to throw some earth over their unburied bones.

As soon as Charon beheld Æneas, he called out to him insolently, "Who art thou that comest armed to these shores? Speak! and tell thy errand! Stand back, for

this is the region of spirits! No living being dares cross this water in my boat, for here reign Sleep and Night alone. True! Hercules, Theseus, and Pirithöus came down here (Part II.), but they gained nothing by it." The Sybil replied shortly, "This man is the celebrated hero Æneas, who has come hither to see his father. If you will not grant him free admittance, behold here is the golden branch which he has brought with him."

The Sybil had previously informed Æneas that no one could be admitted to the Underworld who did not bring a golden branch as a present to Proserpine. This branch grew in a wood closely surrounded by thick bushes, and very difficult to find; while, even after it was found, only those could pluck it to whom Fate had granted permission to descend to the Netherworld. After vain search in all directions, Æneas saw a pair of doves flying. He followed them, and to his joy discovered that they settled on a tree where grew the golden branch, which often as it was plucked always sprouted again. He had broken it off, and now bore it with him to the Underworld.

No sooner did Charon see this branch than he at once brought his boat to the strand, and driving back the thronging mass of spirits, took Æneas in. It was, however, only intended to carry light spirits, so that with Æneas' weight the slimy waters began to ooze in between the rotten boards. But at length both Æneas and the Sybil reached the opposite shore in safety.

The three-mouthed bark of Cerberus here filleth all the place,
As huge, he lieth in a den that hath them full in face;
And when the Adders she beheld upon his crest up-borne,
A sleepy morsel, honey-steeped and blent of wizard's scorn.
She cast him: then his threefold throat all wild with hunger's lack,

He opened wide and caught at it, and sank his monstrous bark.
And there he lay upon the earth, enormous thro' the cave.
Æneas caught upon the pass the door-ward's Slumber gave,
And fled the bank of that sad stream, no man may pass again.
And many sounds they heard therewith, a wailing vast and vain ;
For weeping souls of speechless babes round the first threshold lay,
Whom without share of Life's delight, snatch'd from the breast away,
The black Day hurried off, and all in bitter ending hid.

—VIRGIL, "Æneid" (Morris).

Next Æneas saw the spirits of the suicides. How gladly would these return to the Upperworld! How willingly would they endure either poverty or trouble to get back again! But this is denied them, the inexorable Styx flows nine times round their place of confinement.

Not far from thence, behold the meads far spread on every side,
The mourning-meads in tale have they such very name and sign.
There those whom hard love eat away with cruel wasting, pine,
Are hidden in the lonely paths with myrtle groves about.
Nor in the very death itself may wear their trouble out.

—VIRGIL, "Æneid" (Morris).

Farther on Æneas found the spirits of all those who were warriors in the Upperworld congregated together. Most of them still bore the wounds of which they had died, and among them the Trojan Prince recognised many old friends with whom he would have stayed to speak, but his guide hurried him on.

"Night falls, Æneas, weeping here, we wear the hours in vain ;
And hard upon us is the place, where cleaves the road a-twain,
On, by the walls of mighty Dis, the right hand highway goes,
Our way to that Elysium : the left drags on to woes.
Ill-doers' souls, and bringeth them to Godless Tartarus."

But suddenly Æneas turned, and lo, a city lay
Widespread 'neath crags upon the left, girt with a wall threefold
And round about in hurrying flood, a flaming river rolled,
E'en Phlegethon of Tartarus, with rattling, stony roar :
In face with adamantine posts was wrought the mighty door,
Such as no force of men, nor might of heaven-abiders high
May cleave with steel ; an iron tower thence riseth to the sky :
And there is set Tisiphone, with girded blood-stained gown,
Who, sleepless, holdeth night and day, the doorway of the town.
Great wail, and cruel sound of stripes, that city sendeth out,
And iron clanking therewithal of fetters dragged about.
Then fearfully Æneas stayed and drank the tumult in.

—VIRGIL, "Æneid" (Morris.)

"What frightful lamentations are these, O maiden?" he asked, "what crimes are being punished here?"

The Sybil replied, "Sinless ones cannot penetrate into that place of condemnation ; but Hecate once led me round there and shewed me everything. I can therefore tell you what is going on. Stern Rhadamanthus there executes justice, and forces sinners to confess all the sins and wickedness they have committed whilst on earth. Then Tisiphone, armed with her scourge of snakes, seizes the culprit and calls her cruel sisters to her aid. Behind that double iron gate of doom, which is guarded by the Dragon with fifty heads, the Titans are imprisoned. The Aloïdae also are there, who wanted to dethrone Zeus. I further saw the proud, presumptuous Salmoneus of Elis who dared to imitate his thunder and lightning, and insisted on being worshipped like him ; but, Oh, fool ! the almighty father hurled his thunderbolt, and threw him into these unfathomable depths. Tityus also is there, he whose body covers nine acres, and whose liver the vultures gnaw incessantly. There, too, are all those who hated their brothers, grieved their fathers, betrayed their friends, abused hospitality,

hoarded up treasures for themselves without helping others, returned evil for good, despised the Gods, sold their country for gold, or ruled it as tyrants.

"Nor had I now an hundred mouths, an hundred tongues at need,
An iron voice, might I tell o'er, all guise of evil deed ;
Or run adown the names of woe those evil deeds are worth."
Now to the road ! fulfil the gift that we so far have brought.
"Haste on !" she saith, "I see the walls in Cyclop's furnace wrought :
And now the opening of the gates is lying full in face,
Where we are bidden, lay adown the gift that brings us grace."
—VIRGIL, "Æneid" (Morris).

Thus both reached the doors of the palace to which, after having sprinkled himself with fresh water, Æneas fastened the golden branch.

So, all being done, the Goddess' gift, well paid in manner meet,
They come into a joyous land, and greensward fair and sweet,
Amid the happiness of groves, the blessed dwelling-place.
Therein a more abundant Heaven, clothes all the meadow's face
With purple light, and their own sun, and their own stars they have.
Here some in games upon the grass, their bodies breathing gay ;
Or on the yellow face of sand, they strive and play the play ;
Some beat the earth with dancing foot, and some the song they say ;
And therewithal the Thracian man, in flowing raiment sings
Unto the measure of the dance on seven-folded strings ;
And now he smites with finger touch, and now with ivory reed,
Others he saw to right and left, about the meadows wide,
Feasting ; or joining merry mouths to sing the battle won.
Amidst the scented laurel grove, whence earthward rolleth on,
The full flood that Eridanus athwart the wood doth pour.

Lo, they who in their country's fight, sword-wounded bodies bore;
Lo, priests of holy life and chaste, while they in life had part;
Lo, god-loved poets, men who spake things worthy Phoebus' heart:
And they who bettered life on earth by new-found mastery;
And they whose good deeds left a tale for men to name them by;
And all they had their brows about with snowy fillets bound.—
Now unto them the Sybil spake as there they flowed around,—
"Say happy souls, ...
What land, what place Anchises hath? for whose sake came we here,
And swam the floods of Erebus and every mighty wave."
—VIRGIL, "Æneid" (Morris).

One of the heroes then answers her:—

"None hath a certain dwelling place; in shady groves we bide,
And meadows fresh with running streams, and beds by river side,
But if such longing and so sore the heart within you hath,
O'ertop yon ridge and I will set your feet in easy path."
—VIRGIL, "Æneid" (Morris).

He then led the way, and after wandering up and down, they at last found Anchises seated in a beautiful green valley. As soon as he recognised his son he stretched out both hands, and greeted him joyfully, the tears running down his cheeks, while loving words fell from his lips. Æneas opened his arms three times to embrace his father, but each time the spirit eluded his grasp,

E'en as the breathing of the wind, or winged thing of dreams.—
But down amid a hollow dale, meanwhile Æneas sees
A secret grove, a thicket fair, with murmuring of the trees,
And Lethe's stream that all along that quiet place doth wend;
O'er which there hovered countless folks and peoples without end:
And as when bees amid the fields in summer tide the bright,
Settle on diverse flowery things and round the lilies white

Go streaming; so the fields were filled with mighty murmuring.—
Unlearned Æneas fell aquake at such a wondrous thing,
And asketh what it all may mean, what rivers these may be,
And who the men that fill the banks with such a company.
Then spake Anchises: "These are the souls to whom Fate
oweth now
New bodies: there they drink the draught by Lethe's quiet flow,
The draught that is the death of care, the long forgetfulness."
—VIRGIL, "Æneid" (Morris).

"Father," replied Æneas, "I can hardly believe that disembodied spirits would ever wish to return to their earthly abode again!"

"I will tell thee the reason, my son," answered Anchises. "See, everything in Nature is alive, and has a spirit. The heavens above, the earth, the sea, the luminous sun and moon; the bodies of men, animals, birds, and sea-monsters. All these souls are of heavenly origin, but many faults and sins darken the divine spark that shines within them. Even after death corruption still clings to them, and for this reason they continue to be tormented, that everything bad in them may be expiated by punishment. With some the storms and winds blow away their sins, others are washed clean in the river, others are purified by the flames. Only to very few is it granted to live in the beautiful fields of Elysium till in course of time every stain is worn away, and they stand clean and without blemish. Then, when a thousand years have elapsed, one of the Gods calls the cleansed spirits to the river Lethe, there to drink forgetfulness, so that they may return to the Upperworld without any recollection of the past, and take a fresh form."

He then showed him the various figures, especially those who were destined to distinguish themselves as his descendants: Romulus, Numa, Pompilius, Julius Cæsar, Augustus,

and many others. After this they bid each other farewell, and Æneas returned to the Upperworld.

The wife of Pluto was Persephone (Proserpine), the daughter of Zeus and Demeter (Ceres). Zeus had, without Demeter's knowledge, promised the beautiful Persephone, when a child, in marriage to his brother Pluto. One day when she had grown up into a most lovely maiden she was playing with her friends, the Nymphs, in the flowery meadows of Sicily. Led by Artemis and Athene, two of Zeus's daughters, they performed some charming dances, flowers springing up beneath their feet at every step. The truth was, Pluto had entreated Gaea to let the rarest blossoms shoot forth so as to charm the maiden with their scent. Violets, hyacinths, crocuses, roses, narcissus sprang forth in luxurious wantonness, aye, hundreds from one root, such as neither Gods nor men had ever seen before. Delighted with this wonderful beauty, the artless maiden withdrew from the rest of her companions to gather flowers and make them into garlands. On and on she wandered, new and more beautiful blossoms tempted her further, till at last, far away from her companions, she sat down to rest and twine her beautiful blossoms into wreaths. Suddenly the earth began to tremble, she felt a shock, and a wide chasm yawned before her, out of which rose a golden chariot, drawn by fiery black steeds. Seated in it was Pluto, the God of the Underworld. Springing out, he seized the frightened maiden, and notwithstanding all her struggles, placed her in his chariot. The horses dashed away, and no one heard her cries and lamentations but Helios (the Sun-God) and Hecate (Goddess of Witchcraft), and even they only heard them at a great distance. As long as she could see the heavens above her Persephone hoped for a rescue; but soon the horses plunged into a deep abyss, the earth closed

over her, and thick darkness surrounded the trembling maiden.

Demeter, hearing the last cry of her child, hastened to the spot in the greatest anxiety, but not a sound disturbed the stillness reigning around—her daughter was gone, and no trace of her could be found anywhere. In vain she questioned all the Gods, and men, and even the birds; no one could afford her any information. She then lighted her torch by the flames of Mount Etna, and wandered about for nine days and nights, seeking for her. On the tenth day she met Hecate, who told her that she also had heard the cries of the maiden, but did not know where she was. Plunged in the deepest grief, they both hastened to Sol (Helios), from whose sight nothing is hid. "Who has stolen away my child?" asked Demeter, as she placed herself before his steeds. "None other than Zeus himself is the cause of the theft," answered Sol, "for he promised her to his brother, the dark ruler of the Spirit-world, who has carried her off to his kingdom. But be of good cheer, O Goddess, thy son-in-law is the brother of the mighty Zeus, and equal to him in Celestial Majesty." But the words did not comfort the unhappy mother. What consolation was it to her, even if her daughter were thus exalted, if she should never see her again? for Demeter knew whoever once went down into the dark spirit-world could never again ascend either to earth or heaven! Driven wild with despair she pronounced the curse of unfruitfulness on the whole earth. As she was so miserable herself everything else should be miserable too! All the plants and trees withered and died —the ground became barren and scorched—and the whole world was soon a vast dead waste.

When Zeus looked down from Olympus and saw the dreadful state of the earth he sent Iris to beg Demeter to

return to heaven, and take away the curse, but she would not listen. Then all the Immortals came to her at Eleusis, and promised her the most magnificent gifts if she would return with them to Olympus. She only persisted in her refusal until she should once again have seen her lost child. At last Zeus sent Hermes down to Orcus, to beg Pluto to send back the maiden to her mother. Pluto agreed, for he knew that anyone who had tasted the fruits of the Shadow Kingdom, could never more be separated from it, and he had cunningly persuaded Proserpine to share a pomegranate with him. In the joy of her heart at the prospect of seeing her mother, she eat a few mouthfuls, and thus had for ever identified herself with Orcus !

It is true she returned to the earth with Hermes in Pluto's chariot, but it was only for a short time, and when Demeter heard that her daughter had tasted of the fruit of the Underworld, she told her of the inevitable decrees of Fate, that did not permit her to remain in the Upperworld. Two-thirds of the year she was allowed to live among the Gods in heaven, the other four months she had to return to Pluto in the Underworld. Somewhat comforted, Demeter now withdrew the curse of barrenness, but not wholly, for she determined that while Proserpine was in Orcus, the earth should also mourn. Thus, when in Spring Pluto's wife leaves the Underworld, the earth is clothed in green, and everything is glad and rejoices with her and Demeter; but in the Autumn, when she has to return to her husband, the earth loses all its beauty, the herbs, leaves, and flowers die, and a bare solitude spreads over the face of sorrowing Nature.

It was customary among the Greeks to cut the hair of those about to die, and dedicate it to Persephone, in order to make death easy. The early poets say the God of Death

cut off the locks, and presented them as an offering to Persephone, but the later ones make the Goddess do it herself.

VIII.—HESTIA OR VESTA.

Among the ancients, Fire was regarded as something holy and sacred, for its discovery and use was the commencement of culture and civilization. When the fire was kindled on the hearth all the family, both masters and servants, collected round it, and thus the hearth and fire became the rallying point of all social life. No wonder, therefore, that Fire was looked upon by men as the most beneficent of the Elements, and worshipped by them as a Deity. The Greeks called it Hestia, the Romans, Vesta; Hestia, means hearth, and as the hearth was generally in the centre of the dwelling, the family used to assemble round it, while the images of the Gods were usually placed over it, as the fire that burnt on the hearth was sacred to Hestia, who was regarded as the Goddess of domestic and social life. She was the eldest daughter of Chronos and Rhea, and although both Apollo and Poseidon had sued for her hand, love had never touched her heart. She refused them both, and vowed by the perpetual oath of the Gods, placing her hand the while on Zeus's head, that she would remain a virgin for ever. On this account, Zeus decreed her special honours; she was always to be the centre of every house, to receive the best at all the sacrifices, and to be worshipped by mankind as the eldest of the Goddesses. Even in the assembly of the Gods, she had the seat of honour, and when the Greeks brought sacrifices to all their Gods, she received hers first.

Not many temples were built to her in Greece, for her altar was the hearth in every home. Her temple always stood in the centre of the town. It was circular, surrounded by colonnades, and surmounted by a dome, beneath which stood the altar where the sacred flame was kept perpetually burning; she was not only the protectress of the house, but of the whole town. In Rome she was still more highly honoured.

Æneas was supposed to have introduced her worship into Italy, and her first temple was at Alba Longa. But Numa Pompilius built her a temple in Rome, and ordered that four priestesses, called Vestals or Vestal Virgins, should perform the services of her temple; Tarquin the elder increased their number to ten. They had all to be of Patrician blood, and had to begin their service between the ages of five and ten. The chief priest, or Pontifex Maximus, collected twenty such children, and from among these the required number were chosen by lot. Their duties consisted in tending the sacred flame on the altar, which had always to be kept burning; guarding the Palladium, or ancient picture of Pallas, of which more hereafter; and other duties connected with the temple. During the first ten years they received instruction from the elder priestesses, in the next ten years they performed the duties themselves, and during the last ten years they had in turn to instruct the younger ones. If by any chance the fire on the altar died out, it was regarded as a fearful misfortune, and the careless maiden who had so shamefully neglected her duties was scourged by the Chief Priest; the fire was rekindled by the rays of the sun, and prayers and sacrifices were offered to propitiate the angry Goddess.

When a Vestal had served thirty years, she was allowed to quit the temple, and marry; this happened very rarely,

as those who had tried it had not been very happy in their married life; but it was strictly forbidden to marry while in the service of the temple; and frightful was the punishment of any Vestal who might have been persuaded secretly to transgress this rule. As soon as it was discovered her lover was scourged to death, and she herself condemned to be buried alive. Entirely shrouded in a thick veil she was slowly and solemnly carried across the market-place in a covered litter, and all who met her stepped aside and joined the procession, which went on till it reached the Collinian Gate. Here the litter was put down close to a small vault in the town wall. The Chief Priest then repeated several prayers to himself, raising his hands towards heaven the while, and when the coverings were removed he dragged forth the unfortunate Vestal and led her to the vault, into which she had to get by means of a ladder. At the bottom stood a small bed, a lighted lamp, a loaf of bread, a pitcher of water, a jug of milk, and a cruse of oil. The priests then hurried away from the spot, and the executioners proceeded to close up the vault, where the unhappy maiden, separated from all the world, was left alone in her frightful solitude. Slowly she watched the drops of oil decreasing and lessening, every hour of her life, till the pains of hunger or want of air put an end to her miserable existence.

Twelve times, from the commencement of the reign of Tarquin to the end of that of the Emperor Domitian, had this dreadful punishment been inflicted on guilty Vestals. The day of the execution of a Vestal was looked upon as a day of universal mourning in Rome, and sacrifices were offered without ceasing to try and propitiate the anger of the Goddess. In one instance the Goddess listened to the prayers of her priestess, and rescued her by a miracle. She had been falsely accused, and in order to clear herself she

went down to the Tiber, and there in the sight of all the people she drew water in a sieve, carried it to the market-place, and there poured it out at the feet of the priests.

To compensate these virgins for their solitary life great honour and distinction were paid them in Rome. They were allowed not only to have the entire control of their fortunes, which was permitted to no other woman, but whenever they walked abroad a lictor, armed with a fasces, went before to clear the way. If a criminal met a Vestal on his way to execution his life was spared, if she asserted that the meeting was accidental and not premeditated. At all plays and races the best places were kept for them.

In return, however, they were expected to be very strict and serious in their behaviour. A Vestal was brought to judgment merely for wearing too many ornaments, and being too lively in her manner; if, after the most careful search and enquiry, nothing wrong could be proved against her, she was liberated, but the Chief Priest admonished her to dress quietly and be more serious in her behaviour for the future. Later on, when simplicity had departed from Rome, and habits of luxury and voluptuousness crept in, the young girls out of the Patrician families refused to become Vestals, as they did not consider the honours bestowed compensated for all they had to give up. The Emperor Augustus, therefore, made a decree by which the daughters of freed slaves were admitted to the order; this naturally sank the status of the priestesses of this Goddess, for her qualifications (domesticity and morality), had long since departed from Rome.

The dress of the Vestals consisted of a long white garment bound round the bottom with a purple border, a golden circle round the head, and a thick veil worn whenever they offered up sacrifices. There are still several statues

and bas-reliefs of Vesta in existence, but we cannot be sure whether they are meant for the Goddess herself, or only some of her Vestals. They represent a majestic woman in a long garment falling down over her feet, a veil at the back of the head, and a sceptre in her hand, which sceptre is sometimes ornamented with a cross. Sometimes she holds a torch, a lighted lamp, or else the Palladium. An altar with flames generally stands beside her.

IX.—DEMETER OR CERES.

Demeter, the second daughter of Chronos and Rhea, was born near the town of Enna, in the beautiful island of Sicily, and was also swallowed by her father. In her the Greeks worshipped the secret powers of Nature that lie in the ground, and cause plants and trees to shoot forth and grow. As man cannot live without these, and his well-being and civilization depend on the cultivation of the ground, she was looked upon as a specially beneficent Deity, and always worshipped as the "Gracious Mother." Long before the Greeks knew anything of agriculture they honoured Demeter as the kind Goddess who, without any cultivation, bestowed on them fruits and eatable roots. When at length it was discovered in Attica that, by sowing seeds in the ground all sorts of useful plants were obtained, especially grain, Demeter was supposed to have taught the people agriculture, and was therefore specially designated as the "Goddess of Harvest." The regular cultivation of the ground obliged the people to have settled abodes, they became possessed of *individual* property, and the mutual need of help to defend this property led them to congregate together; thus arose villages, towns, and states,

which again could only be kept together by laws ; so that Demeter was also the foundress of National Laws.

In the story of Persephone it has already been related that Demeter had married her brother Zeus, also how he had promised their daughter in marriage to Pluto, who carried her off to the Underworld, while Demeter, the bereaved mother, sadly and wearily sought her lost child for nine days and nights. During her mournful sojourn she laid aside her divinity, took the form of an old woman, and coming to Eleusis, a town to the west of Athens, seated herself on the Stone of Sadness, close to the Maidens' Well, where all the young girls in the neighbourhood were wont to come and draw water. Among them came the daughters of Celeus, King of Eleusis, and as the maidens naturally had no idea that the old woman sitting there was a goddess, they asked her who she was, and whence she came.

"My name is Dos," answered the Goddess, "I was carried off by pirates and brought to these shores. While they were preparing their food, I managed to escape, and now I entreat you to help me, and get me some place as nurse or housekeeper." The young girls hurried home, and soon returned with the welcome message that their mother, the queen Metanira, would gladly take her as nurse to her little son Demophoon. Demeter, still oppressed with grief, and wrapped in a thick veil and long black garment, rose and followed them. But scarcely had she stepped across the threshold of the palace than her divinity became apparent. No longer overwhelmed with grief she raised her head, and standing up in all her glorious majesty flooded the whole apartment with dazzling light. Metanira, filled with astonishment and greatly terrified, sprang up to lead the Goddess to a seat, but she quickly resumed her humble servant's form and refused to take it. When, however, the slave

Jambé (Mockery) brought her another seat she accepted it, but drew her veil over her face, refused all food, and seemed quite absorbed in her grief. At length she was obliged to smile at the mad pranks and absurd sayings of Jambé, but still she would taste no wine, and begged for a drink of water, with some flour and herbs, which she took as a secret sacrifice to herself. Then Metanira brought Demophoon and gave him into her charge, the Goddess promising to guard him against all magic. She knew the healing herbs that warded off witchcraft, and brought him up without any earthly food, fed him entirely on nectar and ambrosia, and breathed a celestial spirit into him. When Night came and everyone was asleep she would lay the child in the sacred flame of the hearth, so that the fire might destroy all that was earthly in him, and leave only the immortal part, for she wished to change him into a God, and bestow perpetual youth on him. Thus the boy grew up endowed with exquisite beauty. The parents were amazed, and Metanira, fired with curiosity, determined to watch and discover the reason of this change, when one night, to her horror, she beheld the nurse place the boy in the flames. Crying out in terror she destroyed the sacred charm, and Demeter, as she took the child from the fire and placed him on the earth, exclaimed, "Foolish parents! ye are without sense and know not the good or ill that may befall you! Now therefore ye must both suffer for your folly. I had sworn by the Styx to grant the boy perpetual youth and undying fame. Now he cannot escape Death and the common doom of man. Fame, however, is still his, for he has lain in my arms and rested on my knee. I am Demeter, the honoured Goddess, who bestows happiness and usefulness on Gods and men!"

With these words she stood before them in all her divine

splendour, and ordered them to build her an altar and temple on a hill near the town, where she would teach men, and tell them in what way she wished to be worshipped, and also how they might soften the anger of the Gods. A delicious perfume, which seemed to emanate from her glistening robe, filled the air, and bright flashes of lightning lit up the apartment. Then she vanished, and Celeus at once began building the temple, which henceforth became the principal place of her worship. There are several opinions as to what this allegorical poem really means. One legend says: Under the figure of the child nursed by Demeter is represented the grain which the earth has brought forth and nourished; and as she placed the child in the fire to sanctify it, so the corn has to be dried and roasted in the flame to make it palatable.

Another legend says that Demophoon represented the Goddess' favourites, *i.e.*, the agricultural inhabitants of Eleusis, and that, by the burning of Demophoon, she wished to point out to them that her worshippers ought to conquer everything earthly, overcome all sensuality, and ennoble their souls; further, that as Demophoon retained fame after death, so they also should purify their souls and not lose them by any earthly fear or want of faith.

Celeus had an older son Triptolemus, whom Demeter now selected as her favourite. She taught him how to cultivate the ground, and also the use of the plough and the carriage. She gave him a winged chariot drawn by two Dragons, and in it he flew through the countries of the East and West, even the lands of the wild Scythians and the Getae (probably the inhabitants of Southern Russia) were visited by him; and wherever he went, he taught them how to till and cultivate the ground, although threatened with danger on every side from the wild and uncouth inhabitants. He

was hospitably received by Lynceus, one of the Scythian kings, but this monarch, when he had elicited all he possibly could from the wise Triptolemus, determined to kill him secretly and then boast of his knowledge. Demeter, however, protected her favourite, and changed the wicked king into a fox.

Carnabon, one of the Getaen kings, fared no better. He had actually attacked Triptolemus, and already killed one of the Dragons of his chariot, when the angry Goddess appeared, and throwing him towards heaven, condemned him to carry the dead Dragon for ever on his shoulders. And he is still to be seen bearing his burden among the constellations.

When at length Triptolemus returned from his wanderings his own father Celeus tried to kill him; but Demeter effected a reconciliation between them, and left the father no peace till he abdicated in favour of his son. After his death Triptolemus was worshipped beside the Goddess in the temple of Eleusis, as the benefactor of his country. The whole story of Triptolemus is probably only allegorical, and represents the history of agriculture; for his name signifies a thrice ploughed field. He is always represented as a youth seated in a dragon-chariot; sometimes with a plough beside him and wheat-ears in his hands.

As regards the myth of Demeter and her lost daughter, the following appears to be the meaning: Persephone, the daughter of the all productive earth (Demeter) is the seed. The earth rejoices at sight of the plants and flowers, but they fade and wither, and the seed disappears quickly from the face of the earth when it is strewn on the ground. The dreaded monarch of the Underworld has taken possession of it. In vain the mother searches for her child, the whole face of nature mourns her loss, and

everything sorrows and grieves with her. But secretly and unseen the seed developes itself in the lap of the earth, and at length it starts forth; what was dead is now alive, the earth, all decked with fresh green, rejoices at the recovery of her long-lost daughter, and everything shares in her joy. But only for a time; after six months the face of nature again loses its beauty, and the seed returns to the darkness of the shadow-world.

The story of Demeter is also connected with that of Triopas and his son Erysichthon. Triopas was the son of either Helios (Sol) or of Poseidon. He had ventured to cut down a large grove in Thessalia, sacred to Demeter, in order to build himself a palace. The inhabitants, angry at the deed, drove him out of the country, and Demeter punished him with insatiable hunger. At length he was cast before a dragon, which, with wide-opened mouth, stood ever in front ready to devour him. This perpetual dread of death killed the unhappy man, and Demeter afterwards placed him among the stars.

Erysichthon was even more sacrilegious than his father. He also wished to cut down a grove dedicated to the Goddess, and began with a magnificent oak-tree that was inhabited by one of the Dryads; this tree was much beloved by all of them, because it was their wont to dance and hold their revels beneath its wide-spreading branches. As Erysichthon made the first cut the sacred tree shook, the leaves paled, and blood gushed from the wound. Notwithstanding these signs he did not cease, but on the contrary redoubled his efforts, and when one of his slaves tried to prevent him he struck him down with his axe: even the plaintive dying tones of the Dryad did not touch his heart. Then Demeter herself appeared before him as a Priestess, and warned him to desist, but he only mocked

her. Again she appeared before him, this time in all her divine beauty, but with no effect. At last the oak fell with a crash, and amid the lamentations of her sisters the life of the Dryad died out with it. When Demeter heard their cries she pronounced the fearful doom that Erysichthon should for ever be tormented by a perpetual gnawing hunger; and summoned dread Hunger from his abode in the desert to spread his scraggy wings over the couch of the murderer, and fill him with his poisonous breath. Dishes innumerable were placed before him, but failed to satisfy; an insatiable hunger perpetually tortured him, and having eaten up the whole of his fortune he at last sold his daughter Hypermestra as a slave, in order to procure fresh food with the money thus obtained. But even this would not have lasted him long had not Poseidon, who was very fond of her, given the maiden the power of changing herself into various forms. Thus she escaped from her master disguised as a fisherman, and returned to her father, who sold her over and over again, she every time escaping either as a horse, cow, sheep, or bird. Thus for some time she was enabled to supply her ravenous parent with food, but at last it could no longer satisfy him, and having reduced his parents and his two sisters to beggary, he eat up his horses and cats, and at last began on himself, gnawing his own entrails, till he died a most horrible death.

Demeter was worshipped in a twofold sense by the Greeks as the foundress of agriculture, and as Goddess of Law and Order.

They used to celebrate yearly in her honour the **Thesmophoria** or **Festival of Laws.** The origin of this feast goes back to the very earliest ages. It consisted chiefly of a procession of all noble women of Athens, who

carried the tables (on which were inscribed the first and original laws) to the temple of Eleusis. Still more important were the Eleusinian Feasts sacred to Demeter. They took their name from the town of Eleusis, where, on a mound in the centre of the town the temple of the Goddess stood. Their origin also belongs to early Grecian history, but they are of later date than the Thesmophoria.

The priests who conducted these festivals were :—

(1.) The Hierophant, or revealer of sacred things. He was at the same time Chief Priest of all Attica, and had to be a man of mature age, noble presence, gifted with a fine voice, and leading a simple, pure, and unspotted life. His dress suited his high station ; he wore a long purple garment, his hair, crowned with a wreath of myrtle, flowed in long locks over his shoulders, and a diadem ornamented his forehead. At the festival he represented the Creator of the world.

(2.) Daduchus, *i.e.*, the torch-bearer. He also wore a wreath of myrtle, a purple garment, and a diadem, carried the torches at the sacred festival, and represented the sun.

(3.) Hieroceryx, *i.e.*, the messenger of holy tidings. Like the others he wore a purple raiment and myrtle wreath, and represented Hermes or Mercury, who, as the messenger of the Gods, was indispensable as mediator whenever men wished to approach the Immortals.

(4.) Epibomius, *i.e.*, attendant of the altar. His dress was the same as the others, and he represented the moon.

Besides these four chief priests many priestesses and inferior priests assisted at the festival. These latter were known under the name of Melissae, *i.e.*, bees, perhaps so called because bees, being makers of honey, were sacred to Demeter. They also were crowned with myrtle, and had to be of unblemished character.

Only those were allowed to take part in the Eleusinian Feasts who had been first initiated into the preparatory ceremonies connected with them, called the Eleusinian Mysteries. It is not known of what these really consisted, for the strictest secrecy was required of all who took part in them; those who ventured to disclose any of the ceremonies to the uninitiated were not only punished with death, but even their memory was held in obloquy, and their crime commemorated by being engraved on a pillar, called the Pillar of Shame. The Greeks laid great stress on the advantages derived from the initiation. They declared, that it helped to spread good-will among men, kept the soul free from sin and crime, placed man under the special protection of the Gods, and gave him the means of attaining perfect virtue, the power of living a spotless life, the hope of a peaceful death, and everlasting bliss hereafter. We may therefore surmise that the fully initiated were instructed in a higher and nobler worship, while the mass of the people was taught to believe literally various myths and fables related of the Gods. In order to make the mysteries still more attractive the priests assured all those who participated in them that, after death, they would have a higher place in Elysium, a clearer understanding, and a more intimate intercourse with the Gods; whereas the uninitiated would always remain in outer darkness. Thus even young children were introduced, and those who had neglected to join them before always tried to make amends on their deathbeds.

There were the great and the lesser Mysteries, the latter being a sort of preparation for the former. To be admitted into these it was necessary to be a free-born Greek, and not to have committed a murder, even by accident. They were celebrated close to Athens, near the

river Ilissus, where stood a small temple dedicated to Demeter. All who intended joining had to prepare themselves by fasting and solitude, to withdraw from all earthly pleasures so as to examine themselves, and by self-denial and serious thought to prepare for the wonders about to be revealed to them.

After they had bathed in the river Ilissus the Daduchus made them place their left feet on the skins of animals which had been sacrificed to Zeus, and take the oath of silence. The Hierophant then put them through a series of questions, to all of which written answers were prepared, and when they had satisfactorily gone through the prescribed formulæ they were placed on a throne, the priests circling round the while in mystic dances. After this they were styled Mystæ, and were allowed to take part in the Great Eleusinian Feasts, but were not yet permitted to enter the innermost sanctuary of the Temple.

The Great Mysteries were celebrated in September, and all who wished to join them had, at least a year before, to pass through the lesser Mysteries; they were crowned with myrtle, and had to abstain from eating fish, apples, beans, and peaches. We will first describe the celebration of the festival, and then give an account of the inauguration of the votaries. The feast lasted nine days, and began by the second Archon* and four assistants offering up sacrifices and prayers for the welfare of Greece. Then the priests in their robes of office stepped forward, and to make sure that none but those who had clean hands, pure tongues, and pure souls should approach, commanded all the initiated to wash their hands in consecrated water.

The first day was called "The Gathering." On this day,

* Nine Archons were chosen every year to manage the affairs of Athens.

all who had passed through the Lesser mysteries, assembled to participate in the Greater.

The second day was called "Haladé Mystæ" (to the sea, ye initiated!), for all the novices had to go in a procession to the shore, there to bathe and purify themselves in the sea water.

The third day was the Day of Mourning, and was supposed to commemorate Demeter's grief at the loss of Persephone (Proserpine). All pleasures were strictly forbidden, and every one fasted till nightfall, when they partook of seedcakes, parched corn, salt, pomegranates, and the sacred wine, mixed with milk and honey.

As to the fourth day, there is no certainty, but it is supposed that it was devoted to joint sacrifices to Demeter and Persephone.

On the fifth day, the "Day of Torches," all the initiated, with torches in their hands, walked at nightfall, in pairs, round the temple of Demeter, the Daduchus himself heading the procession with a large torch. The torches they waved about and changed from hand to hand, to represent the wanderings of the Goddess in quest of her daughter.

The greatest day of all was the sixth, named Jacchus. This name really meant the God of Wine, Bacchus, who was always looked upon as a child of Demeter, inasmuch as the vine grows out of the earth. A statue representing Jacchus crowned with myrtle and a torch in his hand was on this day carried in solemn procession by the initiated all the way from Athens to Demeter's temple in Eleusis, a distance of about twenty miles. Various symbols were also carried, such as a winnow, or fan of plaited reeds, and a basket, both relating to the worship of the Goddess and her son.

The procession was accompanied by an enormous crowd of people, sometimes amounting to 30,000 or 40,000, all shouting the name of Jacchus. Instruments of various kinds were played, and sacred songs were sung. Several times they stopped on the way to offer sacrifices and perform mystic dances; the road which the procession took was called the "Holy Road," and was paved with broad, flat stones. On the seventh day the statue of Jacchus was carried back to Athens. The return journey was also very solemn, and attended with numerous ceremonies. Several places were again stopped at, like the "stations" of Roman Catholic pilgrimages, the inhabitants of the villages or towns joining in. The eighth day was set apart for the inauguration of all who had not been able to attend before, and on the ninth day, the priests offered a drink offering. Amidst various other ceremonies two great flat-bottomed earthen bowls were filled with wine, which was then poured on the earth, one bowl towards the East, the other towards the West, the priests meanwhile muttering mystic words, and all the initiated standing round and gazing alternately at the heavens and the earth, as the father and mother of all creation.

The inauguration of the novices took place during the night between the sixth and seventh days, when they were led into the temple, and the second Archon opened the ceremony with prayers and sacrifices. The priests then came forward, dressed in their sacerdotal garments, while the Neophytes collected in the outer hall of the Temple, the inner and most sacred being still locked. Then a herald proclaimed: "Away from here all ye that are not purified, or whose souls have not been freed from sin." If any had by chance entered who were not votaries, they now hurriedly left the Temple, for, if afterwards discovered, they

were punished with death ; and to make still more sure that no intruder remained, all who were present had to answer the questions they had learnt. Then they washed themselves again in consecrated water, and renewed the oath of secrecy. Next they took off their ordinary garments, girded themselves with the skins of young does, and put on new garments, whereupon the priests wished them joy of all the happiness their initiation would bring them, and went away, leaving them alone in the Temple, which was now in entire darkness.

Suddenly terrific peals of thunder resounded, shaking the very foundations of the Temple, vivid flashes of lightning lit up the darkness and displayed fearful forms, while dreadful sighs, groans, and cries of pain resounded on all sides, like the shrieks of the condemned in Tartarus. The novices were taken hold of by invisible hands, their hair was torn, and they were beaten and thrown to the ground.

At last a faint light illumined the distance, and a fearful scene appeared before their eyes. The gates of Tartarus, the abode of the condemned, lay before them ! They heard their cries of anguish, their hopeless remorse, and their vain regrets for the Paradise that was lost to them. Suddenly the brazen gates were thrown open with a terrific crash, and now they saw, as well as heard, all the tortures of the condemned. The Furies, armed with relentless scourge and flaming torch, drove the unhappy victims incessantly to and fro, never letting them rest a moment. Meanwhile the loud voice of the Hierophant, who represented the judge of the world, was heard warning and threatening the novices, and expounding what was passing before their eyes. It may well be imagined that all these fearful scenes so terrified and frightened them that drops of anguish fell from their brows, and they did not know where to hide themselves.

At length the gates of Tartarus closed; and now the innermost sanctuary of the Temple lay open before them in dazzling light. In the midst stood the statue of the Goddess, brilliantly decked and gleaming with precious stones; heavenly music entranced their souls; a cloudless sky o'ershadowed them; fragrant scents perfumed the air; and in the distance they beheld lovely flowering meads, where the blessed danced, and amused themselves with innocent games and pastimes. The votaries, who had hitherto been only Mystæ, were now called Epoptæ, *i.e.*, clear-seeing. There was yet a higher rank, that of the "Prophets," but only the Priests were admitted to this.

These Eleusinian Mysteries go back to very early ages, and were continued up to about 385 after Christ, when the Emperor Theodosius the Great ordered the Temple at Eleusis to be closed.

Demeter was pourtrayed almost like Hera. She had the same grand figure, and majestic look and carriage, only with more gentleness; for her eyes were not so wide open, and they had a softer expression; her forehead was lower, and instead of a diadem she had only a simple band, or a wreath of wheat-ears. She wore a long robe or tunic, which fell in straight folds to her feet, and over this a sort of cloak which hung down behind. Her attributes were a sceptre, wheat-ears, and poppies; and these last were usually held in her hand or wound into a wreath round her head; sometimes also she was seated in a dragon-chariot, with the mystic basket and torch.

Her worship was the same in Rome as in Greece. The Cerealiae were instituted in her honour, at different times of the year, both as a thank-offering for the fruits of the earth received, and also to ask a blessing for their continuance.

As soon as the cold weather had disappeared, spring feasts, called the Ambarvaliæ, were celebrated. These feasts were both public and private. In the latter, towards the end of April, any family who possessed land took an animal (an ox was preferred), decked it with a wreath, led it in triumph round the fields, and then sacrificed it to the Gods, especially Ceres. On the 11th May the public Ambarvaliæ took place. Romulus was supposed to have instituted them. The story goes that Acca Larentia, the wife of the shepherd Faustulus, and Romulus' foster mother, had twelve sons, and when one of these died, she adopted Romulus in his stead. On a certain day every year these twelve brothers, crowned with wheat ears, used to make a triumphal procession round their fields, and were called the Ambarvalian brothers. This name was still continued even after Romulus became king, and instituted a special order of priesthood for this feast, called the Ambarvalian Brothers. They were distinguished by a white band round their heads, and wreaths of wheat ears. They led the sacrificial oxen round the town, the rest of the priesthood, the Vestal Virgins, and the Augurs following, after which the animal was sacrificed amid prayers and offerings.

There was another feast in the middle of July, just before harvest, specially for the country people. At this a sow was sacrificed to Ceres, and while offering the entrails and wine they called on the Goddess, as well as on Janus, Jupiter, and Juno, to bless them. All the participators in this feast were dressed in white, crowned with oak leaves, and sang various harvest songs, while performing grotesque dances.

On the 12th April the town Cerelian Feasts were celebrated in Rome. They began with a solemn procession to the Racecourse. The picture of the winged Goddess of Victory, a palm branch in one hand, and a

wreath in the other, was carried first. Then came statues of Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, &c., &c. After these followed the horses which were to run, led by beautifully dressed boys. Then all the Magistrates, the Senate, the sons of the Knights, the swordsmen, and the wrestlers; three choirs of singers, the first of men, the second of youths, the third of boys; various musicians, and lastly, the mass of the people, dressed in different disguises, and bandying jokes in all directions. Then came the priests and their servants, carrying the vessels and implements for the sacrifices, and last of all, the slaughterers, who led the sacrificial animals. All joined in sacred songs in honour of Ceres, who had taught mankind to cultivate the ground.

When the whole procession had reached the racecourse chariot-races began, and when these were ended a solemn sacrifice was offered to the Goddess by priestesses dressed entirely in white.

X.—PALLAS ATHENE OR MINERVA.

Having completed the history of mighty Zeus's brothers and sisters, we will now speak of his children. It has already been stated that Metis, one of the Oceanidæ, was one of his wives. He swallowed her, because Uranus and Gaea had told him that she would have a son and a daughter who would rule Olympus, and Zeus had no wish to lose the mastery of heaven. But no sooner had he done this than he complained of frightful pains in his head, and appealing to Hephaestus (Vulcan) to open it with his hammer, lo! Pallas Athene sprang forth, fully armed. She had a helmet on her head, a spear in one hand, a shield in the other, and knocking both

together, made such a warlike din and noise, that the whole of Olympus began to shake, the sea roared, the earth trembled, and the sun-chariot stood still to behold this wonder!

She was worshipped not only as the Goddess of War, but as Goddess of Wisdom, the fine arts, and sciences, for had she not sprung from the head of Zeus, the seat of all knowledge and wisdom?

As Goddess of War, she presided over all the battles of Gods and men. She took part in the wars between the Titans and the Giants; taught Bellerophon how to bridle Pegasus and overcome the Chimaera; and assisted Perseus and Hercules in their heroic deeds. She took part with the Greeks in the Trojan War, and especially protected Ulysses and Diomed. Whenever Athene is referred to as Goddess of War she is always depicted as fully armed. From her golden helmet, which is ornamented with two griffins at the sides and a sphinx in front, waves a magnificent horse-hair plume. This helmet was so heavy that one hundred warriors could not lift it. On her breast she wears the Ægis, having in its centre the terrific Medusa's head, and in her right hand she carries a gleaming lance.

The following, from Homer's Iliad, is a very good account of a combat between her and Ares before the walls of Troy:—

> The warring Gods in fierce contention join:
> Rekindling rage each heavenly breast alarms:
> With horrid clangour shook the ethereal arms:
> Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound;
> And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
> Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene descries,
> And views contending Gods with careless eyes.
> The Power of Battles lifts his brazen spear

And first assaults the radiant queen of War :
" What moved thy madness, thus to disunite
Ethereal minds, and mix all heaven in fight?
What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood
Thou drovest a mortal to insult a God?
Thy impious hand Tydides' javelin bore,
And madly bathed it in celestial gore."—
He spoke, and smote the long-resounding shield,
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field :
The adamantine aegis of her sire,
That turns the glancing bolt and forked fire.
Then heaved the Goddess in her mighty hand
A stone, the limit of the neighbouring land,
There fix'd from eldest times ; black, craggy, vast ;
This at the heavenly homicide she cast.
Thundering he falls, a mass of monstrous size :
And seven broad acres covers, as he lies.
The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound :
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound :
The scornful dame her conquest views with smiles,
And, glorying, thus the prostrate god reviles :
" Hast thou not yet, insatiate Fury ! known
How far Minerva's force transcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious darest withstand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand ;
Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race."—
The Goddess spoke and turned her eyes away,
That, beaming round, diffused celestial day,
Joves' Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand :
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,
And, propp'd on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.
This the bright empress of the Heavens survey'd,
And, scoffing, thus to War's victorious maid :
" Lo ! what an aid on Mars' side is seen !
The smile's and love's unconquerable Queen !

Mark with what insolence, in open view
She moves : let Pallas, if she dares, pursue !"—
Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And slightly on her breast the wanton strook :
She, unresisting, fell (her spirits fled);
On earth together, lay the lovers spread !—
"And like these heroes be the fate of all
(Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan Wall !
To Grecian Gods such let the Phrygian be,
So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me ;
Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be moved."
Thus she, and Juno with a smile approved.
—HOMER, "Iliad" (Pope) Book xxi.

Her name of Athene was generally applied to her as the Goddess of the peaceful arts, wisdom, and understanding; whereas that of Pallas was more properly her warlike designation. Under the former appellation all works of skill were ascribed to her, except those connected with fire and metal; which pertained to Hephaestus or Vulcan. She was skilled in the use of the needle, the distaff, and the shuttle, and worked all the garments of the Gods. When one of the children of men displayed any special skill he was supposed to have been taught by her, but woe to any mortal who dared to compete with her! Witness the sad story of Arachne.

This maiden was the daughter of a celebrated dyer in Colophon, a town in Ionia, on the east coast of Asia, and had been instructed by the Goddess herself in the art of weaving. Her skill had become so great that all the nymphs of the neighbouring rivers and mountains came to admire her handiwork. This made her vain and presumptuous, and she challenged the Goddess to a trial of skill. Athene good-naturedly wished to spare her, and coming in the disguise of an old woman, tried to dissuade her from

her foolish undertaking, and when this failed, she appeared to her in her own form. But it was all in vain, and the trial commenced. Arachne did in truth make a wonderful piece of work, and Athene could find no fault with it, but her wrath was terrible when she saw that Arachne had skilfully woven into her tapestry all the weaknesses and wickednesses of the Immortals. Fiercely she tore the artistic web in pieces, and beat the shuttle about the maiden's head, driving her to such despair that she went and hanged herself. Athene then took compassion on her, and dropping the juice of some strong herb upon her, called her back to life; but it could not be in her former shape, so she was turned into a spider, and thus it comes that even to the present day this insect weaves such wonderful webs.

As Goddess of Art, her statue was often placed beside that of Plutus, the God of Riches, because science and industry bring riches. All occupations that require knowledge and learning were under her care and control. She was the patroness of dyers, gold and silver workers, chariot-makers, builders, sculptors, and painters, as well as of doctors, poets, and orators. Of her invention of the flute there are two versions. One myth relates :—When Perseus had killed the Medusa, and the other two Gorgons were crying and running after the murderer, the snakes on their heads made such lamentable hissings, that Athene tried to imitate their piteous tones. And to do so she cut some reeds growing by the sea shore, and breathed into them.

The other myth seems to have been invented by the Athenians themselves to vex the Thebans, who prided themselves on their flute-playing. They said that one day Athene had found the leg-bone of a gazelle; she breathed into it, and finding she could bring forth very sweet tones,

invented the flute. Vanity impelled her to let the assembled Gods hear the new instrument, but what was her vexation when, instead of the applause she had expected, some remained silent, while Hera and Aphrodite laughed at her mockingly. "What can they be laughing at?" she thought, and went to a spring to look at herself while playing. She started back with horror when she saw her cheeks all puffed out with the effort of blowing! angrily she threw the instrument away, pronouncing a curse on whoever should pick it up and play upon it. The curse bore fruit sadly. Marsyas, who has already been mentioned in the story of Cybele, found the flute, practised on it, and dared at last to challenge Apollo to a musical contest. Marsyas lost the wager, and as a punishment was skinned alive.

Athene was never married, or, as the poets express it, she was never conquered by Aphrodite. She laid great stress on all decency and good habits, and severely punished all those who infringed them. Tiresias, a Theban, afterwards the renowned soothsayer, thought one day to watch her while bathing, but he was punished with perpetual blindness. His mother Chariclo, a worshipper of the Goddess, entreated her to give him back his eyesight. But this was impossible, for the curse that had once been pronounced could not be recalled. She, however, gave him a black staff as a guide, and made his hearing so acute that he could understand the voices of the birds, and was thus able to foretell the future; for the ancients believed that one could prophesy from the song of birds, their flight and even their way of eating.

Athene's most beautiful temple was the Parthenon at Athens, which was built by order of Pericles, and ornamented by Phidias and other renowned artists. It stood

on the Acropolis, a hill in the middle of the town, its position alone rendering it pre-eminent. A broad flight of marble steps led to the summit. Here passing through a five-sided pillared archway, the walls of which were decorated with bas-reliefs, the votary came to a large open space, in the centre of which, on slightly elevated ground, stood the temple. Like most of the Grecian temples, it was built entirely of white marble and of an oblong shape, surrounded on all sides by colonnades of Doric pillars. Inside was a statue of the Goddess in ivory and gold, made by Phidias. It was thirty-six feet high. On her head was a helmet, with a sphinx in front and griffins on each side; the Aegis guarded her breast; and her long flowing garment fell down to her feet in narrow folds. In one hand she held a lance, in the other a winged Goddess of Victory. The shield at her side was a wonderful work of art. On one side it represented in bas-relief the flight of the Athenians and the Amazons, on the other the battle of the giants against the Gods. All the parts of the bodies that were visible were of ivory, while the armour and the dresses were of gold. It was valued at 600,000 dollars (£120,000). The dress of the Goddess was so arranged that it could be taken off, and this was done thrice every year, so that the statue could be washed. On these days it was strictly prohibited for any man to go near the Temple.

It was with justice that the Athenians specially honoured Athene, for she was not only the patroness of all arts and sciences, of which Athens was the centre, but she had also given them the olive tree, which flourished particularly well there. The principal feasts of the Goddess in Athens were called Panathenae. The Athenae, which had been instituted even before the time of Theseus, were celebrated *every* year; whereas the Panathenae were only held every

four years, the ceremonies being grander in the latter feast, and accompanied by races.

Pallas Athene was generally represented as a warrior, fully armed. Her face was cold and stern, with a thoughtful but hard expression. Besides the lance, she has an owl or a snake beside her, and sometimes an olive tree with an owl flying over it. She usually wears the ordinary dress of the Greek women, but always in addition the helmet and the Aegis : the owl and olive were sacred to her.

In Rome she was worshipped under the name of Minerva, and her statue was in the Capitol, beside those of Jupiter and Juno.

The Palladium, kept in the temple of Vesta at Rome, was a small figure of Pallas, roughly carved out of wood, about three feet high. Ilos, King of Troy, grandfather of Priam, after building the city asked Zeus to give him a visible sign that he would take it under his special protection. During the night the Palladium fell down from heaven, and was found the next morning outside his tent. The king built a temple for it, and from that time the Trojans firmly believed that as long as they could keep this figure their town would be safe; but if at any time it should be lost or stolen, some dreadful calamity would overtake them. The story further relates that, at the siege of Troy, its whereabouts was betrayed to Diomed, and he and the wily Ulysses climbed the wall at night and carried it off. The Palladium, enraged at finding itself in the Grecian camp, sprang three times in the air, its eyes flashing wildly, while drops of sweat stood on its brow. The Greeks, however, would not give it up, and Troy, robbed of her guardian, was soon after conquered by the Greeks. But an oracle having warned Diomed not to keep it, he, on landing in Italy, gave it to one of Æneas' com-

panions, by whom it was brought into the neighbourhood of the future site of Rome.

Another legend relates that Æneas saved it after the destruction of Troy, and fled with it to Italy, where it was afterwards placed by his descendants in the Temple of Vesta, in Rome. Here the inner and most sacred place in the Temple was reserved for it, and no man, not even the chief priest, was allowed to see it except when it was shown on the occasion of any high festival. The Vestals had strict orders to guard it carefully, and to save it in case of fire, as the welfare of Rome depended on its preservation.

The worship of Pallas Athene in Athens is very old, and goes back as far as the time of Cecrops, who, in the year of the world 1550, came to Attica from Sais, in Egypt. Thus it is supposed to have been brought to Greece from Egypt, for the Egyptians paid homage to a goddess called Neïth, in all respects resembling Pallas Athene. There was a large and magnificent temple at Sais, with the following mysterious inscription over the doorway :

> "I am everything that is, that was, and that will be ;
> No mortal has ever lifted my veil."

She was entirely covered with a veil which no one was allowed to raise. King Amasis of Egypt, who lived during the reign of Cyrus, enlarged and beautified the temple by adding an immense outer hall of rare and costly stones. The greatest architectural wonder was, however, a small chapel attached to it cut out of one stone. This monolith had been brought a twenty days' journey from the stone quarries of Southern Egypt, and for three years 2000 masons worked at it. When it was finished, Amasis wished to have it brought inside the temple, but just as they were setting

about it, the chief mason sighed deeply because the building had already taken so long, and he was getting tired of the work. Amasis took this for an evil omen, and stopped the workmen, so the monolith remained where it was at the entrance.

XI.—HEPHAESTUS OR VULCAN.

Hephaestus, the son of Zeus and Hera, was the God of Fire, both beneficent and destructive. Men first obtained fire from heaven; the lightning striking the trees showed them that wood could burn, and they then found that by rubbing wood together they could produce fire; therefore they thought that the God of Fire must be a son of Zeus, the God of Heaven. Some poets asserted that Hephaestus had no father, but was Hera's son alone, because Hera represented the lower air, whence all storms emanate. Besides the fire from above, that which burned under the earth came also from him, and occasioned earthquakes and volcanoes; so wherever there were burning mountains, he and his assistants, the Cyclopes, were supposed to have their workshops, particularly in the Isle of Lemnos, Mount Etna, in Sicily, and the Lipari Islands. The fumes that issued forth from his forge, and the thunder and crashing of the eruptions, were the mighty blows of the Cyclopes' hammers on the anvil.

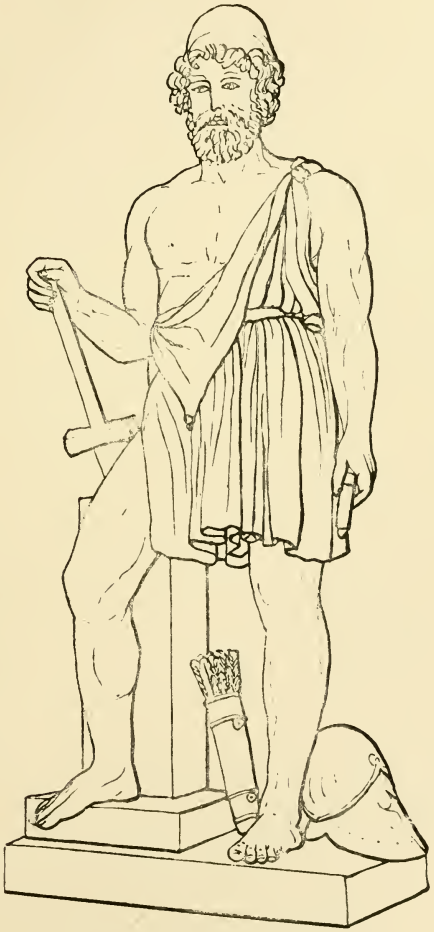
Hephaestus was also the god of all artistic work in steel and iron. His workshop was in his brazen palace on Mount Olympus. Whatever metal things the Gods required were made by him, and all the most beautiful and artistic arms of mankind were his handiwork; but the most celebrated things he manufactured were the golden tripods on which the Gods

sat at their meals, which placed themselves in readiness for the banquet, and disappeared again when it was over. He had also made for himself two golden slaves as supports in walking, as he was lame and weak on his legs, and these were not only alive, but had also understanding. Several of the arms of the ancient heroes were ascribed to him, in particular the beautiful shield of Hercules almost entirely covered in bas-relief. He also made Pandora, who was so destructive to Epimetheus and mankind in general. Her golden fillet was a wonderful piece of workmanship, for on it he had depicted every animal there is. The golden goblet and sun-chariot of Helios are ascribed to him, the latter being that on which Sol drove back every night from west to east. Also the palaces of the Gods on Mount Olympus, Zeus's sceptre, Pluto's invisible helmet, Poseidon's trident, and various other works of art.

Of course from the nature of his employment, Hephaestus was often dirty and smutty. He is likewise described as being very ugly, large, broad-shouldered, and strong-armed, and so uncouth and awkward that he was continually the butt of the other Gods. His thin legs were all the more conspicuous when compared with his unwieldy body, and his lameness only increased his awkwardness. When the Gods were at meals he used often to carry the goblets round, thereby provoking their mirth by his ungainliness:

> "Fair Juno smiled,
> And smiling took the goblet from her son;
> Meanwhile he filled to each a brimming cup,
> Drawing sweet nectar from the golden bowl,
> And bore it round in order from the right;
> While inextinguishable laughter rose,
> To see halt Vulcan puffing round the court."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book i. (Wright).

On his head he generally wore a slightly rounded cap,



HEPHAISTOS.

called Phrygian. It is strange that the ancients should have given the lovely Aphrodite, Goddess of Love and Beauty, as wife to this ugliest of all the Gods; and it is not surprising that they did not care much for each other. Soon Hephaestus learnt, through the all-seeing Sun-god Helias, that Ares, the God of War, was a great friend of Aphrodite, and often came to see her. In haste he manufactured a net so fine that none could see it, and yet so strong as to be quite unbreakable, and laying it all round his palace, set off on a pretended journey. Ere long the unconscious Ares appeared, and conversed and amused himself with Aphrodite. Suddenly the net fell over them! Helias at once informed Hephaestus that his stratagem had succeeded, and he, unwisely, called all the Gods together to see the two caught in the net.

"O Father Zeus, and all immortals blest,
Come ye and laugh at this inveterate pair.
The Zeus-born Aphrodite in her breast
Scorns for my lameness, and affects him there,
Ares Destroyer, being round and fair,
While I halt from my birth."
Thereat the Gods came trooping one and all.
Came great Poseidon who doth earth embrace,
Luck-bringing Hermes, to the brass-floored hall,
And the far-working Phoebus. But the race
Of Goddesses abode within their place,—
Shamed. From the future-giving Gods meanwhile
Laughter unquenchable uprose apace,
Soon as they marked the shrewd Hephaestus' guile;
And each to other spake with jest and mutual smile:
"Now mark how evil-workers thrive not well.
The swift is overtaken of the slow.
Ares, the fleetest that on high doth dwell,
Is by Hephaestus, who doth limping go,
Caught with shrewd cunning, and doth forfeit owe."

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book viii. (Worsley).

But they also laughed at Hephaestus for his simplicity in not being better able to manage his household, and he was obliged to free the prisoners on Poseidon's assuring him that it should not happen again.

Hephaestus was twice thrown down from heaven; the first time on Hera's account, when he fell into the sea; the second time by Zeus, who cast him on to the isle of Lemnos. Both these falls are related by Homer, and we will give his recital in full, as it will make much of Vulcan's history plain to our readers. The first fall is recounted in Book xviii. of the Iliad. Thetis, the mother of Achilles, goes to Hephaestus (Vulcan):

> Meanwhile the silver-footed dame
> Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
> High-eminent amid the works divine,
> Where heaven's far-beaming brazen mansions shine.
> There the lame architect the Goddess found,
> Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
> While bathed in sweat from fire to fire he flew;
> And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
> That day no common task his labour claim'd:
> Full twenty tripods for his hall he framed,
> That placed on living wheels of massy gold,
> (Wondrous to tell), instinct with spirit roll'd
> From place to place, around the blessed abodes
> Self-moved, obedient to the beck of Gods:
> For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flowers,
> In moulds prepared the glowing ore he pours.
> Just as responsive to his thought the frame
> Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddess came:
> Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair
> With purple fillets round her braided hair
> Observed her entering; her soft hand she press'd,
> And smiling, thus the watery Queen addressed:
> "What Goddess, this unusual favour draws?

All hail and welcome ! whatsoe'er the cause ;
Till now, a stranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taste the dainties of the bower."
High on a throne, with stars of silver grac'd,
And various artifice, the Queen she placed
A footstool at her feet, then calling said,
" Vulcan draw near, 'tis Thetis asks your aid."
" Thetis," replied the God, " our powers may claim,
An ever dear, an ever honoured name.
When my proud mother hurled me from the sky
(My awkward form it seems displeased her eye)
She and Eurynome my griefs redressed,
And soft received me on their silver breast.
Even then these arts employed my infant thought :
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys I wrought,
Nine years kept secret in the dark abode
Secure I lay, concealed from man and God :
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led ;
The rushing ocean murmured o'er my head.
Now since her presence glads our mansion, say
For such desert what service can I pay ?
Vouchsafe, O Thetis, at our board to share
The genial rites and hospitable fare ;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow."
Then from his anvil the lame artist rose,
Wide with distorted legs, oblique he goes,
And stills the bellows and (in order laid)
Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.
The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,
That moved and breathed in animated gold
To whom was voice and sense and science given
Of works divine, (such wonders are in heaven !)
On these supported, with unequal gait
He reach'd the throne where pensive Thetis sate ;
There placed beside her on the shining frame
He thus addressed the silver-footed dame :

"Thee, welcome Goddess! what occasion calls
(So long a stranger) to these honoured walls!
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey."
To whom the mournful mother thus replies:
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes)
"O Vulcan! say was ever breast divine
So pierced with sorrows, so o'erwhelmed as mine?
Sprung from my bed, a godlike hero came,
The bravest sure that ever bore the name!—
To Troy I sent him! but his native shore
Never, ah never! shall receive him more!—
But thou, in pity, by my prayer he won:
Grace with immortal arms this short-liv'd son,
And to the field in martial pomp restore,
To shine with glory, till he shines no more!"—
To her the artist-god: "Thy griefs resign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine."—
Thus having said, the father of the fires
To the black labours of the forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,
Resounding breathed; at once the blast expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Just as the God directs, now loud, now low,
They raise a tempest, or they gently blow;
In hissing flames, huge silver bars are roll'd,
And stubborn brass and tin and solid gold;—
Then first he formed the immense and solid shield,
Rich various artifice emblased the field;
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
A silver chain suspends a massy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose
And godlike labours on the surface rose.
There shone the image of the master mind:
There earth, there heaven, there ocean he design'd;
The unwearied sun, the moon completely round;

The starry lights that Heavens' high convex crown'd ;
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the northern team ;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam ;
To which, around the axle of the sky
The bear revolving, points his golden eye.
Still shines exalted on the ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Two cities radiant on the shield appear
The image, one of peace and one of war.—
There, in the forum swarm a numerous train
The subject of debate, a townsman slain.—
Another part, a prospect differing far
Glowed with refulgent arms and horrid war.
Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Meantime the townsmen, armed with silent care,
A secret ambush on the foe prepare :
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.
They march : by Pallas and by Mars made bold :
Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour : these the squadron led
August, divine, superior by the head !—
A place for ambush fit they found, and stood
Covered with shields beside a silver flood.—
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And steers slow moving, and two shepherd swains.
In arms the glittering squadron rising round
Rush sudden ; hills of slaughter heap the ground ;
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains !
The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear ;
They rise, take horse, approach and meet the war,
They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood,
The waving silver seemed to blush in blood.—
And the whole war came out, and met the eye ;
And each bold figure seem'd to live or die.

A field deep furrow'd next the God design'd,
The third time laboured by the sweating hind.
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The master meets them with his goblet crown'd.
Behind, the rising earth in ridges rolled
And sable looked, tho' formed of molten gold.
Another field rose high with waving grain ;
With bended sickles stand the reaper train :—
With sweeping strokes the mowers strow the lands,
The gatherers follow and collect in bands.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid
Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade ;
The victim ox, the sturdy youth prepare ;
The reaper's due repast, the women's care.—
Next ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines
Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines.—
A deeper dye the dangling cluster show,
And curl'd on silver props, in order glow :
A darker metal mix'd entrench'd the place
And pales of glittering tin the enclosure grace.
Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
And speed to meadows, on whose sounding shores,
A rapid torrent through the rushes roars.—
Two lions rushing from the wood appeared,
And seized a bull, the master of the herd :
He roar'd : in vain the dogs, the men withstood,
They tore his flesh and drank his sable blood.
Next this, the eye of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads :
And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between ;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.
A figure dance succeeds : such once was seen,
In lofty Gnossus for the Cretan Queen.
The maids in soft simars of linen dress'd,
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest. . . .
How all at once they rise, at once descend,

With well taught feet; now shape in oblique ways
Confusedly regular, the moving maze. . . . .
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle toss'd,
And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
With his last hand, and poured the ocean round.
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.
This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires,
He forged; the cuirass that outshone the fires
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impress'd
With various sculpture, and the golden crest.
At Thetis' feet the finished labour lay:
She as a falcon cuts the aërial way,
Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
And bears the blazing present thro' the skies.

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xviii. (Pope).

The second time that Hephaestus was cast down from heaven, he fell on the Isle of Lemnos. This was the cause of his lameness. He himself speaks of this fall in the Iliad. Zeus and Hera having quarrelled, he tried to pacify his mother:

"Be patient, O my mother!" he exclaimed,
"Although afflicted lest mine eyes behold
Thee stricken, thee so loved; and I bewail
My lack of power, to help thee in thy woe;
So irresistible the King of Heaven.
For to thy rescue when erewhile I sped,
He seized me by the foot, and hurl'd me down,
From the celestial gates. All day I fell;
And with the setting sun in Lemnos dropp'd.
There scarce alive, the men of Sintia raised
My sinking frame."

—HOMER, "Illad," Book i. (Wright).

Although in this speech Vulcan appears as a very loving

son, he was not always so ; for once, to revenge himself for his first fall, he made and sent her a golden seat. She, suspecting nothing, sat down upon it, but when she tried to rise, she could not ! An invisible power held her fast, none of the Gods could help her, and Vulcan utterly refused to come to her assistance, in spite of the united entreaties of all the immortals. At length Bacchus (Dionysus) made him drink so much wine, that he knew not what he was doing ; and then, leading him up into Heaven, forced him to release his parent.

Besides the artistic works already mentioned the arms of Æneas were also Vulcan's handiwork, and Virgil gives a fine description of their manufacture by the Cyclops.

He relates how Venus went to her husband, and with friendly words entreated him to make a suit of armour for her son Æneas.

Vulcan, unaccustomed to be thus addressed by her, delightedly promised to do all that she required.

" Thy longing shall have whatsoe'er this craft of mine may lend ;
Whate'er in iron may be done, or silver golden blend ;
Whatever wind and fire may do : I prithee pray no more,
But trust the glory of thy might."

He then rose up early the next morning and hastened to his forge, in the Lipari Isles, where Æolus, the god of the winds, lived.

Upon the flank of Sicily, there hangs an island close
To Lipari of Eolus, with shear-hewn smoky steep,
Beneath it thunder caves and dens Ætnean, eaten deep
With forges of the Cyclops : thence men hear the anvil's cry
'Neath mighty strokes, and thro' the cave, the hissing sparkles fly
From the iron of the Chalybes, and pants the forge with flame.
The house is Vulcan's, and the land Vulcania hath to name.
Thither the master of the fire, went down from upper air,

Where Cyclop folk in mighty den, were forging iron gear ;
Pyraemon of the naked limbs, Brontes and Steropes.

They were in the midst of manufacturing a thunderbolt for Jupiter, but it was not yet completed :

Three rays they wrought of writhen storm, three of the watery wrack ;
Nor do the three of ruddy flame, nor windy winging lack.
And now the work of fearful flash, and roar and dread they won,
And blent amid their craftsmanship, the flame that floweth on.

Some of the Cyclops were busy with Mars' chariot, others were finishing the dreaded Aegis, Pallas' fearful shield, when Vulcan stepped in and called out :

" Do all away," he said, " lay by the labour so far done,
Cyclops of Etna ! turn your minds to this one thing alone :
Arms for a great man must be wrought, betake ye to your might,
Betake ye to your nimble hands and all your mastery's sleight,
And hurry tarrying, into haste."
No more he spake ; all they
Fall swift to work and portion out the labour of the day :
" The brazen rivers run about with metal of the gold,
And soft the Chalybbane-master flows in the forges' hold.
A mighty shield they set on foot, to match all weapons held
By Latin men, and sevenfold ring on ring, about it weld.
Meanwhile in windy bellow's womb, some in the breezes take
And then give forth ; some dip the brass all hissing in the Lake,
And all the Cavern is agroan with strokes on anvil laid :
There turn and turn about betwixt, with plenteous might to aid
They rear their arms : with grip of tongs they turn the iron o'er."

XII.—ARES OR MARS.

The God of War has already been mentioned. He was a son of Zeus and Hera, but on account of his warlike proclivities was not much beloved by his father. He had no wife, but that he loved Aphrodite, greatly to Hephaestus' annoyance, we have just recounted. Phobus and Deimus, *i.e.*, Fright and Fear, were however looked upon as his children, and followed him everywhere in battle, harnessed his chariot, and ran beside it. Eris (Discord) was his sister; she also accompanied him wherever he went. Besides these, all fierce and strong warriors, and robbers who distinguished themselves by wild and bloodthirsty deeds, were called his sons.

In Greece his temple was always built *outside* the town, to symbolize that war should not enter the city; and also, that he might guard the town from the approach of enemies. In Sparta, where human sacrifices were offered to him, his statue was hung round with chains, so that he should not escape from the Spartans during their wars, but continue to give them his protection.

He is generally represented nude, with a helmet on his head, and walking; seldom sitting or standing still. Sometimes he is fully armed, with helmet, lance, short broadsword, and cuirass; he is also depicted seated in a war-chariot, driven by the Goddess of War, signs of victory behind him, and before him frightful forms representing War Cries, Terror, Fear, and Anger.

A learned antiquarian thus describes him :—

"His face has something terse and powerful about it, and the forehead is broad; but instead of being arched and rounded at the sides, it is knotted between the eye-

brows. The bridge of the nose is broad, the mouth small, and lips full. His eyes are deep set, but have, notwithstanding, a clear open look, and his hair is thick and short, so that no curls cover his strong muscular throat. The expression of his face is somewhat stern, threatening, and fierce. His body is very compact, with a broad chest, and powerful arms and shoulders; but the thighs and legs are rather slight, as he combines strength with speed and agility. His very position, the left leg brought forward, while resting on the right one, has something peculiar in it, noticed in him alone, which gives him an air of conscious power and self-sufficiency. In short, his whole appearance denotes a powerful, impetuous, and easily roused warrior."

Fewer representations of Ares are found among the Greeks than among the Romans. To these last he was essential, partly on account of their numerous wars and strong warlike propensities, and partly because he was the reputed father of Romulus and Remus.

Numa Pompilius had governed the Romans for about eight years when a frightful pestilence broke out all over Italy, terrifying the whole nation, and suddenly a brazen shield fell down from heaven. The king assured the people that it had been foretold him that Rome's well-being depended on this shield, and that as long as it was safely preserved the city would flourish. In order, therefore, to do this, the king had eleven other shields made exactly like it, so that not even he himself could distinguish the original. They were called the Ancilla, and the care of them was given to twelve trustworthy citizens, chosen from among the patricians, who were called Salii.

On the 1st of March—that month being sacred to Mars—the Salii proceeded through the streets of Rome, clothed in rich purple garments, and wearing broad brass girdles

round their waists and helmets on their heads. They carried short swords in their right hands, with which they beat the shields that they held in their left; at the same time singing martial songs and performing warlike dances, to the accompaniment of flutes and horns.

These processions took place several times during March, and were always followed by a great banquet.

We must not forget to mention here the Goddess of War, Bellona, called Enyo by the Greeks. They never had any representation of her, though she is always mentioned as the sister or friend of Mars, and as delighting in bloodshed and destruction. The Romans generally depicted her with Mars, dressed in flowing garments, with dishevelled hair, holding a torch in one hand and a whip in the other.

In Rome she had a large and spacious temple; a small pillar stood in front of it, in which a short spear was placed upright, amid solemn ceremonies, whenever war was declared against any foreign nation.

XIII.—APHRODITE OR VENUS.

Of the origin of Venus, the ancient writer Hesiod gives the following account:—

"Now swift-circling, a white foam arose,—
And a nymph was nourished in its midst.
The wafting waves
First bore her to Cythera the divine:
To wave-encircled Cyprus came she then,
And forth emerged, a goddess in the charms
Of awful beauty. Where her delicate feet
Had pressed the sands, green herbage flow'ring sprang,
Her Aphrodite gods and mortals name,

The foam-born Goddess : and her name is known
As Cytherea with the blooming wreath,
For that she touched Cythera's flowery coast ;
And Cyprus, for that on the Cyprian shore
She rose amid the multitude of waves.
Love tracked her steps, and beautiful Desire
Pursued ; while soon as born she bent her way
Towards heaven's assembled Gods : her honour these
From the beginning : whether Gods or men
Her presence bless, to her the portion falls
Of Virgin whisperings and alluring smiles,
And smooth deceits, and gentle extasy."

—HESIOD, "Theogony" (Elton).

She was called Aphrodite, or foam-born; also Anadyomene, or risen from the sea. Soft zephyrs wafted her over the waves, and when she reached Cyprus, Eros and Himeros (Love and Longing) were ready to receive her. Flowers bloomed beneath her feet as she walked, the rosy Hours arrayed her in heavenly garments, placed golden ornaments on her neck and arms, and crowned her with violets. Thus adorned, they conducted her into the presence of the assembled Gods, where she was received with delight and amazement.

Some legends represent her to be the daughter of Zeus and Dione, one of the Oceanidae ; others say she was the daughter of Æther and Gaea. She was worshipped under three forms: (1.) As the Goddess of Beauty, when the Greek poets cannot sufficiently praise her. They describe her as the golden one, the rosy fingered, gold and violet crowned, tender footed, silver footed, smiling, and sweet spoken, &c., &c. She was especially fascinating—nay, irresistible—when she wore that magic girdle, whose powers we have already described when speaking of Zeus and Hera. Even storms and the wild waves of the sea were

stilled by it. To indicate the force of Beauty, and its power to wound, she carried a scourge, a key, and a bow and arrows in her hand. (2.) As Goddess of Love all paid her homage, and everything in nature acknowledged her sway; Diana, Minerva, and Vesta alone never succumbed to her power. She was generally accompanied by Amor (Eros), Cupid (Himeros), and Peitho, the Goddess of Persuasiveness, and held a scourge and a key,—with the latter of which she opened men's hearts, and then constrained them to love. In all myths and legends where love appears Venus ever plays a prominent part. (3.) As Goddess of Marriage and Wedlock, when Hymeneus is invariably her attendant.

That she liked Mars better than her husband Vulcan has already been told, as well as how the latter punished her by snaring them both in the invisible net. Ashamed and indignant at the laughter of the Gods she retired to the Grove of Paphos, in Cyprus, where the Graces received her, bathed and anointed her, and clothed her in lovely garments. One poet, in order to explain why the ugliest God should have obtained the most beautiful Goddess for his wife, relates that the Gods all disputed the possession of Venus, each one wishing to have her, when Momus, the god of raillery, put an end to the discussion by suggesting that she should be given to the ugliest among them. This proposal was unanimously accepted, and, amid great merriment, she was bestowed on Vulcan.

Pygmalion, King of Cyprus, was also a sculptor. Having carved a lovely figure of a maiden out of ivory, he was so fascinated with his own creation, that he remained lost in admiration of it, and forgetting that it was lifeless, pressed it enthusiastically to his heart, entreating it to return his love. His passion became daily more uncontrollable, till at

last he went to the altar of Aphrodite, and prayed the Goddess of Love to endow with life the result of his skill. Three times the flowers on the sacrificial altar rose high in the air, a sign of acquiescence, and trembling with hopes and fears Pygmalion hurried home. He rushed up to the figure; as he kisses the lips they warm at his touch, the cold hands grow soft as he presses them, he feels the beating of the heart, the eyes begin to shine, and at last his ears are ravished by the sound of the young girl's voice thanking him for giving her life.

Pygmalion's grandson was the beautiful Adonis. The nymphs brought him up, and the handsome lad became greatly loved by Aphrodite. He was devoted to the chase, and the Goddess, contrary to her usual habits, wandered with him for days in the forests while he was hunting, often entreating him not to run needlessly into the dangers that his fearlessness brought him in contact with. But he despised her warnings. One day he encountered a wild boar, which rushed madly towards him. Adonis shot at the animal, but missing his aim, it turned upon him and tore him in pieces. Aphrodite, becoming anxious at the non-appearance of her beloved, went to search for him, and at last found him lying on the ground weltering in his own blood. She used every remedy to restore him to life, her tears flowing the while; but all in vain, and Zeus in pity turned her tears and his blood into flowers, the beautiful red rose springing up from his life-blood and the lovely white wood Anemone from the Goddess's tears.

One day Venus made a boast before the assembled Gods that, with the exception of Artemis, Pallas, and Hestia, all the other immortals had succumbed to her power and loved some mortal, but that she herself had ever remained free. Zeus, to punish her for this audacious assertion, caused her

at once to fall in love with Anchises, a handsome youth of the family of the Trojan kings, who fed his flocks on Mount Ida, near the city of Troy. Fired with passion, she hurried to Paphos in Cyprus. There the Graces bathed and anointed her, and dressed her in glorious apparel. She then returned to Mount Ida, so wondrously beautiful that all the wild beasts of the woods—bears, lions, and panthers —came fawning to her feet. Taking a human form, she came to the tent of Anchises, whom she found playing on the lyre. When he saw the Goddess he sprang up and besought her on bended knees to give him her blessing, for notwithstanding that she stood before him in mortal shape, he thought she must be, at least partly, divine. "Thou art mistaken," she answered him; "I am no divinity, but only a daughter of one of the Phrygian kings. As I and several of my companions were dancing at a feast of Artemis, Hermes descended among us, and carried me away. I was inconsolable with grief and despair, when he tried to comfort me by assuring me that thou wouldst take me for thy wife. I have come therefore to beg for thy favour, and can promise to bring thee a good dowry." It did not need this last inducement to make the enraptured Anchises willingly acquiesce. They were married immediately, and lived together in the greatest happiness; when one night, waking suddenly, Anchises saw the Goddess standing beside him in all her divine beauty. His eye could not bear the splendour of the sight, and turning away he begged her to spare him. "Fear not," she answered, "thou art not the first mortal that has been favoured. And now, listen! When our son is born, I will have him brought up by the Dryads. When he is five years old he shall return to thee, and thou canst say that he is a wood nymph's son. But on pain of death never divulge that it was Artemis who deemed thee

worthy of her love." Anchises promised to obey this charge, but one day, when his tongue was loosened by wine, he began to boast that Aphrodite was his wife. Immediately the threatened punishment descended. Zeus hurled his thunderbolt upon him. He escaped with his life, however, though lamed for the rest of his days. And for this reason he could not flee when Troy was in flames, but his faithful son Æneas bore him away on his shoulders, and thus saved him, taking him to Italy, where the old man afterwards died.

The legend of Hippomenes and Atalanta, with which Aphrodite is connected, may also be given here. Just before the Trojan war a king named Schoenus was living in the island of Scyros, in the Archipelago, not far from Eubea. He had one beautiful daughter called Atalanta. As an oracle had predicted that, if ever she married she would change her form, she determined to remain a maiden, and to rid herself of the numerous candidates for her hand, vowed she would only give herself to him who could outrun her in a race; all whom she outstripped would be put to death. Notwithstanding this, many suitors came to compete in the dangerous races. They had all to run unarmed; Atalanta allowed them to start before her, then hurrying after them with a spear in her hand, she threw it at them when sufficiently near; and after having killed an unfortunate competitor, she placed his head as a trophy at the goal. Several had already thus fallen victims, when a candidate named Hippomenes appeared. Aphrodite had promised him her protection, and had given him three golden apples, telling him exactly what to do with them. The race began. Atalanta, as was her wont, gave her suitor a start, then following quickly, came close up to him and was about to pierce him with her spear, when Hippomenes let fall one

of the golden apples. The maiden, dazzled by its brightness and beauty, stopped to look at it, thus giving Hippomenes a fresh start. He dropped the other two apples in like manner, and so succeeded in arriving first at the goal. Accordingly he received the maiden for his wife. But in the joy of his success he forgot to offer a thank-offering to Aphrodite, his benefactress, and to punish this ingratitude she filled both their hearts with such an intense passion for one another, that they could not restrain their loving glances, even when in the temple of Cybele. This insult was at once avenged by that Goddess, who turned them into a pair of lions, and harnessed them to her chariot.

Although the story of the judgment of Paris is so well known, we must not omit it, as Aphrodite played such a prominent part in it. Priam, the son of Laomedon, was King of Troy. His wife Hecuba once had an alarming dream of a torch, that set the whole of Troy on fire. The Seers thus interpreted it: Hecuba would have a son who, before he attained his thirtieth year, would cause the complete overthrow of Troy. To prevent this, as soon as the child was born he was taken to the neighbouring Mount Ida, and there left. A she-bear found and nursed him, and later on a shepherd brought him up, until he was old enough to guard the flocks. He was called Paris, was remarkable alike for his beauty and his wisdom, and had later on the good luck or misfortune to be chosen as Umpire between three goddesses.

The case was this: Thetis, the daughter of Nereus and Doris, was so lovely that both Zeus and Poseidon sued for her hand. But fate had decreed that when she had a son he would become greater and mightier than his father. Themis therefore wisely advised that she should be married to a mortal, and Peleus, King of Thessaly, who was after-

wards the father of Achilles, was selected. Thetis tried to escape from him by assuming various forms; first, she appeared as a river, then a flame, then a wild untamed animal, till at last overcoming all dangers, he succeeded in conquering her. The bridal feast, which took place on Mount Pelion, was graced by the presence of the Gods and Goddesses, who all brought suitable presents to the bridal pair. Poseidon gave Peleus immortal horses,—the Centaur Chiron, a long spear; while Apollo played the lute, and the Muses sang and danced. One Goddess alone had not been asked, and with reason. This was Eris, Goddess of Discord; for who would invite strife, especially to a feast, where joy ought to reign? Eris, however, determined to avenge the slight she had received. Suddenly appearing at the open door she rolled a golden apple into the banqueting hall, and disappeared. All the Goddesses, filled with curiosity ran to pick it up, when, to their surprise, they saw the following inscription written on it: "To the most beautiful." Each at once claimed it for herself, till, after much disputing, the rest retired, leaving the field to Hera, Athene, and Aphrodite. Zeus would not undertake the decision, knowing well that whichever way he settled the dispute he would bring down the anger of two of them on himself. He therefore ordered Hermes to take the three Goddesses to Paris on Mount Ida, as the beautiful shepherd was well known to be both a critic of beauty and a clever arbitrator.

Arrayed to the utmost advantage the three came and laid the case before him, and each promised a recompense if he would award her the prize. Juno said she would make him the mightiest and richest king on earth; Athene promised that he should be wiser than all men; and Aphrodite offered him the greatest good fortune in Love,

and a beautiful wife. Paris, after a few moments of thought, gave the apple to Aphrodite; when, filled with rage and threatening vengeance, the other two departed. For this reason, we shall find them later on taking the side of the Greeks throughout the Trojan War.

Paris, meanwhile, continued his lowly occupation of tending the royal flocks, without either he or King Priam being aware of their relationship to each other. One day the king commanded some funeral games to be celebrated in honour of one of the princes of his house, and promised that a magnificent Bull, which was a special favourite with Paris, should be the prize awarded to the victor. The shepherd of Mount Ida therefore competed among others in the games; when, behold! he overcame all his opponents, even valiant Hector, the greatest and most celebrated son of Priam. Then all eyes were turned on the Victor, everyone asking with curiosity who he could be, until Cassandra, a daughter of the king, who had the gift of prophecy, stepped forth and declared him to be the son of Priam and Hecuba. The king acknowledged him, and as Paris was now more than thirty years old, the dreaded time foretold by the Seers was believed to be past. None knew that the fate of Troy had been already fixed by the judgment of Paris.

In a short time Priam sent his son Paris into Greece; for long ago Hercules had, out of revenge, carried off Hesione, the king's sister, and given her in marriage to Telamon, King of Salamis. Paris was therefore sent to ascertain if she were still alive, and to bring her and her descendants back to Troy. He landed with his fleet at Sparta, where Menelaus then reigned. The king was absent at the time, but his wife Helen, daughter of Zeus and Leda, received Paris most graciously, and at length

allowed herself to be persuaded to accompany the stranger back to Troy. When Menelaus returned and found that his wife had been carried off, together with many treasures, he was furiously enraged, and roused all the princes of Greece to aid him in a war against Troy.

That Aphrodite took the side of the Trojans during this war has been already stated. We will give an extract from the fifth Book of the Iliad, describing the wounding of Aphrodite by Diomed :—

. . . . . "Diomed meanwhile
Was chasing with his spear the Cyprian Queen,
Well knowing her a goddess void of strength,
Nor one of those who sway the wars of men—
Minerva, or Bellona—strong to raze
Proud cities' walls. When high-souled Tydeus' son
At last o'ertook her, after long pursuit,
He springing fiercely, with his javelin grazed
Her delicate wrist ; and pierced the ambrosial veil
Wrought by the Graces with their own fair hands.
Forth from the wound came trickling blood divine—
Ichor—such stream as flows in heavenly veins.
For since the blessed gods partake not food,
Nor quaff dark wine, all-bloodless are their forms,
And they are called immortal. Stung by pain
Loud shrieked the goddess . . . .
. . . . . 'Retire, thou child of Jove,'
And quit the field,' with voice exulting cried
Tydides. 'Is it not enough for thee
Weak women to cajole? If thou go forth
To war and feats of arms, truly I deem
Thou soon wilt shudder at war's very name.'
Grievously suffering, and with pain convulsed,
Fair Venus left the crash, from out the field
By swift-foot Iris led—her delicate skin
Stained with dark hues. Now leftward of the field

She found fierce Mars reclining—his huge spear
And rapid steeds encircled by a cloud.
Down at his feet the wounded goddess fell,
And supplicating spoke : ' O brother dear,
Lend me, I pray, your golden-fronted steeds,
To bear me to Olympus, where the gods
Their seats possess. Wound, by a mortal man
Inflicted, grieves me sore. With Jove himself
Tydides would contend.'
At her behest
Mars lent his golden-fronted steeds ; and she
Mounted the chariot, sorrowful at heart.
Iris, ascending with her, took the reins,
And lashed the steeds. They not unwilling flew
To high Olympus, mansion of the Gods.
There swift-foot Iris stayed her coursers' flight,
Loosed from the car, and gave ambrosial food.
Venus meanwhile fell at her mother's knees ;
And in her arms Dionè took her child,
Soothed with her hand, and tenderly addressed :
' Which of the blest inhabitants of heaven
Hath wantonly thus injured thee, my child,
As though deserving of such chastisement ? '
To her the laughter-loving Aphroditè :
' The wound was dealt me by proud Tydeus' son.'

. . . . . .

Answered Dionè, goddess most divine :
' Bear up, my child, and patiently endure
Although afflicted ; for e'en we who dwell
In the Olympian mansions, oftentimes
Suffer from men, and mutual wrongs inflict.'

. . . . . .

She spoke, and wiped the ichor from her wrist :
Instant the hand was healed,—her pain assuaged.
Juno and Pallas, looking on meanwhile,
With taunting words sarcastic turned to Jove.

. . . . . .

At Minerva's words
Smiled the almighty Sire of gods and men ;
And thus to golden Aphroditè spoke :
'To thee, my child, are other cares assigned
Than those of war. To Pallas and to Mars
Leave these ; and be connubial joys thy care.'"
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book v. (Wright).

Aphrodite, however, had her revenge on Diomed for the wound he had given her. During his absence at Troy she inspired his wife with a liking for another ; and on his return to Argos she received him so coldly that he determined to leave his kingdom, and wandered to Italy, where he was murdered.

The following legend is also related of Aphrodite : She one day seated herself at the loom of Athene intending to weave herself a garment. But, behold ! the fine threads became thick as cords, and the whole web tore in pieces. The goddess, however, was not to be thus baffled. She continued to weave, the Graces helping her by guiding the threads, while the sun and moon watched her at her work. Meanwhile, Love having departed with Aphrodite, the world was left desolate ; a general depression took possession of Gods and men, and no marriages were contracted. At last Athene herself complained of her uninvited guest. Then all the Gods assembled together, and Hermes tauntingly reminded Aphrodite of the invisible net with which Vulcan had once entrapped her and Ares. This caused universal jeers and laughter, amidst which the Goddess, ashamed and angry, hastily left their presence and hurried back to Cyprus. Immediately new life filled the world : the return of Love brought happiness to all.

Aphrodite was as gracious and beneficent to her zealous worshippers as she was revengeful and implacable to those

who neglected or slighted her. Phaon, a beautiful youth in the island of Lesbos, had once ferried her across the water, little suspecting who she was. As a reward for this service she gave him an ointment, which had the effect of rendering his beauty so irresistible that all the maidens in the island fell in love with him. Among them was the celebrated poetess Sappho, whose tender love the inexorable youth treated with cold indifference. Her life at last became a burden to her. She could no longer bear the pain of unrequited love, and perished by throwing herself from the Leucadian rock into the Ionian sea; for a legend said that a leap from this rock would cure all pains caused by love. And it, indeed, spoke truly, for whoever cast himself down from thence lost pains and life together.

The women of the island of Lemnos had offended Aphrodite by not offering her any sacrifice. She therefore punished them by making all the men in the island turn against their wives. Setting sail for Thrace they landed, married new wives, and returned with them to Lemnos. But the wronged and deserted wives murdered their faithless husbands the night of their return. The king Thoas alone was saved by his daughter Hypsipyle. He fled to the peninsula of Taurus, where, further on, we shall again hear of him.

The myrtle, rose, and apple, and also doves, sparrows, and swans were sacred to Aphrodite, her chariot being drawn by the last named when she performed her ærial journeys. She was worshipped at various places, the most celebrated being Cyprus, where, in the Meadow of Paphos, only bloodless offerings, such as myrtle-wreaths and incense, were presented to her; Amathus, on the south coast, whence her name of Amathusia; and the Island of Cythera. The most beautiful statue of this goddess was at Cnidus, a town

on the west coast of Asia Minor, opposite Rhodes. It was of white marble, sculptured by Praxiteles, and was the admiration of the whole of Greece.

Of all the ancient statues of her that have been preserved the most celebrated is the Venus de Medici, so called from being in the collection of the great family of Medici in Florence. She was generally represented nude, and sometimes standing in a large shell, drawn by Nereids and Tritons, wringing the water from her hair.

Friday was sacred to her both in Greece and Rome.

Among the attendants of Aphrodite, Eros or Cupid, the God of Love, was always conspicuous. He was represented as her son, for beauty and amiability bring forth love. He was the mightiest of Gods, and brought all under his sway, for his power was irresistible—Love being an universal and all-powerful passion. Even the Gods were obliged to submit to his will; Athene, Hestia, and Artemis alone resisted him. He was armed with bow and arrows, which latter penetrated to Olympus and Tartarus, several times wounding even his own mother. With his torch he set the heaven and earth in a blaze. He disarmed both gods and heroes,—deprived Zeus of his thunderbolt, Ares of his helmet, Apollo of his bow and arrows, Dionysus of his thyrsus, and Hercules of his club and lion's skin. Even the wild animals acknowledged his sway, and no corner in heaven or earth was safe from his influence.

Love being often childish, frivolous, and fleeting, Cupid is represented as a lovely winged boy, now merry and laughing, now sad and crying; again gentle and winning, or pouting and cross. At his birth Zeus, foreseeing that the boy would bring only grief and misfortune into the world, advised Aphrodite to strangle him. But the compassionate mother hid him in a wood, where wild animals nursed him.

As soon as he was strong enough he made himself an aspen bow and arrows of cypress, and practised shooting animals. Not until quite sure of his skill did he attempt the hearts of men; and seldom did the wounds caused by his arrows heal. Another poet says that Hephaestus forged his arrows, and Aphrodite dipped their points in honey; but Eros had steeped them in gall, for he was heartless, proud, envious, suspicious, and cruel, always trying to do harm, and to circumvent man by his cunning. He often joined with Dionysus in fooling men, concealing himself in their goblets full of wine, the more easily to wound them as they drank. Anacreon, a contemporary of Miltiades, whose poems dilate on the joys of love and wine, relates the following: One evening Eros, half frozen and dripping with rain, came to his door, begging for shelter and warmth, as he had lost his way. The poet, touched with compassion, took in the shivering boy, warmed his cold hands between his own, and wrung the water from his golden locks. "Ah!" exclaimed Eros suddenly, with a deep sigh, "I fear the rain has spoilt my bow," so saying, he took it up, and spanning it as if to try it, shot an arrow into the heart of the unsuspecting Anacreon, and departed with peals of laughter.

The poet goes on to relate that another time Eros came to him offering a trial by combat. Anacreon at once armed himself like Achilles with corslet and shield, and all the arrows of the small god failed to pierce these defences. "Oh!" cried the boy at length, "my arrows are all gone, the contest is over, and thou hast won." The poet, elated with his victory, took off his armour, when Eros, who had cunningly concealed one arrow, shot him to the heart.

Eros had two kinds of arrows: some honey dipped and golden pointed, producing rapture and delight; others made of lead with poisoned tips, causing pain and hate instead of love.

As love cannot thrive without return, another poet relates that at first Eros did not grow, but remained small and puny. His mother Aphrodite being much troubled at this, confided her grief to Themis, who advised her to get the boy a play-fellow. Fortunately, Aphrodite had another child, Anteros (mutual love). She brought the two children together, upon which Eros quickly began to grow tall and strong, spread his wings joyously, and was always bright and happy when his beloved brother was beside him, but sorrowful and dejected when alone.

One of the most beautiful allegories of the olden time is that of Eros and Psyche (the human soul). Psyche was the youngest daughter of a king, and was of such surpassing loveliness that she was universally admired, and even worshipped as a Goddess. Altars were built in honour of her, and men forgot to pay homage to Aphrodite. The Goddess, enraged at this neglect, ordered her son Eros to punish the innocent maiden by inspiring her with love for the most wicked inhabitant of the earth. Psyche, meanwhile, notwithstanding all the admiration lavished on her, was not happy. Both her sisters were already married, but no mortal youth dared to raise his eyes to her. Her father enquired of the Oracle what was to be the ultimate fate of his beautiful daughter, and received the following sad reply : "The mightiest and most fearful monster, dreaded even by the Gods, is destined to become her husband. Let her deck herself as a bride, and await the arrival of the bridegroom on the summit of a steep rock." The despair of the father may be imagined.

But the Oracle must be obeyed. Decked as a bride, Psyche stands on the rock, her heart beating quickly with anxious fear, when, suddenly, she feels a gentle zephyr wafting her along, and presently finds herself on a piece of

velvety turf in a beautiful flowery valley. A deep sweet sleep closes her eyelids, and when she awakes she finds herself in a wood. Before her astonished gaze stands a magnificent castle, and an invisible voice tells her that she is the mistress of it. Filled with amazement, she enters; all is still and quiet, no living thing is to be seen, but invisible spirits minister to her wants, and even carry out her most secret thoughts and wishes. Night falls, and, tired with excitement, Psyche lies down to rest on a soft luxurious couch, and is soon wrapped in slumber. Suddenly she wakes; her husband is present with her, but enveloped in complete darkness; his loving words and soft toned voice allow her to picture his beauty, but he commands her not to attempt to find out who he is, or she will be taken from him, and given up to endless misery; her happiness must rest on unknown love.

At her home, meanwhile, her parents know nothing of her fate. They are full of grief on her account; and her sisters also bewail the loss of the beautiful Psyche, vowing that they will not rest till they have found her. She hears their distant voices, as, standing on the top of the rock, they loudly make their plaints. And at length a great desire seizes her to behold once again the companions of her childhood, and she importunes her husband to grant her a meeting with her sisters. Reluctantly he gives them permission to visit her, but warns her not to be persuaded by them to try and identify him. Zephyrus then brings the sisters to Psyche's charming abode. How astonished they are at the splendour and magnificence that they see on every side. But after a time their wonder turns to envy; they ask who is their sister's husband, and when Psyche assures them that she has never seen him, they, out of jealousy, persuade her that he must be a fearful dragon, who

is only pampering and feeding her, in order to devour her in the end.

This idea takes such hold on her mind that, after the departure of her sisters, she determines to solve the mystery. She procures a light and a dagger, and concealing both, awaits the arrival of her husband. With the approach of night he comes, and is soon wrapped in sleep. Quickly she fetches the light and dagger, so that if she discovers he is indeed a dragon she may kill him. But what is her amazement when she sees the beautiful God of Love, in all his divine splendour, lying before her. Lost in admiration, she sinks on her knee beside him, and in so doing, is wounded by one of his arrows, which fills her heart with passionate love for him. While still rapturously gazing, a drop of hot oil from her lamp falls on his shoulder. Starting up, awakened by the pain, he sees his faithless wife before him with the light in her hand. Fierce and angry reproaches fall from his lips, and he declares his determination to leave her at once. She, beside herself with grief and fear, clings to his feet to detain him; but nothing will keep him back, and she is dragged with him through the air, till at last her strength gives way, her hands let go their hold, and she falls to earth. Even while flying Eros upbraids her for her distrust: "Thy curiosity alone has brought this great misery on us both. Tranquil and unknown love only could have made us happy; for know that my mother's undying hatred follows thee, and I had hoped to hide thee in safety in this secluded valley. Now our happiness is at an end."

Thus Eros, enraged, returned to Heaven, and Psyche, despairing, tried to end her life by throwing herself into a river hard by; but the gentle waves carried her back to the bank, where Pan met her, and persuaded her not again

to attempt to destroy herself. She then hastened back to her sisters, told them of her loss, and added, in order to revenge herself on them as the cause of all her misfortunes, that Eros had now determined to select them for his wives, and that Zephyrus would waft them down from the summit of the rock to the beautiful valley beneath. Fully believing this, they hastened to the rock, gorgeously apparelled, and trusting that the wind would carry them as before, they threw themselves down, and were shattered in pieces.

Eros, meanwhile, had returned to his mother's palace, where he lay sick and ill at ease. Aphrodite, who had been passing her time in bathing and disporting herself in the sea, knew nothing of what had taken place. When, however, she became aware of it, furious anger against Psyche took possession of her. She hurried back to her palace, upbraided her son violently for deceiving her, and vowed bitter vengeance against his bride.

Psyche, driven from place to place by grief and despair, and finding rest nowhere, determined at last to seek the mother of her lost husband, and to pray on her knees for her forgiveness. She approached the palace of Aphrodite ; a slave (Custom) received her, and dragged her in by her hair. The goddess met her with scorn and mockery, and after much ill usage delivered her over to be tormented by Fear and Longing. She then mixed a large heap of seeds of all kinds, and ordered her unfortunate victim to separate each kind from each before night. Psyche was well nigh in despair, when the ants had pity on her, and coming to her assistance, the whole heap was soon sorted. The next morning the Goddess sent her into a wood, with commands to bring to her some of the golden wool of the wild sheep that fed there. Obediently Psyche went ; but, with despair

in her heart, she was about to throw herself into the river when the rushes growing on the banks comforted her, telling her not to lose heart; and they warned her: "Do not approach the wild sheep too closely, for the midday sun makes them furious, and they kill every one who comes near. But in the cool of the evening, hide behind a bush; for the sheep, as they pass, leave their thin wool hanging among the thorns, where you will be able to gather it without danger." Psyche obeyed, procured the wool, and returned with it in the evening to Aphrodite.

The Goddess, however, had a third task ready for her. On a very high mountain was an unfathomable well, in whose depths rose a black spring. Psyche was commanded to fill a goblet with water from this spring, and to bring it to her cruel taskmistress. Willingly and obediently she climbed the mountain, but how great is her terror when she saw the well surrounded by fearful Dragons, who threatened to devour her. But even here help was at hand, for Zeus himself took pity on the unhappy maiden, and sent his eagle, which, taking the goblet from her hand, swept down into the well, filled the cup with water, and returned it to her.

Her trials even now were not at an end. Aphrodite next gave her a small jar, which she was to take down into Tartarus and bring back filled with the ointment of Perpetual Beauty from Persephone. Psyche quite despaired of accomplishing this difficult task, and was about to throw herself from a high tower, when an invisible hand held her back, and a voice directed her how to carry out the behest of Aphrodite. She descended into the Underworld from the southern extremity of the Peloponnesus. Charon ferried her across the Styx, and Cerberus was quieted with a piece of honey-cake which she had brought with her. Not allowing herself to be mis-

led by the numerous phantoms she encountered, she at last reached the palace of Pluto.

Here Persephone welcomed her kindly, and invited her to partake of the feast spread before her. But, remembering the advice she had received, she declined, and seated herself instead respectfully at the queen's feet, merely taking a piece of black bread. Persephone meanwhile filled the jar and gave it back to her, and Psyche at once prepared to return. Her journey was almost at an end; already she saw the daylight in the distance, when, forgetting the severe lesson she had received, she again allowed curiosity to get the better of her, and uncovered the jar. An overpowering rush of steam burst forth, throwing her to the ground. And now she would indeed have been lost had not her husband, who by this time had recovered his health and forgiven her, hastened to her assistance. He recalled her to life again, and while she carried the jar to his mother, he hurried to the throne of Omnipotent Zeus, and throwing himself on his knees before him entreated his mercy and favour on behalf of his beloved Psyche. Zeus thereupon assembled the Gods, who agreed to admit Psyche into Heaven. Even Aphrodite, touched by the willing obedience shown in fulfilling the tasks she had set her, forgave her, and all the Gods united in celebrating the marriage of Eros and Psyche in Olympus.

This allegory is frequently represented. Sometimes Psyche is depicted as a lovely girl, with butterfly's wings and a thyrsus in her hand, and Eros, armed with bow and quiver, holding her hand or tenderly embracing her. Sometimes they are shown carrying baskets of flowers on their heads, or running hand in hand, Eros holding a sceptre, Psyche a torch.

Eros is almost as frequently mentioned as Aphrodite in

all legends in which love is a prominent influence: for instance, the story of Hero and Leander, familiar to all readers of Schiller. Hero was a priestess of Aphrodite in Sestus, a town of Thrace, on the European side of the Dardanelles. She was beautiful and chaste, and brought daily offerings to Eros, hoping by these means to propitiate him. But all in vain. He mischievously shot one arrow into her heart, and another into that of Leander, a beautiful young huntsman of Abydos, on the Asiatic coast. At the feast of Adonis they met for the first time, and at once became enamoured of each other. He declared his love, and she returned it, but as a priestess she dared not marry; her parents also would not give their consent. Love, however, overcame all difficulties, and even the broad sea that lay between them proved no obstacle. Every evening when all slept the bold youth swam across the channel to Hero's tower, the lighted torch of his beloved serving him for a beacon. Having spent several happy hours with her, he returned by the same dangerous way in which he had come. So passed the spring and summer, and when the storms of winter set in Leander would fain still continue his hazardous visits. One stormy night he hesitated to trust himself to the treacherous waters; the friendly torch however seemed to beckon him on, and he plunged boldly into the waves. But the merciless billows overwhelmed him; the storm raged more and more furiously, and at last even extinguished his guiding beacon. In vain he called on the Gods of Heaven, Love, and the Sea for aid; in vain he prayed to the Goddess Leucothea to stretch forth her saving veil; at last he lost consciousness, and his lifeless body was thrown by the waves on to the shore at Sestus. A prey to fearful anxiety at his non-appearance, Hero mounted her tower in the morning, trembling for the safety of her beloved. She suddenly

saw from thence a dead body on the beach, and with horror recognised the features of Leander. Despairing she threw herself down, and died embracing his dead body.

In later years art and poetry increased the train of the God of Love by introducing a number of tiny Cupids or Love Sprites. They were also depicted as small petulant boys, and sometimes so tiny that they could swing on flowers, or rest on the lips and amidst the hair of lovely maidens.

XIV.—DIONYSUS OR BACCHUS. MAENADES, SILENUS, SATYRS, AND PAN.

Dionysus or Bacchus was the son of Zeus and Semele. We have already learnt how Semele fell a victim to her curiosity, when, insisting on beholding Zeus in all his divine splendour, unable to bear the brilliancy of the rays by which he was enveloped, she was burnt to death. Her son was saved from the flames in which his mother perished; and while the flames filled the apartment, thick ivy grew up round the pillars, and protected the child with its cool shade. Jupiter then took him to be brought up by Ino, the sister of Semele, wife of King Athamas of Thessaly. But when Juno, the sworn enemy of all Jupiter's other wives, discovered this, she vented all her anger on Ino and her family. She caused Athamas to become mad, so that he turned furiously against his wife and children, and had already killed his eldest son, when Ino, wild with terror, fled to the shore with her youngest son in her arms, and threw herself into the sea. Zeus, in order to save his son Bacchus from the fury of Juno, changed him into a he-

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goat, and sent him with Mercury to Nysa, a town in Thrace, which was afterwards especially sacred to the wine-god, there to remain under the care of the nymphs. When Dionysus was old enough Zeus gave him into the charge of old Silenus; and he continued under the old man's care till he was full grown, when he went forth and began his happy journeys through the earth, giving good gifts to men.

He taught the culture of the vine, and the making of wine from its rich clusters of grapes; also the cultivation of fruit-trees in general,—thus he became man's benefactor; and was everywhere greeted and honoured as such, the people joyously singing songs in his praise. Among his followers were a number of men and women in a state of intoxication (or, as the poets more delicately express it, "inspired by the blessings of Bacchus"), Maenades and Satyrs shouting around him. The women especially, the Maenades and Bacchantes, gave themselves up to unbridled excitement and excesses. With wildly dishevelled hair, amidst which snakes were entwined, crowned with ivy and vine leaves, and with doe-skins hanging from their shoulders, they ran wildly about, swinging the thyrsus in their hands: this was originally a strong vine trail, wreathed with ivy, but subsequently any staff wound round with ivy and having at one end a fir cone, hiding a sharp iron spike, was so called. "Evan! Evoe!" they shouted, running and leaping wildly round Dionysus, amidst the weird music of flutes, drums, and fifes. The God himself sat in a triumphal chariot, drawn by lions, tigers, foxes, and panthers.

But in some places he was not cordially received. Here and there his gifts were not appreciated, and his teachings were disregarded. In some countries the people would not cultivate the vine, either because they did not like the

trouble, or on account of the soil and climate being unfavourable to its growth. All such ingratitude drew down the full force of the God's anger. Lycurgus, one of the Kings of Thrace, had indeed allowed the vine to be planted in his territory; but had afterwards caused every vineyard to be cut down, because once when heated with wine he had insulted his mother. In his hatred against Bacchus he hunted the Maenades with thorny sticks when they were celebrating the feast of their God in the woods of Nysa, completely putting them to flight. Dionysus himself leapt into the sea and sought shelter with Thetis, who welcomed him cordially, and received from him a golden vase in return for her kindness. Another legend says that Lycurgus had thrown the followers of Dionysus into prison. In revenge for this insult the God deprived him for a time of reason, and in his madness he cut off his own legs and those of his son, instead of the vine stems. But the anger of Dionysus was not yet appeased. Though Lycurgus recovered his sanity, yet Thrace was afflicted by a great famine, and when the people consulted the Oracle the answer received was that, Prosperity would not return till the king was dead. Upon this they dragged Lycurgus to the mountains, bound him hand and foot, and caused him to be torn to death by wild horses.

Pentheus, King of Thebes, a grandson of Cadmus, was also an enemy to the cultivation of the vine. When Dionysus on his return from India came to Thebes to teach the inhabitants vine-dressing, he was received with scoffs and mockery by his own family. Pentheus and the sisters of Semele denied that Dionysus was the son of Zeus and a God; they declared he was an impostor, and Pentheus even affirmed that he would kill him and his followers. But their punishment quickly followed. The king's mother and her

sisters were struck with madness, and rushed wildly about Mount Cithaeron. Pentheus followed them hoping to bring them back; but his own mother, in her insanity, mistook him for a wild beast, and tore him in pieces. After this catastrophe the victims of the wrath of Dionysus recovered their reason, and, seized with terror, fled the country.

In Orchomenus, another Boeotian town, lived King Minyas, who had three singularly industrious daughters. Once a feast of Dionysus was being celebrated in the city, and every one ran to take part in it; the busy Minyadae alone held themselves aloof, and continued to weave and spin, hardly looking up from their work. Even when the priest himself came to beg them to participate in the festival they refused, although all the other women of the town, ivy-crowned, hair dishevelled, and each holding a thyrsus in her hand, were following the procession. The universally feted god could not brook this slighting disregard. Suddenly the chamber of the industrious maidens became filled with the loud but invisible music of drums and fifes; ivy and vines grew quickly out of their garments, and out of the webs they were weaving; the air was laden with the scent of myrtle and vines; the house began to rock, and flashing torches waved in the air, revealing the dread forms of various wild beasts. The terrified Minyadae rushed trembling to hide themselves in the recesses of the chamber, when they were changed into bats, who to this day are afraid of the light, and always conceal themselves in dark corners.

One day Bacchus was standing on the shore in the form of a beautiful youth waiting to cross over to the isle of Naxos, where he often dwelt, when some Italian sailors passed by, and thinking he was a king's son, they took and bound him, hoping to enrich themselves by selling him.

He warned them by a miracle of his divine origin; for while they were talking together the cords with which they had bound him fell to the ground, and he sat down on the shore calmly smiling. The steersman was amazed, and advised the sailors to have nothing to do with the youth, for fear that some misfortune might overtake them. But his comrades disregarded this warning, bound the youth afresh, brought him on board, and sailed on. Retribution however speedily overtook them. An enormous vine, covered with grapes, and entwined with ivy, sprang suddenly up, and rapidly reached to the top of the mast. The oars became wreathed with vine and ivy trails, and a stream of wine filled the ship. Dionysus himself then appeared in a two-fold form; on deck as a roaring lion, and in the cabin as a wild bear, and tore the captain of the vessel in pieces. The sailors, rendered desperate by terror, sprang overboard, and were immediately changed into dolphins. Only the steersman was saved, and he was rewarded by Dionysus.

Although the God revenged himself so pitilessly on those who despised or opposed him, he was always ready to reward his worshippers. The story of King Midas affords a good illustration of his liberality. While Midas was still in his cradle, a number of ants appeared, carrying small seeds which they placed in his mouth. The augurs declared this to be a sign that the child would one day become a very rich king. This prediction was indeed fulfilled; for while he reigned over Phrygia, Bacchus passed through the country. Old Silenus, the God's attendant, having lost his way, the peasants who found him brought him to King Midas, who received him cordially, and himself conducted him to rejoin Dionysus. This attention so pleased the God that he offered to grant the king whatever

he might wish. Midas, who believed that riches constituted the greatest happiness, begged for the power of turning everything that he touched into gold. The prayer was at once granted, and to his great delight he soon found himself surrounded by immense lumps of the precious metal. But when he became hungry, and sat down to eat, he saw with horror that the food, as soon as he touched it, also turned into gold, and starvation stared him in the face. He therefore entreated the God to take back the fatal gift. "So be it," answered Dionysus; "go to the river Pactolus; walk up the stream and dip thy head in the spring." Midas obeyed, and immediately the power of making gold left him. But the river ever after contained gold-dust amidst its sands.

Icarius, the Athenian, also experienced the kindness of the God. When Dionysus came to Athens, Icarius welcomed him gladly, and the wine God presented him with some vines, instructed him as to their culture, and taught him how to make wine from their fruit. Icarius, wishing to let his fellow-countrymen taste the rare gift, filled a cart with casks of wine, and wandered through the land accompanied by his daughter Erigone and his dog Maera. One day he encountered some shepherds, who found the new drink he offered to them so delicious that they became intoxicated with it; and then, imagining that Icarius had poisoned them, they killed him. When they recovered their senses they buried his body under a tree.

Erigone, who had been absent, now returned. Whining and moaning the dog crept up to her, and guided her to the spot where the murdered man lay. Beside herself with grief, and deeming life to be no longer worth having, she hung herself on the same tree under which her father was buried. Dionysus, in revenge for the murder of his favourite,

caused the daughters of all the shepherds to go mad, so that they likewise hung themselves. In obedience to the Oracle, a yearly feast was instituted in honour of the ill-fated Erigone, to which the country people, in addition to other offerings, always brought numbers of small figures, which were hung among the trees to commemorate her tragic end.

Of Ariadne, wife of Dionysus, and daughter of Minos, King of Crete, we shall hear more in the history of Theseus.

The Greeks instituted the Dionysian festivals in honour of the wine-god ; these took place in the middle of March. Besides the usual ceremonies, consisting of sacrifices and processions, which were publicly performed, there were also Mysteries or secret rites connected with these festivals, which were held at night, and in these latter none but the initiated were allowed to take part.

Dionysus (or Bacchus, as he was called in Rome) is represented as a fine well-proportioned man, not muscular, his body being rather soft and rounded in appearance, and inclined to corpulency. His features are pleasing, the lips full, the eyes gentle and languishing. A diadem encircles his forehead; his long curls fall on to his shoulders, fastened together in a knot behind, and are often entwined with trails of vine and ivy. He is generally represented nude, but sometimes with a light garment thrown carelessly round him, or wearing the skin of the doe Nebris across his chest, and holding the thyrsus and a drinking cup. The lion, tiger, panther, goat, fox, and ass were sacred to him, his chariot being nearly always drawn by some of these beasts —very rarely by horses or griffins.

We will now describe the more important among his followers. First come the **Maenades** or **Bacchantes,**

women so overcome by wine and excitement as to be in a state of frenzy. Their heads are thrown back, snakes twine in their hair, and they carry in their right hand a sharp knife or dagger. In fits of wild fury they kill the young fawns, eat the flesh raw, and hang the bleeding skins round their shoulders. Thus they leap around Bacchus, making the woods and valleys resound with their frantic screams.

Next comes **Silenus.** He is represented as an old man, nearly bald, with heavy coarse features, and goat-like physiognomy. His nose is broad and flat. A pair of small horns, visible amongst his thin hairs, long pointed ears, a peaked beard, and a small tail, all impart to him a striking resemblance to a goat. At other times he is merely depicted as an ordinary looking old man, stout and very bald. In accounts of Silenus two natures appear in strong contrast to one another. At one time he is described as a learned sage, who educated the young Bacchus, possessed the power of foretelling the future, and opened the paths of wisdom by revealing the secrets of a future life; making evident the emptiness and transitoriness of all earthly things, and declaring the high calling of mankind. At another he appears in the train of Bacchus as a foolish old drunkard, never sober, riding on an ass or a wine cask, steadied on either side by some of the Bacchanalian following, and keeping the whole troop in roars of laughter by his buffoonery. The Greeks had busts of Silenus, which were made hollow, and opened in two like a door. These were used to preserve beautiful busts from dust and dirt.

Socrates being particularly ugly (his face almost a facsimile of one of these Silenus busts), but in mind and character remarkably wise, benevolent and venerable; Plato, his most renowned pupil, drew the following beautiful

comparison between them, when bringing Alcibiades into the presence of the great Philosopher. We give it here as a specimen of the wit of that age. "Socrates resembles one of those hollow busts of Silenus, both outwardly and inwardly; his exterior being only the veil drawn over the high spirit within, just as the carved Silenus covers the figure of a God. When the Silenus mask is opened, the grandest and most God-like figure appears before us in undying beauty; thus too is it, when the inward part of Socrates is displayed. What rich treasures of wisdom do we then behold in him, whose outward appearance so little denotes what is stored within; and who takes no heed of the things so highly prized by the world, but passes through the midst of mankind with cynical irony. In this point also he resembles the mocking, self-willed old Silenus; none but those few to whom he chooses to disclose them, have any idea of the great qualities lying beneath his rough exterior. I have once caught a glimpse of this hidden nature of his; it appeared to me so noble, sublime, and beautiful, that I felt myself compelled to do his bidding." Formerly the Greeks had only one Silenus, but later on several are mentioned amongst the followers of Bacchus.

The Satyrs were of the same class as Silenus. They had the same human body, with faces like animals, small horns, pointed beards, and tails; but they were younger, and not bald. They wore crowns of ivy and vine leaves, and the skins of wild animals hung on their shoulders.

Pan, the God of shepherds and flocks, must be considered as quite distinct from the Satyrs. His parentage is doubtful: sometimes Zeus and sometimes Hermes is designated as his father. He was brought up by nymphs in the Mountains of Arcadia in the Peloponnesus, in which country he was first worshipped. In

appearance he resembled the Satyrs, but was distinguished from them by having a pair of goats' feet and a hooked nose, whereas they had flat noses. When he was born his nurse was so horrified at his grotesque appearance that she fled, but Hermes took compassion on the little monster, wrapped him in a skin, and carried him to Mount Olympus, where all the Gods, especially Dionysus, were delighted with him. He was the God and protector of herdsmen, shepherds, huntsmen, fishermen, and bee-keepers; honey and milk were therefore offered to him. His favourite resorts were the darkest recesses of the woods, where he lived in company with the nymphs, honoured by them as the protector of their herds. Caves and mountain tops, as well as oak, fir, and pine trees, were sacred to him. To mount the summits of the hills, and watch the flocks and herds feeding; to hunt the chamois and the deer; or to slip through the forest and lie beside some woodland stream,—these were his greatest pleasures. On his return from hunting he would drive the lambs into cool shady caves, and play sweet melodies on his pipes, and the mountain nymphs would surround him, dancing and singing the praises of the Gods. Then laying aside his pipes he would don his mantle of spotted deer skin, and join in the dance. If he came back fatigued by the chase, he liked to repose on the soft grass or in a shady cave, and woe betide the shepherds if they disturbed him; for he would dash indignantly out of his retreat, and so frighten them that they involuntarily took to flight.

Once when Dionysus and his followers found themselves attacked and in great danger, Pan rescued them by blowing on several horns at once, thereby creating such a wild uproar that the sound rang from mountain to mountain, and the assailants of the God and his worshippers, terrified,

not knowing whence the sounds came, and seeing no one, fled precipitately. Hence it was that the ancients called a sudden flight (when people, alarmed, ran away hardly knowing wherefore) a "panic fear."

Pan was the inventor of the Syrinx, as has already been stated; he drew from it the sweetest music, more lovely than the notes of the nightingale. He was principally worshipped in Arcadia, the land of the shepherds. In earliest times, when the Arcadians were yet in a wild and savage state of existence, they treated Pan with little ceremony, and were wont to scourge his statue when they were unsuccessful in the chase, or when their herds did not prosper as well as they expected. But when they became more civilised, their feelings of respect for him, and of thankfulness for his blessings, became heightened. His image stood under a fir tree, amidst the branches of which were hung the first-fruits offered to him; while around its trunk was fastened the skin of the sacrificial goat, which was sacred to him.

In some parts of Italy Pan was worshipped under the name of Lupercus, and was regarded by the shepherds as their special protector against the numerous and savage packs of wolves. His statues are easily recognized by the fox or goat-skin with which they are clothed, and the whip or syrinx that he holds in his hand. He sometimes holds a shepherd's crook, and is crowned with ivy and fir. The faces of these statues were often coloured red.

XV.—HERMES OR MERCURY.

Hermes, the far-famed messenger of the Gods,—himself the God of Intercourse, Invention, and Industry, the patron of merchants, poets, and orators,—was the son of Zeus and Maia. From his very birth his future greatness became apparent; for, when only four hours old, he left his cradle and the cave in Arcadia where he was born, and hastened away to possess himself of the beautiful oxen of Apollo. Not far from the grotto he found a tortoise on the grass: taking it up the thought struck him that he might be able to produce sounds from the hollow shell. Quick as thought he returned with it to the cavern, killed the animal, and stretched a piece of ox skin across the empty hollow. He then bored holes at equal distances along the edge of the shell, fixed reed-canes in them, and having stretched seven sheep-gut cords from one side to the other, struck them with a plectrum; and behold! waves of sweet music were wafted out upon the air, to which he sang songs in honour of Zeus and Maia. Thus was the lyre invented.

Hermes then hid the newly discovered instrument in his cradle, and went forth to the shadowy hills of Pieria, a beautiful province in Macedonia, where, amidst lovely dells and flowery pastures, the cattle of the Gods were feeding. Taking fifty of the finest from the herd of Apollo, he prepared to return; but, lest the track of the cattle should be traced, he led them backwards, fastening twigs of tamarisk and myrtle under the soles of his feet, to efface his own footprints. Thus he journeyed on in the dead of night, lighted only by the moon, over hill and valley, deeming himself safe from discovery. He was seen by none but one old man, who was not a little surprised at such an

unwonted spectacle, and Hermes threatened him with dire vengeance if he should ever breathe a word of what he had seen. At last the child safely regained his mother's cave in Arcadia. Here producing a flame by rubbing two hard pieces of wood together, he collected logs, and succeeded in kindling a large pile. Then he killed two of the herd, skinned them, spread their hides to dry on the rock, and cutting their flesh into twelve pieces, roasted it on the fire. He then erected an altar, on which he burnt these pieces of flesh in honour of the Gods. Burying in the cave what still remained, he stamped out the fire, and to destroy every trace of his theft, threw his tamarisk sandals into the swift stream close by.

Then he lay quietly down in his cradle, with his left hand playing like a babe among the swaddling clothes, and holding in his right the lyre. But he could not deceive his mother Maia, who had watched him all the time, and now she threatened to tell Apollo what he had done. "Mother," called Hermes calmly, "dost thou take me for a poor weak mortal child, who knows not right from wrong, and would cower before a mother's rebuke? Why should we among all the Gods remain here in this wretched cave? Why should not I be honoured as well as Apollo? If my father Zeus will not aid me, I must do what I can to help myself. Only let Apollo find me, and, if he attempts to punish me, I will play him yet a worse trick. I will go and rob his temple at Delphi."

Meanwhile the old man had not kept silence, but had recounted what he had seen to Apollo. Immediately the God consulted the all-wise birds, whose flight revealed to him that none other than Mercury had committed the theft, and that he had taken his booty to the grotto in Arcadia. So he hurried to the cave of

Maia; but as soon as Hermes saw the God he nestled under the clothes, and, pressing the lyre close to him, pretended to be fast asleep like the most innocent babe in the world. But Apollo saw through this artifice. He carefully searched the cave in hopes of discovering some traces of his cattle, but finding nothing but nectar, ambrosia, gold, silver, and beautiful raiment he said sternly and threateningly: "Listen, wily boy! If thou dost not show me the spot where my cattle are hid I will throw thee down into the depths of Tartarus, from whence neither thy Father nor thy Mother will be able to rescue thee."

"How canst thou imagine for a moment," answered Hermes, looking innocently up, "that I, a little child, can have stolen thy herds? I am quite happy lying in my cradle, or sitting on my mother's knee. Why, I was born but yesterday, and my feet are too soft and tender to go on the hard stony ground. I swear to thee by my father's head, that I am not the thief, neither do I know who he is."

But Apollo was not to be thus cheated, so without more ado, he took the small rogue up in his arms to carry him to Zeus. Then Hermes began to struggle and scream. "Release me," he cried, "and I will follow thee without resistance. Never will I appear dragged thus before the throne of my father." At last Apollo complied with his entreaties, and Hermes, wrapping the cradle clothes about him, accompanied his accuser to Mount Olympus, where Zeus at once assembled the Gods to listen to the plaint of Apollo.

When he had finished the child Hermes thus began his defence: "It makes me laugh to think that Apollo takes me for a strong man, able to carry away a herd of oxen. All night I slumbered peacefully, and never left my mother's

care. What proof has he of my guilt? I, in my turn, accuse him of harshness and injustice." Thus spoke Hermes, but Zeus was not deceived. He recognised the fault; but, instead of being angry, he only smiled at the cunning and boldness of the boy.

"Go to!" he answered, "show where thou hast hidden the cattle," and Hermes did not dare to carry the deception further. He returned with Apollo to the cave, and showed him not only those oxen that were alive, but also the skins of those he had slain, and the God marvelled greatly how such a young child could have killed them. To prevent his doing any more mischief he bound him fast with willow withes, but the child's divine nature displayed itself. The bands fell from him, and at once twined themselves round the feet of the oxen, rendering them unable to move.

Then he fetched his lyre, and while his fingers swept the strings, sang such wonderful songs of the immortal Gods, the dark earth and how it was made, and how to each God his appointed portion was given, that Apollo was lost in wonder, and eagerly desired to possess the same power. When Hermes had ended he promised him forgiveness of his theft, and various divine gifts, if he would give him his lyre and teach him to play it. Hermes gladly consented; and receiving in return the golden whip, and the guardianship of the herds, returned with Apollo to Mount Olympus. Hermes soon afterwards invented the shepherd's pipe, an invention sometimes attributed to Pan. From this instrument he produced such lovely sounds that all the Gods listened in astonishment.

Hermes and Apollo then made a compact; the former swore by the holy oath of the Gods that he would never either steal from Apollo his harp or bow, or rob his temple,

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Apollo giving him as a pledge his golden rod, which possessed the power of bestowing happiness and riches; but he kept to himself the gift of foretelling the future, whereas Hermes had to seek this knowledge from the winged Moirae.

The principal occupation of Hermes was to act as the messenger of the Gods, and especially of Zeus. As such, he is constantly mentioned by Homer. His sandals were golden, and, like his cap, were furnished with wings, so that he equalled the wind in swiftness. He held in his hand a staff, round which were twisted two snakes, their heads meeting at the point. The origin of this was, that Hermes had once seen two snakes fighting, and on his striking them with his staff they ceased their combat, and twined themselves round it. With this staff he worked many wonders. Whoever he touched with it sank into deep sleep, or, if asleep, awoke; and whatever substance it touched was turned into gold. Two small wings were fastened to it.

Hermes was deputed by the Gods to lead the souls of the departed to the Underworld; and if any of these spirits had to appear again as witnesses in the Upperworld, he was sent to fetch them. Also the Dreams, who lived at the entrance of the Underworld, were conducted by him to mankind.

In very ancient times Hermes, or Mercury, was represented by the Greeks in the shape of a four-cornered pillar, broad at the top and narrowing towards the bottom; which was called a Hermes. These pillars stood in great numbers in the streets of Athens, and on each was engraved a proverb, such as: Learn to know thyself; He is the strongest who conquers himself; Put not off till to-morrow what can be done to-day. Later on these pillars were

surmounted by the head of Hermes. He is variously represented as a boy, a youth, and a man.

When depicted as a boy, two small wings are visible amidst his curling hair; in his left hand is a bag, and a finger of the right hand rests against his chin, as if he were lost in thought, or meditating some cunning stratagem. As a youth, he is represented either standing, walking, or sitting, with hat, staff, or scrip. His body is muscular, his carriage elastic. Wings are fastened to his cap and his heels. His hair is short and curling, his ears and mouth small. A cock, the symbol of watchfulness, a tortoise, and a ram, are shown beside him; as well as a bowl for offerings, or the stem of a palm tree, against which he leans; the latter probably an emblem of his invention of the art of writing, palm-leaves being then used for paper.

XVI.—PHŒBUS APOLLO, ÆSCULAPIUS, AURORA OR EOS.

As has already been stated, Apollo was the son of Zeus or Jupiter and Leto or Latona, and was born in the island of Delos. Hardly had he seen the light of day when the nymphs came and wrapped him in fine linen and golden bands, while Themis fed him with nectar and ambrosia. This divine food rendered his growth so rapid that the childish clothing fell from him, and he stepped forth a beautiful youth, announcing boldly that the harp and the far-shooting bow would for the future be specially his. When he thus, in his glorious beauty, descended from the mount on which he was born to the plain beneath, the Gods were amazed at the wonderful apparition; and Delos rejoiced greatly at

being chosen by Apollo as his birthplace and favourite resort. Then with harp slung on his arm, from which he drew the most exquisite melodies, his head surrounded with shining rays, his body clothed in golden raiment, he joined the assembly of the Gods, where he was received with universal joy.

Music and song resounded on all sides, the Graces and Hours danced, the Muses sang praises to the bounty of the Gods, and the works of men. Hera (Juno) and Aphrodite (Venus) took part in the dance with Artemis or Diana, the newly born twin sister of Apollo, who sang to the notes of her brother's lyre.

One of the principal seats in the abode of the Gods on Olympus was then assigned to Apollo, so that, when he appeared in the Assembly, bow and quiver in hand, all rose from their seats to do him honour. Zeus and his mother Leto alone remained seated at his entrance; and she, relieving him of his quiver, which she locked away, hung the bow on one of the pillars of the hall, and bade him take his seat, while Zeus handed to him a goblet filled with nectar.

Descending from Olympus, Apollo repaired to Pieria in Macedonia, thence into Thessaly, and on to the island of Euboea, but nowhere could he find a place to build himself a temple. Therefore he returned to the Grecian mainland, and plunged into the thick dark forests of Bœotia, as yet untrodden by the foot of man. Coming at last to the spring of Thelpusa, he wished there to found his abode. But the nymph of the spring, fearing that his fame would eclipse her own, tried to dissuade him. "Dost thou really intend," she said, "to make thyself a home in this place? Here canst thou never have peace. The horses and the lowing cattle that come in

crowds to quench their thirst at my fountain would disturb the stillness of thy sacred temple. The surrounding plains tempt men to battle, and the noise of strife and warfare will break the repose of thy holy shrine. Go rather to Mount Parnassus, where neither chariot nor horse will disturb thee. There canst thou build thy home in peace." Apollo believed her words, and coming to Parnassus, laid the foundations of his temple in a cleft, where large masses of rock afforded a sheltering roof. Of these foundations a temple of white marble was afterwards erected by his numerous worshippers. Not far from the spot was a spring, where lay the mighty dragon Python. The God, when only five days old, killed him with his arrows, and was thenceforth called the Pythian Apollo.

Apollo was the God of Prophecy, of Music, and of Archery.

As God of Prophecy he was especially honoured in Delphi, as at the foot of Mount Parnassus he had founded his temple. Here in the wildest part of the mountain, encompassed by gigantic shapes of rock, was a deep chasm, out of which rose a perpetual column of sulphureous vapour. An old writer thus describes the spot: "Where the innermost sanctuary of the temple now stands, was a deep cleft. A herd of goats browsed near it, and when one of them approached its edge, it took such astonishing leaps, and made such strange sounds, quite different from its ordinary bleating, that the goatherd, amazed at this extraordinary occurrence, also went towards the chasm. He looked down hoping to discover some cause for it, but as soon as he did so he became afflicted in the same manner as were the goats: he sprang about as if bewitched, and began to foretell the future. On this becoming known to the inhabitants of the surrounding country, they flocked to examine for

themselves this wonderful chasm, and as many as drew near and looked in became inspired. The spot, therefore, became regarded as a suitable locality for an oracle, and the predictions declared these were attributed to the Goddess Gaea or Ge (Earth). For a long time it was customary for all those who desired an oracular saying, to go to the chasm and prophesy to each other; but as several of them, while inspired, sprang into the gulf in their wild excitement, and were never more seen, it was determined that this danger should be prevented by appointing one woman to divine for all."

Round this abyss gradually arose the town of Delphi. It was built in the form of an amphitheatre, and the surrounding scenery was so wild and romantic that it itself inspired a feeling of awe and anxious expectation in those who came to consult the oracle. On the north it was overshadowed by the high and pointed summit of Mount Parnassus; two gigantic masses of rock completely shut it in on the east and west; and on the southern side another steep and fantastically shaped cliff formed an abrupt precipice. In this hollow resounded numerous echos, which increased the awe of those who ventured near this wild and secluded spot. At first the Greeks believed that it was the Goddess Gaea who here predicted the future; but the oracle was subsequently dedicated to Apollo.

Originally only a small and insignificant temple was built over the cleft, but in the reign of Cyrus, a magnificent temple of Parian marble was erected, towards the construction of which all the Greek states contributed the sum of, in our money, £60,000. Over the entrance were the words, "Thou art." The inner and most sacred portion of the edifice was called the Pythian. Here stood a golden statue of Apollo, and over the chasm, whence proceeded fumes, was

placed a tripod, on which sat the priestess who declared the decision of the oracle. The people of other nations besides the Greeks came hither for advice and guidance, and while yet afar off, those who came to consult it became filled with holy ardour. On the heights of the surrounding mountains glistened the roofs of the sacred buildings, and the gold, silver, and marble pillars, which the gratitude of the enquiring multitudes had placed there. On descending into the hollow where the original temple stood the enquirer found himself in a sacred grove, under the dark shade of laurels and olive trees. A wild rushing music was heard, and the air was filled with fragrant incense.

Before being admitted into the sacred precincts, those who sought the oracle had to prepare themselves by sacrifices, baths, and fasting; especially were they obliged to present the required gifts to Apollo. The sacrifices were generally repeated on the plea that they had not been successful the first time, in order to give the priests time to gain full information about the enquirer. The sacrifice was not pronounced to be ready until the sacrificial animal began to tremble all over from the effects of the cold water that had been poured upon it. At last it was said that the God allowed the questioners to enter. Then, in solemn procession amid wild music, crowned with laurel, a branch of the same in one hand, and in the other a laurel wreathed tablet on which were written the questions they wished to have answered, they were conducted to the temple, and brought into a chapel separated only from the Pythian, or Most Holy, by a wall. Here the priests left them, and carried the tablets into the Pythian to the priestess or Pythia. She was simply dressed, and, before entering the temple, had bathed in the Castalian spring, had been crowned with laurel, and had plucked and eaten some leaves from the laurels

growing in front of the sacred edifice. These preparations completed, she seated herself in the tripod, and was at once enveloped in the sulphurous fumes. Her senses forsook her, the priests were obliged to hold her, plaintive cries burst from her lips, she foamed at the mouth, her eyes almost started from their sockets, and as single words dropped painfully from her lips between the throes of anguish, they were carefully written down by the priests. Once the convulsions and tortures of the Pythia became so fearful that the priests, though well accustomed to these sights, fled in terror. After this three priestesses were appointed, who performed this function by turns.

When the Pythia had been taken from the tripod, and had recovered her senses, the priests collected all her incoherent words, and from these arranged the God's answers in Hexameters. The answers were so ambiguously expressed that the enquirer never clearly knew in what sense the answer was intended to be taken, so that, if the prophecy did not prove true, the priests were always able to say their meaning had been wrongly comprehended. Kings and other wealthy and powerful worshippers enriched the temple at Delphi with quantities of costly and valuable presents. Besides the numbers of gilded statues which occupied every available open place in the vicinity of the temple, the space in front of it was literally filled with sumptuous offerings, and the several outer buildings overflowed with treasure, so that, when the inhabitants of Phocis once ruthlessly broke into and plundered the temple, the gold and silver alone amounted to more than one million of modern money.

It has been said that Apollo was also the God of Music. Dancing and music were in ancient times, and are still, the favourite recreations of the Greeks. Any one who could

put words to music, or play for the dance, was everywhere welcome. As such did the Greeks picture Apollo, except that his songs were reserved for the Gods alone. On a golden seat on Mount Olympus, wrapt in a golden mantle, he called forth from his harp exquisite melodies while they sat at meat. He was the friend and leader of the Muses, and was therefore called Musagetes, meaning, Leader of the Muses, though this name has sometimes been applied to Dionysus also, and even to Hercules. As a musician he of course surpassed all mortals; and if any ventured to compete with him he received the reward of his temerity. Marsyas, the faithful attendant of Cybele, is an example. He found the flute that had been thrown away by Athene and, having practised on it, challenged Apollo to a trial of skill, at which the Muses were to be the umpires. Apollo at once took his lyre and drew from it the most enchanting tones, but Marsyas blew his flute at the same time so loudly that he quite overpowered the sound of the lyre, and thought he had thus gained the victory. Apollo, however, overreached him by beginning to sing as well as play, and this combination won him a complete triumph. The Muses declared Marsyas vanquished, and he was condemned to be flayed alive.

Apollo was considered supreme in the skilful practice of archery, and is thus often mentioned in the old myths; as for instance, in the wars of the Gods against the Titans, the wars of the giants, the combat between Otus and Ephialtes (better known as the Aloidae), in which the latter was shot by Apollo in the left eye. If any one died suddenly, whether from old age or otherwise, his death was always ascribed to the arrows of Apollo or his sister Artemis. As however, sudden death may either be a blessing or a calamity, the God and his sister were regarded both as

benevolent and as wrathful divinities. Thus the inhabitants of a certain island were considered fortunate: "They are never afflicted with lingering disease, but as soon as old age overtakes them they are shot by the painless arrows of Apollo or Artemis."

Penelope, the wife of Odysseus, once exclaimed, "Oh! that Artemis would grant me, unhappy that I am! a swift and peaceful death, like to gentle Sleep." And again Odysseus asked his mother, when he met her in the Underworld, "Hadst thou a long illness before Death called thee, or did Artemis shoot thee with her swift arrows?"

Those plagues and diseases which speedily terminated in death were also attributed to Apollo and his sister. For instance, Homer relates in the beginning of the Iliad, that Apollo sent a pestilence among the Greeks as they lay encamped before Troy, because his priest had been insulted by Agamemnon.

> " . . He (Apollo), with the king
> Indignant, sent a plague that scattered death
> Throughout the host, in vengeance for his priest,
> The aged Chryses, whom Atrides scorned."
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book i. (Wright).

The old poets give a harrowing tale of how Apollo and Artemis punished the arrogance of Niobe. Ovid graphically relates the story as follows: "Once," says he, "a priestess went through the town of Thebes, calling upon all the women to bring offerings of incense to Leto (Latona), and her two divine children. Just then Niobe passed by. She was a daughter of Tantalus, King of Asia Minor, and wife of Amphion, King of Thebes. "What," cried she haughtily, "are ye mad, that ye prefer Apollo and Artemis to me? Am not I also descended from the Gods? Have not I

seven stalwart sons, and as many lovely daughters? and yet ye would give Leto the precedence! she who wandered about—a homeless fugitive—till Delos received her. She who has but two children! while I stand too high for any misfortune to touch me, and even were I to lose one or two of my children, there would still remain more than double the number that Leto possesses!" Thus boasted proud Niobe, and, influenced by her words, the women of Thebes reluctantly brought their offerings to Leto.

"High on the top of Cynthus' shady mount,
With grief the Goddess saw the base affront:
And, the abuse revolving in her breast,
The mother her twin-offspring thus address'd:
Lo, I, my children, who with comfort knew
Your god-like birth, and thence my glory drew;
And thence have claim'd precedency of place
From all but Juno of the heavenly race,
Must now despair, and languish in disgrace,
My godhead questioned, and all rights divine,
Unless you succour, banish'd from my shrine.
Nay more, the imp of Tantalus has flung
Reflections with her vile paternal tongue;
Has dared prefer her mortal breed to mine,
And called me childless; which, just Fate, may she repine!
When to urge more the Goddess was prepar'd,
Phœbus in haste replies, Too much we've heard,
And every moment's lost, while vengeance is deferr'd.
Diana spoke the same. Then both enshroud
Their heavenly bodies in a sable cloud;
And to the Theban towers descending light,
Through the soft yielding air direct their flight.
Without the wall there lies a champaign ground
With even surface, far extending round,
Beaten and levell'd, while it daily feels
The trampling horse, and chariot's grinding wheels.

Part of proud Niobe's young rival breed,
Practising there to ride the manag'd steed,
Their bridles boss'd with gold, were mounted high
On stately furniture of Tyrian die.
Of these, Ismenos, who by birth had been
The first fair issue of the fruitful queen,
Just as he drew the rein to guide his horse
Around the compass of the circling course,
Sigh'd deeply, and the pangs of smart express'd,
While the shaft stuck, engored, within his breast:
And the reins dropping from his dying hand,
He sunk quite down, and tumbled on the sand.
Sipylus next the rattling quiver heard,
And with full speed for his escape prepar'd;
. . . . But an unerring dart
O'ertook him, quick discharg'd, and sped with art;
Fixed in his neck behind, it trembling stood,
And his throat display'd the point besmear'd with blood
Prone as his posture was, he tumbled o'er,
And bath'd his courser's mane with streaming gore.
Next at young Phædimus they took their aim;
And Tantalus, who bore his grandsire's name:
These, when their other exercise was done,
To try the wrestler's oily sport begun;
And, straining ev'ry nerve, their skill express'd
In closest grapple, joining breast to breast:
When from the bending bow an arrow sent,
Join'd as they were, through both their bodies went;
. . . . . .
With grief Alphenor saw their doleful plight,
And smote his breast, and sickened at the sight;
Then to their succour ran with eager haste,
And, fondly griev'd; their stiffening limbs embraced:
But in the action falls; a thrilling dart,
By Phœbus guided, pierc'd him to the heart.
. . . . . .
But Damascithon, by a double wound,

Beardless and young, lay gasping on the ground,
Fixed in his sinewy ham, the steely point
Stuck through his knee, and pierc'd the nervous joint:
And as he stooped to tug the painful dart,
Another struck him in a vital part:

. . . . . .

Ilioneus, the last, with terror stands;
Lifting in prayer his unavailing hands;
And, ignorant from whom his griefs arise,
Spare me, O all ye heavenly pow'rs (he cries):
Phœbus was touched too late, the sounding bow
Had sent the shaft, and struck the fatal blow;
Which yet but gently gored his tender side,
So by a slight and easy wound he died.
Swift to the mother's ears the rumour came,
And doleful sighs the heavy news proclaim;

. . . . . .

And she who tossed her high disdainful head,
When through the streets in solemn pomp, she led
The throng that from Latona's altar fled,
Assuming state beyond the proudest queen,
Was now the miserablest object seen.
Prostrate among the clay-cold dead she fell,
And kiss'd an undistinguish'd last farewell.
Then her pale arms advancing to the skies,
Cruel Latona! triumph now (she cries);
My grieving soul in bitter anguish drench,
And with my woes your thirsty passion quench;
Feast your black malice at a price thus dear,
While the sore pangs of seven such deaths I bear.
Triumph, too cruel rival, and display
Your conquer'd standard; for you've won the day.
Yet I'll excel; for yet, though sev'n are slain,
Superior still in number I remain.
Scarce had she spoke; the bowstring's twanging sound
Was heard, and dealt fresh terrors all around;
Which all, but Niobe alone, confound.

Stunned and obdurate by her load of grief,
Insensible she sits, nor hopes relief.
Before the funeral biers, all weeping sad,
Her daughters stood, in vests of sable clad ;
When one, surpris'd, and stung with sudden smart,
In vain attempts to draw the sticking dart,
But to grim death her blooming youth resigns
And o'er her brother's corpse her dying head reclines.
One on her dying sister breathes her last ;
Vainly in flight another's hopes are placed :
This hiding from her fate a shelter seeks ;
That trembling stands, and fills the air with shrieks :
And all in vain ; for now all six had found
Their way to death, each by a different wound.
The last, with eager care the mother veil'd,
Behind her spreading mantle close conceal'd.
. . . . . .
Only for this, this youngest I implore,
Grant me this one request, I ask no more ;
O grant me this ! she passionately cries :—
But while she speaks, the destin'd virgin dies.
Widow'd and childless (lamentable state !)
A doleful sight among the dead she sits ;
Harden'd with woes, a statue of despair,
To every breath of wind unmov'd her hair ;
. . . . . .
No more her pliant tongue its motion keeps,
But stands congeal'd, within her frozen lips.
Stagnate and dull, within her purple veins,
Its current stopp'd, the lifeless blood remains.
. . . . . .
Action, and life from every part are gone ;
. . . . . .
Yet still she weeps ; and, whirled by stormy winds,
Borne through the air, her native country finds ;
There fixed, she stands upon a bleaky hill,
There yet her marble cheeks eternal tears distil."

—OVID, "Metamorphoses," Book vi. (Croxall).

On the heights of Mount Sipylus in Phrygia stands the rock of Niobe, which from a distance resembles the form of a weeping woman. The city of Rome in its desolation has been called the Niobe of nations, "standing childless and crownless in her voiceless woe."

Apollo was supposed to have founded many towns as well as the temple at Delphi; he also helped to erect the walls of Troy. Long before the siege of Troy King Laomedon wished to surround his town with walls, and as Apollo and Poseidon had just then offended Zeus, he commanded them for a punishment to build the walls for the king. They made them so strong that the Greeks afterwards found it impossible to destroy them. When, however, Laomedon refused to give to Poseidon and Apollo the reward he had promised, and drove them from him with threats, Poseidon sent a frightful sea-monster which devastated the whole country, and could only be pacified by the sacrifice of Hesione, the king's daughter. Hercules rescued her by killing the monster; but Laomedon proved faithless to him also, by refusing to give him the promised reward, namely, his wonderful horses, that, swift as the wind, traversed both water and fields without either sinking in the former, or treading down the corn in the latter. Hercules did not allow this perfidy to remain unpunished. He killed Laomedon, and gave the kingdom to his son Priam, but carried Hesione with him to Greece, where he espoused her to his friend Telamon, King of Salamis.

As the god of flocks and herds Apollo plays a prominent part in the beautiful myth of Admetus and Alcestis. Admetus, King of Pherae in Thessaly, loved Alcestis, the fair daughter of Pelias, the sovereign of a neighbouring kingdom. But Pelias had sworn only to give his daughter to the suitor who should come to seek her in a chariot

drawn by a lion and a wild boar. Fortunately, Apollo was at that time serving Admetus as a herdsman, Zeus having expelled him from Olympus. Various causes for the anger of Zeus have been stated, amongst others that Apollo had slain the dragon Python. But however this may have been, Apollo befriended Admetus and taught him to tame and harness the wild beasts, so that, when he arrived in his wonderful chariot, Pelias fulfilled his promise and gave him Alcestis as his wife. But his trials were not yet over. When he returned to his palace he found it swarming with snakes sent by Artemis in revenge, Admetus having forgotten to offer her a sacrifice. Once again, however, the heavenly herdsman came to his assistance, succeeded in persuading the goddess to remove the reptiles, and Admetus and Alcestis enjoyed unbroken happiness, happiness so great as at last to excite the envy of some of the gods.

Suddenly Admetus fell dangerously ill, and even the entreaties of Apollo were ineffectual in inducing the implacable Parcae to lengthen the thread of his life. The only concession he could gain was, that the life of Admetus should be prolonged if another human life were voluntarily offered up in his stead. But of whom could this sacrifice be required? Then spoke the beautiful Alcestis, "There is no darkness for me in the land of Hades, no pain in death if only I die for thee, my husband," and even as the words came from her lips the curse of the gods passed from Admetus, and the strength of the fair bride ebbed slowly away. But a little while, and the awful Moirae had borne Alcestis to the shadowy kingdom, and Admetus mourned in bitter grief the love which he had lost. Even Persephone was touched by his lamentations, but she entreated Pluto in vain to permit the daughter of Pelias to

return to the Upperworld. Then the soul of the brave Hercules was stirred within him; he descended into Tartarus, and in the land of darkness did battle with the powers of death, and rescued Alcestis from the stern inflexible King of Hades. So once more she stood before Admetus, her beauty more radiant than even in the days before the heavy sorrow of her loss had fallen on him, and once more the sound of great rejoicing was heard in the halls of Pherae.

Apollo showed especial friendship towards the beautiful youth Hyacinthus. When hunting or wrestling with him, he concerned himself little about Delphi, and even laid aside his harp and bow. Once they were playing quoits near the river Eurotas, in Sparta. Apollo threw the disc high in the air; Hyacinthus ran to catch it, but Zephyrus, angry that the youth, whom he also loved, did not respond to his friendship, so guided the quoit that it fell close to where Hyacinthus stood. The ground being hard it rebounded, and drove against the lad's head.

"(Apollo) rais'd him bleeding from the ground,
Chafes his cold limbs, and wipes the fatal wound:
Then herbs of noblest juice in vain applies;
The wound is mortal, and his skill defies.
As in a water'd garden's blooming walk,
When some rude hand has bruis'd its tender stalk,
A fading lily droops its languid head,
And bends to earth, its life and beauty fled;
So Hyacinth, with head declined, decays.
. . . . . .
Oh! art thou gone, my boy (Apollo cry'd)
Defrauded of thy youth in all its pride!
Thou, once my joy, art all my sorrow now;
And to my guilty hand my grief I owe:
. . . . . .

Oh ! could I for thee, or but with thee die !
But cruel fates to me that pow'r deny ;
Yet on my tongue thou shalt for ever dwell ;
Thy name my lyre shall sound, my verse shall tell ;
And to a flower transform'd, unheard of yet,
Stamped on thy leaves my cries thou shalt repeat.
. . . . . .
While Phœbus thus the laws of fate reveal'd,
Behold, the blood which stain'd the verdant field,
Is blood no longer ; but a flower full blown,
Far brighter than the Tyrian scarlet shone.
A lily's form it took ; its purple hue
Was all that made a diff'rence to the view.
Nor stopped he there ; the god upon its leaves
The sad expression of his sorrow weaves ;
And to this hour the mournful purple wears
Ai, Ai, inscribed in funeral characters."

—OVID, "Metam." Book x. (Dryden).

Thus from the blood of the beautiful, the beloved, sprang the hyacinth ; not the flower which we call by that name, for that is not always blue, nor is it marked with spots resembling the letters Ai ; it was the blue sword lily which the poet meant. In honour of Hyacinthus the Spartans instituted a great yearly feast, during which the celebrated Paean was performed. This was a song in praise of Apollo, with accompaniment of lyre or harp, and the performance of pantomimic dances.

Apollo never married, but he loved many mortal maidens, the most celebrated of whom was Daphne. Ovid thus relates the myth :

"The first and fairest of his loves was she
Whom not blind fortune, but the dire decree
Of angry Cupid forc'd him to desire :
Daphné her name, and Peneus was her sire.
Swell'd with the pride, that new success attends,

He sees the stripling, while his bow he bends,
And thus insults him: Thou lascivious boy,
Are arms like these for children to employ?
Know, such achievements are my proper claim:
Due to my vigour and unerring aim:
Resistless are my shafts, and Python late,
In such a feather'd death has found his fate.
Take up the torch (and lay my weapons by)
With that the feeble souls of lovers fry.
To whom the son of Venus thus reply'd:
Phœbus, thy shafts are sure on all beside,
But mine on Phœbus, mine the frame shall be
Of all thy conquests, when I conquer thee.
He said, and soaring, swiftly wing'd his flight;
Nor stopped, but on Parnassus' airy height.
Two different shafts he from his quiver draws:
One to repel desire, and one to cause;
One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold;
To bribe the love, and make the lover bold;
One blunt, and tipped with lead, whose bare allay,
Provokes disdain, and drives desire away."

—OVID, "Metam." Book i. (Dryden).

Whereupon Eros wounded Apollo with the sharp, and Daphne with the blunt arrow, neither of which failed to accomplish their work. Many a youth had besought her to be his wife, and her father had often entreated her to marry; but she cared only for the chase, and begged her father not to deprive her of her freedom. Now Apollo beheld her, and at once his heart longed for her, but like the wind, she fled away from him. In vain he called after her:

"Stay nymph (he cry'd), I follow, not a foe:
Thus from the lion trips the trembling doe;
Thus from the wolf the frighten'd lamb removes,
And, from pursuing falcons, fearful doves;
Thou shunn'st a god, and shunn'st a god that loves."

—OVID, "Metam." Book i.

Over hill and vale fled Daphne, but nearer yet came Phœbus Apollo, till at last her strength began to fail, and she almost felt his breath on her floating hair:

"And now despairing, cast a mournful look
Upon the streams of her paternal brook :—
Oh ! help (she cry'd), in this extremest need,
If water-gods are deities indeed :
Gape, earth, and this unhappy wretch entomb ;
Or change my form, whence all my sorrows come.
Scarce had she finish'd, when her feet she found
Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the ground :
A filmy rind about her body grows ;
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs :
The nymph is all into a laurel gone :
The smoothness of her skin remains alone."

—OVID, "Metam." Book i. (Dryden).

Still the love of Apollo remained, tenderly he embraced the branches, and kissed the wood that seemed to shrink from him. "As thou couldst not be my bride," he cried, "at least as a tree shalt thou be mine. From henceforth laurels shall crown my head, my lyre, and my quiver." And the thick clustering leaves became at rest when they heard these words, and the crown of the green bush bowed in assent.

The most ordinary surnames of Apollo were Delos and Cynthius, for the island of Delos was above all others sacred to him. Here a brilliant feast was held yearly in his honour. From all the neighbouring countries of Greece, solemn embassies called Theoria hastened to render thanks to the god for having freed the Athenians from the human sacrifices, which they had to offer every nine years to the Minotaur of Crete. Before the Theoria sailed for Delos, the town whence it started was solemnly cleansed and purified. When this expiation was completed in Athens,

the priest of Apollo crowned the rudder of the ship with laurel, which act was the signal for departure. Until the return of the Theoria, no punishments or executions took place. Laurel-wreathed ships came from all parts into the harbour of Delos. Amid the chanting of hymns, the Theoria ambassadors stepped on shore, and soon the plain at the foot of Mount Cynthus was crowded with those who had come to celebrate the birthday of Apollo and Artemis. Clouds of incense now rose from the numerous altars, and gave the signal for the commencement of the feast.

All then separated themselves into choirs. Here stood the most beautiful maidens of Delos, dressed in white shining garments, and crowned with wreaths. The leaders of their choir would commence a pantomimic dance, representing the sorrows and wanderings of Leto, while their companions played on the lyre and sang hymns. There, another choir of beautifully arrayed youths sang the praises of Artemis; and young girls from Delphi, executing mystic dances, crowned an ancient statue of Venus, which Theseus had brought from Crete as a present to Ariadne. The Theoria, meanwhile, followed in solemn procession, singing hymns, conveying their gifts to the temple, and sacrificing oxen to the gods.

Of all the dances one was specially remarkable, and was performed by the young men of Delos: it consisted in innumerable windings, representing the mazes of a labyrinth. Theseus had learned it from Ariadne, and it was he who first introduced it into Delos. Whoever danced it the best received a beautifully chased tripod as his reward. Next a solemn banquet took place, and the festival concluded with games. This feast was held every year, as has been said, but every fifth year it was celebrated with especial honours. Similar feasts also took place at Delphi,

and at other places which were dedicated to the god, such as Mount Parnassus and Mount Helicon.

The wolf, deer, eagle, raven, dolphin, and grasshopper were sacred to Apollo ; also the laurel and olive-tree. The god was regarded as the ideal of manly beauty ; the shape of his face was a long oval, his forehead was high and arched, his curling locks fell on to his shoulders, and were fastened together in a knot. He had no hair on his face, and his figure was graceful and active. He is generally depicted crowned with laurel, and holding the plectrum, a bow and quiver, or sometimes a shepherd's crook.

Later poets confound Apollo with the sun-god Helios or Phœbus, son of Hyperion (*i.e.*, he who goes above us). Homer calls Helios Hyperion. He is represented with a golden helmet, flashing eyes, and his head surrounded with shining rays. His sisters were Eos or Aurora (the dawn), and Selene or Luna (the moon). He lived with Aurora on the east side of the earth, near Colchis, from whence, every morning as soon as rosy-fingered Eos had opened the gates, he drove across the heavens in his golden chariot, drawn by four fiery steeds. In the evening he descended into the west to the green waters of Oceanus, and there cooled his sun-horses. The Hours and Nereides hastened forth, took the reins from his hands, and the crown from his head, unharnessed the steeds, and threw ambrosial grass before them. Then the sun-god stepped into the wonderful vessel made by Vulcan, called the Chalice of Helios, and sailed with incredible speed round the northern half of the earth, back to his golden palace in the east, where after having watered his horses, and bathed in the sun-lake, he lay down to rest. This sun-lake was separated from Oceanus by high rocks of shining brass.

" The sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd ;
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight :
Of polish'd iv'ry was the cov'ring wrought :
The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky ;
A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode ;
Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving god),
With Doris, here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
While some on rocks their drooping hair divide,
And some on fishes through the waters glide :
Though various features did the sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in ev'ry face.
On earth a diff rent landscape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities.
O'er all, the heav'n's refulgent image shines :
On either gate were six engraven signs."

—OVID " Metam.," Book ii. (Addison).

Helios had several wives and many children, among others Aeetes, of whom we shall hear more in the description of the Argonautic expedition ; the sorceress, Circe ; and Phaethon, whose rashness and sad fate Ovid so beautifully describes.

Phaethon once boasted that he was the son of Helios ; and on finding that his assertion was disbelieved, he hurried glowing with anger to his mother Clymene, told her of the slight he had received, and begged her to tell him if Helios, or as the Romans called him, Sol, was in truth his father. Clymene declared that he was so, and bade him go to his

father's palace, and there from his lips receive the assurance he sought. Phaethon obeyed her behest, and on arriving near the palace stood motionless, dazzled by its wondrous brilliancy :

"The god sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on ;
The Hours, in order rang'd on either hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages stand.
Here Spring appears, with flow'ry chaplets bound ;
Here Summer, in her wheaten garland crown'd ;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear ;
And hoary Winter shivers in the year."
—Ovid, "Metam.," Book ii. (Addison).

On perceiving the youth, Helios cried aloud to him from his throne, "What wants my son? for know thou art my son, and I must call thee so."

And Phaethon answered : "O father, who dwellest in the dazzling light, if I am really thy son, give me a token, so that men may recognize me as such."

Then the god took from his head the starry crown, and allowed Phaethon to approach, and as he took him in his arms, said, "Clymene has indeed told thee true ; thou art my son, and that men may not doubt it, ask of me what thou wilt. Whate'er thou may'st desire, I swear by the Styx that I will grant it thee."

"Then," cried the youth, "let me for one day guide thy chariot through the high heavens."

In vain did Helios beseech him to recall his words, telling him even the gods themselves could not drive the chariot, that the horses of Helios would obey no earthly master :

"Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
That hurls the three-forked thunder from above,
Dares try his strength ; yet, who as strong as Jove ?

The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain,
And, when the middle firmament they gain,
If downward from the heav'ns my head I bow,
And see the earth and ocean hang below,
E'en I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
And my own heart misgives me at the sight.
A mighty downfall steeps the ev'ning stage,
And steady reins must curb the horses' rage."
—OVID, "Metam.," Book ii. (Addison).

Many warnings did he give to Phaethon of dangers he would meet, and of the difficulty of avoiding the stars and wild beasts, which formed some of the constellations, and added:

"Nor would you find it easy to compose
The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows
The scorching fire that in their entrails glows.
Ev'n I their headstrong fury scarce restrain,
When they grow warm and restive to the rein."—*Ibid.*

But the cautions were all in vain: Phaethon would accept no other gift as a substitute, and persisted in his original request; till at last his father reluctantly yielded, and led him to the dangerous chariot:

"A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
The seat with parti-coloured gems was bright;
Apollo shone amid the glare of light.
The youth with secret joy the work surveys,
When now the morn disclos'd her purple rays;
The stars were fled, for Lucifer had chas'd
The stars away, and fled himself at last.
Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,
And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
He bade the nimble Hours without delay,

Bring forth the steeds ; the nimble Hours obey :
From their full racks, the gen'rous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire."
—OVID, "Metam.," Book ii. (Addison).

Then Helios anointed the face of his son with divine ointment, to enable him to endure the heat, placed the star-crown on his brow, directed him how to guide the horses, and which road to take. Yet once more he tried to dissuade him from the enterprise, but

"He spoke in vain ; the youth with active heat
And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat ;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Those thanks his father with remorse receives.
Meanwhile the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
. . . . . .
They spring together out, and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air ;
With wingy speed outstrip the Eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind."—*Ibid.*

Soon, however, the horses felt that the chariot was lighter than usual, for mortals do not weigh so heavy as the gods. Wildly they sped along on their way up the heights of heaven, till the heart of Phaethon sank with fear, and the reins trembled in his hands. On, on, hurried the steeds, and now they left the beaten track, and passed through regions which they had never visited before. Constellations in cold and icy spheres were suddenly scorched with heat : the Plough or Great Bear, which had been condemned to remain for ever in the sky, tried to sink into the forbidden ocean. At length Phaethon turned his eyes towards the bottomless depths, then his courage entirely forsook him, pale as death, he felt all grow dark before him, and he

looked around in hopeless despair. He had forgotten the names of the horses, so he could not call to them.

And now, while still rushing through the air, the youth suddenly saw the frightful constellation of the Scorpion, extending its claws to seize him. At this sight he lost consciousness, and the reins slipped from his nerveless hands. No sooner did the horses feel themselves to be free and unchecked, than they sprang madly on through a pathless way of unknown regions; now mounting to the highest heaven, now sinking to the broad plains of earth.

The clouds dispersed in smoke; fire and black vapours rose from the deepest recesses of the mighty hills; great chasms opened in the parched ground; the green grass was scorched; the trees bowed down their shrivelled heads; towns and cities crumbled into ruins; whole nations perished, and dense clouds of smoke rose up from earth to heaven. Phaethon recovered his senses, but the heat was so intense that he could scarcely breathe. The chariot glowed beneath him, and he was encircled by clouds of vapour. Ever since this time it is, that the plains of Africa have been sandy and scorched and its inhabitants black. The nymphs of the brooks and springs wailed aloud. The rivers were dried up: even the ocean itself receded, and rocks, hitherto hidden, appeared above its surface. Through the cracks in the earth rays of light penetrated even to Tartary, startling Pluto and Persephone. Thrice did Poseidon attempt to raise his face and arms above the water, but each time the burning heat drove him back, and Nereus and Doris took refuge in dark grottos.

At length Gaea, goddess of Earth, lifted her head, and with her hand before her eyes to shade them from the glare, cried in a stifled voice: "If I must perish by the force of fire, kill me, oh! Zeus, with thy lightning. Scarce can

my parched lips utter these few words. Behold my scorched hair and blinded eyes! my face covered with ashes! What is my offence, what has my brother done, that the waters should be dried up? If thou wilt not have pity on us, know that the heavens soon will be burnt also. Already the Poles are steaming! Atlas can scarce support the glowing heavens on his shoulders." She could speak no more, and withdrew again to the depths to shade her head.

Then Zeus, moved with compassion at the universal misery, and seeing that all living things on the earth must die unless Phaethon should be smitten from his father's chariot, arose and stood on the summit of Mount Olympus:

"Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
In dreadful thund'rings. Thus th' almighty sire
Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.
At once from death and from the chariot driv'n,
Th' ambitious boy fell thunderstruck from heaven.
The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground;
The studded harness from their necks they broke;
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke;
Here were the beam and axle torn away;
And scattered o'er the earth, the shining fragments lay.
The breathless Phaethon with flaming hair
Shot from the chariot like a falling star,
. . . . . .
Till on the Po his blasted corse was hurled
Far from his country, in the western world."
—OVID, "Metam.," Book ii. (Addison).

The nymphs buried his body; Helios bitterly lamented his son's death; Clymene rushed in wild sorrow to his

tomb, and bedewed the marble with her tears. His sisters also bewailed the death of the bright Phaethon, and wept sore night and day over his grave, crying: "Oh! Phaethon! Phaethon!" till the gods themselves pitied them, and changed them into weeping willows. Ovid thus describes this transformation:—

"Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd;
So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd:
When now the eldest Phaethusa, strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have helped her, but she found
Herself withheld, and rooted on the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hands with leaves;
One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs and breasts, and bodies stood
Crusted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;
But still above were female heads display'd,
And mouths that call'd the mother to their aid.
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haste she flew.
. . . . . .
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from their verdant fingers strips the leaves:
The blood came trickling, where she tore away
The leaves and bark: The maids were heard to say,
Forbear, mistaken parent, O! forbear,
A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
Farewell for ever! Here the bark increas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.
The new-made trees in tears of amber run;
Which, harden'd into value by the sun,
Distil for ever on the streams below:
The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,

Mixt in the sand ; whence the rich drops convey'd,
Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid."
OVID, " Metam.," Book ii. (Addison).

Thus amber is the tears of Phaethon's sisters, which, falling on the shores of Eridanus, were dried and hardened by the sun.

Aurora or Eos also has a chariot drawn by two horses, and in this she issues from the gates of the East as soon as night is past, traverses the sky in front of the fiery chariot of the sun, and descends into the West, whence she accompanies Helios in his chalice back to the East. An old song thus speaks of her : " Eos, the bright, rosy goddess heralds the coming Day, and with her golden rays drives back dark night to Tartarus." She is the quickener of life and work : all greet her appearance with joy, rising from slumber to welcome her beaming countenance. Her husband was Astraeus, and her sons the four winds, Boreas, the north ; Auster, the south ; Eurus, the east ; and Zephyrus, the west. She was represented in a saffron coloured robe, a star on her forehead, and a torch in her hand. Tithonus was also her husband : he was the brother of Laomedon, King of Troy. Eos loved him dearly, and prayed Zeus to endue him with immortality. Her wish was granted, but she had forgotten to ask for her husband the gift of perpetual youth also, and he became at length so old, so weak, and ugly that her love for him departed. She locked him into a solitary chamber, and there he could be heard, as old age crept on, groaning and wheezing. In vain did she implore the gods to withdraw their gift of immortality. Finding at last that this was impossible, she changed Tithonus into a grasshopper, which is always dried up and withered as if with age, and never ceases chirping.

Memnon, who, after the death of Hector, aided the Trojans, but was slain by Achilles, was the son of Tithonus and Eos. The statue of Memnon in Egypt, of which it is said that sometimes at daybreak beautiful music issued therefrom, was erected to his memory.

Cephalus, a son of Hermes, was married to Procris, daughter of Erechtheus, King of Athens; and there were none in all the land who dwelt together in a love more deep and pure. One morning while Cephalus was hunting, the goddess Eos saw him, and becoming enamoured of him, carried him off to a distant mountain; but the love of the goddess could not compensate him for the separation from his beloved Procris, and grief so consumed him that Eos at length allowed him to return to his wife. But she predicted at parting that for the future he would live very unhappily with Procris.

And the words lay heavy on the heart of Cephalus, so that he followed his wife's steps with suspicion and mistrust. At last, to prove her, he left her, went to dwell in another land, and after some time returned in disguise declaring his love for her, and imploring her to return it. Procris was foolish enough not to withhold all hope, and her husband immediately made himself known to her and overwhelmed her with reproaches. Bitterly grieved at this treatment, she fled from him, hastened to the sea shore, and bade them make ready a ship to take her from her father's land. She took refuge with Minos, King of Crete, who was very fond of her, and presented her with a spear which never missed its aim, and with the dog Laelaps, who could run as swiftly as the wind, and overtake any prey. But Pasiphaë, the wife of Minos, becoming jealous of her, Procris left the island and returned to her husband. Finding that he still loved her, they became reconciled, and she transferred to

him the gifts she had received from Minos, but when love has once been disturbed by distrust and jealousy perfect peace never again returns. As Cephalus had formerly distrusted her, so Procris now jealously followed her husband everywhere. Ovid well describes the misery of Cephalus :

" Forth to the woods I went at break of day
(The constant practice of my youth) for prey :
Nor yet for servant, horse, or dog did call ;
I found the single dart to serve for all.
With slaughter tir'd, I sought the cooler shade,
And winds that from the mountains, pierc'd the glade ;
' Come, gentle air ' (so was I wont to say),
' Come, gentle air, Sweet Aura, come away.'
This always was the burden of my song,
' Come, 'suage my flames, sweet Aura, come along.'
. . . . . .
(These blandishments, and more than these, I said,
By fate to unsuspected ruin led),
' Thou art my joy, for thy dear sake I love
Each desert hill, and solitary grove.'
. . . . . .
At last a wandering swain in hearing came,
And, cheated with the sound of Aura's name,
He thought I had some assignation made ;
And to my Procris' ear the news convey'd.
Great love is soonest with suspicion fir'd :
She swoon'd, and with the tale almost expir'd.
Ah ! wretched heart (she cry'd), ah ! faithless man !
And then to curse th' imagin'd nymph began :
Yet oft she doubts, oft hopes she is deceiv'd,
And chides herself, that ever she believ'd,
Her lord to such injustice could proceed,
Till she herself were witness of the deed.
Next morn I to the woods again repair,

And, weary with the chase invoke the air ;
'Approach, dear Aura, and my bosom cheer' :—
At which a mournful sound did strike my ear ;
Yet I proceeded, till the thicket by,
With rustling noise and motion, drew my eye ;
I thought some beast of prey was shelter'd there,
And to the covert threw my certain spear ;
From whence a tender sigh my soul did wound
'Ah ! me,' it cried, and did like Procris sound.
Procris was there ; too well the voice I knew,
And to the place with headlong horror flew ;
Where I beheld her gasping on the ground,
In vain attempting from the deadly wound
To draw the dart, her love's dear fatal gift !
My guilty arms had scarce the strength to lift
The beauteous load ; my silks, and hair I tore
(If possible) to staunch the pressing gore ;
For pity begg'd her keep her flitting breath,
And not to leave me guilty of her death."

—OVID, "Metam.," Book vii. (Tate).

With her last breath Procris entreated him not to take her hated rival into his house. Then Cephalus understood her unhappy mistake ; but alas ! too late ! The coldness of death was on her face, and her eye was already growing dim. One loving look she gave him, and then the stillness of death came upon her.

Of Selene, the other sister of Helios, we shall presently hear more. Before proceeding to Apollo's sister Diana, we must mention his son **Aesculapius.** He was the god of healing and medicine. His mother was Coronis, sister of Ixion, a king in Thessaly, and her melancholy end, like that of Procris, was caused by jealousy. Apollo saw and loved her, but one day a raven, then a white bird, flew by and brought him word that Coronis was

faithless to him, and loved another. Wrath filled the soul of Apollo, and he took his quiver and bow, and shot one of his unerring arrows into her heart. But when he saw her dying before his eyes, deep repentance overwhelmed him. In vain he tried to detain the fleeting life; her spirit went to the land of shadows and darkness; but he took with him her child Aesculapius, and condemned the raven to wear eternal mourning as the herald of evil tidings.

Aesculapius was entrusted to the care of the Centaur Chion, who brought him up, and taught him the art of healing. When at last he grew to manhood, all marvelled at his wisdom, which exceeded even that of his teacher. He had learnt the power of every herb and leaf to stay sickness, and to bring back to health the wasted form of men; and there even went forth a rumour through the lands that the strength of death had been conquered by him. Daily the fame of his doings spread more and more, till Pluto complained bitterly to Zeus that the art of Aesculapius was depopulating the dark kingdom of Hades. Charon stood sad and idle, for no spirits came to be ferried across the black river. Then Zeus bowed his head, and the mighty lightnings flashed down on the Great Healer, and smote him to the earth. But great and terrible was the wrath of Apollo at the death of his son, and he slew with his arrows the Cyclops who had shaped the thunderbolt, while all the earth mourned for its loss. Only was this joy left to mankind, the earthly body of Aesculapius had perished, but the divine spirit rose to heaven, and men prayed to him as to a God.

The temples of Aesculapius were generally situated near a spring, and on the summit of an eminence, that being the most healthy. The most celebrated was at Epidaurus, a sea-port on the east coast of the Peloponnesus. Here

was a statue of him made of ivory and gold, and over the porch of the temple were inscribed the words, "None but the pure may enter." In ancient days when the science of medicine was as yet in its infancy, and cures were effected by means of charms and mystic signs, the priests, especially those of Apollo and Aesculapius, were looked upon as physicians.

Those worshippers whose maladies allowed them to go in person to the Temple of Aesculapius were first obliged to fast and bathe, then their feelings were excited by the relation of all the wonderful deeds of Aesculapius; the effect of this recital being heightened by means of music and song. They then offered their sacrifices, after which they had to sleep on the bleeding skins of the sacrificial animals in order that the god might appear to them in their dreams, and reveal their cure. It was very probable that the sick people with their imaginations thus heated should dream of the god. If this did not happen, they were assured by the priests that the god had appeared to *them*, and had told them what to do.

Aesculapius was generally depicted with the upper half of his person nude, and a mantle or cloak covering the lower half, one point of the mantle being thrown over the left shoulder. His face is that of a middle-aged man, with a thick beard. His hair is curling and parted, leaving the forehead bare. He may always be recognised by the snake twined round his staff, or held in one hand, while in the other he holds the sacrificial bowl. The goat, dog, cock, and raven were sacred to him.

Although early known in Greece, he was not worshipped in Rome till about 294 B.C., when a frightful plague devastated the whole city and neighbourhood. The oracle advised that Aesculapius should be summoned from

Epidaurus, and that a temple should be built for him, for then the plague would abate; a solemn embassy therefore was at once despatched. Whilst the Roman messengers were standing in the Temple, lost in contemplation of the God's statue, a snake crept from underneath it, glided through the town to the Roman ships, and established itself in the cabin of the envoys. Here it remained during the return voyage. When the ship entered the Tiber, it sprang out and crept into the rushes on a small island at the mouth of the river, which was therefore selected as the site of the temple of Aesculapius, and at once the plague ceased.

Hygiea, sometimes called the wife, sometimes the daughter of Aesculapius, was the Goddess of Health. Her temple was generally erected beside that of Aesculapius, and her statue stood in his temple. She is represented as a tall slender maiden, wrapped in a long garment; in one hand she holds a bowl, in the other a cake made of honey and oatmeal, which a snake is devouring. She wears a snake round her waist instead of a girdle, and sometimes also has one lying on her lap, while beside her is either a wolf or a dog.

Before we leave the subject of Apollo and his family, we may mention two musicians, often called the sons of Apollo —Linus and Orpheus.

Linus was the son of the muse Terpsichore, though it has been asserted that Urania or Calliope was his mother. Apollo loved him greatly, and gave him the lyre; at that time, however, the strings of this instrument were of flax, which did not produce good tones, so for these Linus substituted gut strings. This so enraged Apollo that, in a fit of unbridled anger, he killed him. According to another legend, Linus was killed by Hercules with a lyre while instructing him in the art of playing it. Hercules being

clumsy and awkward, his teacher reproved him severely, and this he resented so deeply that he slew Linus.

Orpheus, son of Apollo and the Muse Calliope, was the best pupil of Linus. He was the greatest singer as well as the greatest poet of ancient times. So enchanting was his song that the trees of the forest bowed their heads to listen, The clouds brightened and sailed along more gently when they heard it, the wild beasts and snakes fawned at his feet, and the very stones followed him from their rocky beds. His wife was the beautiful nymph Eurydice, and they lived happily together in unbroken felicity. But one day a venomous adder bit Eurydice in the foot, and she felt the faintness of death come over her, laid her head down on the soft grass and died. Orpheus was inconsolable at her loss, and day after day sat silent in the woods, never opening his lips to sing. He besought the gods in vain to restore her to him; so at last he rose up, harp in hand, and determined he would himself descend to the shadowy kingdom of Hades, and plead for her release. Thus Ovid tells us of what followed :—

" He leaves the realms of light, and upper air ;
Daring to tread the dark Tenarian road,
And tempt the shades in their obscure abode.

. . . . . .

Persephone he seeks, and him who reigns
O'er ghosts, and hell's uncomfortable plains.
Arriv'd, he, tuning to his voice his strings,
Thus to the king and queens of shadows sings :
' Ye powers, who under earth your realms extend,
To whom all portals must one day descend :
If here 'tis granted sacred truths to tell,
I come not curious to explore your hell ;

. . . . . .

My wife alone I seek ; for her lov'd sake

These terrors I support, this journey take.

. . . . . .

Long I my loss endeavour'd to sustain,
And strongly strove, but strove, alas ! in vain :
At length I yielded, won by mighty love ;
Well known is that omnipotence above !
But here, I doubt, his unfelt influence fails ;
And yet a hope within my heart prevails.

. . . . . .

By the vast chaos of these depths profound ;
By the sad silence which eternal reigns
O'er all the waste of these wide-stretching plains ;
Let me again Eurydice receive,
Let fate her quick-spun thread of life re-weave.
All our possessions are but loans from you,
And soon, or late, you must be paid your due.

. . . . . .

She too, when ripen'd years she shall attain,
Must, of avoidless right, be yours again ;
I but the transient use of that require,
Which soon, too soon, I must resign entire.
But if the destinies refuse my vow,
And no remission of her doom allow ;
Know, I'm determined to return no more :
So both retain, or both to life restore.'
Thus while the bard melodiously complains,
And to his lyre accords his vocal strains,
The very bloodless shades attention keep,
And silent, seem compassionate to weep ;

. . . . . .

Then first ('tis said) by sacred verse subdued,
The Furies felt their cheeks with tears bedew'd,
Nor could the rigid king or queen of hell,
Th' impulse of pity in their hearts repel.
Now from a troop of shades that last arriv'd,
Eurydice was call'd, and stood reviv'd.

. . . . . .

Thus he obtains the suit so much desir'd
On strict observance of the terms requir'd :
For if, before he reach the realms of air,
He backward cast his eyes to view the fair,
The forfeit grant, that instant, void is made,
And she for ever left a lifeless shade.
Now through the noiseless throng their way they bend,
And both with pain the rugged road ascend ;
Dark was the path, and difficult, and steep,
And thick with vapours from the smoky deep.
They well-nigh now had passed the bounds of night,
And just approach'd the margin of the light,
When he, mistrusting, lest her steps might stray,
And gladsome of the glimpse of dawning day,
His longing eyes, impatient backward cast
To catch a lover's look,—but look'd his last ;
For, instant dying, she again descends,
While he to empty air his arms extends.
. . . . . .
One last farewell she spoke, which scarce he heard ;
So soon she dropp'd, so sudden disappear'd.
All stunn'd he stood, when thus his wife he view'd,
By second fate, and double death subdu'd :
Now to repass the Styx in vain he tries,
Charon averse, his pressing suit denies
Seven days entire, along th' infernal shores,
Disconsolate, the bard Eurydice deplores
. . . . . .
Of rigid fate incessant he complains,
And hell's inexorable gods arraigns."

—OVID, "Metam.," Book x. (Dryden).

Then Orpheus returned to his mountains, and wandered there for three years amongst the woods lamenting and bewailing his loss. The very sight of a woman or maiden was hateful to him, though many tried to win his love. One day he had seated himself with his lyre, the beasts, trees,

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

and rocks listening as usual to his song, when suddenly a crowd of excited Maenades came rushing by, swinging the thyrsus in their hands, and with their hair streaming wildly in the wind. "Ha!" they cried, as they caught sight of Orpheus, "it is he! the despiser of women!" and throwing themselves upon him, they tore him in pieces in their mad fury. And thus his spirit met Eurydice once more, never again to part, in the land which is far away.

XVII.—ARTEMIS OR DIANA.

Artemis was the Goddess of the Chase. The story of her parentage and birth on Mount Olympus has already been related.

In her earliest youth she formed a determination never to marry. Once when sitting on the knees of Zeus, she entreated him in the following words:—"Grant me, oh! father, eternal virginity, that men may praise and worship me. A bow and arrows with which to follow the chase through woods and over mountains shall be my sole pleasure. Give me twenty nymphs as companions, and when I am tired their dancing shall delight me. But bestow on me only one town, for I love not to be surrounded with walls." Zeus granted her requests, but gave her thirty towns to do her honour. Joyfully she hastened to the mountains of Crete, where she selected her nymphs, all equally lovely, and in the first innocence of youth. She then repaired to the Lipari Isles, where dwelt the Cyclops, whom she commanded to make her a bow, quiver, and arrows. After this she went to Arcadia, and sought Pan, who presented her with some splendid hounds, with which she hunted the golden-antlered stags. These

she harnessed in front of her carriage of gold, and flew to the northern mountain. Here she pursued her favourite pastime of hunting, even during the night, a fir-tree, lit by a flash of Zeus' lightnings, serving her for a torch.

She came at last to Olympus, the palace of the gods. Hermes received her in the outer court, and relieved her of her weapons, while Apollo bore away the spoils of the chase. Her nymphs unharnessed the stags, led them to the pastures of Hera, and gave them to drink out of troughs of gold. Artemis entered the golden hall of the gods, and seated herself beside her brother Apollo. Homer, in one of his songs, thus speaks of her:—"She, the swift, pure maiden, the huntress with the golden arrows, follows the chase over wooded mountains and storm-capped heights. Hills and woods, earth and sea, resound with her mighty footsteps; and when fatigued she unstrings her bow, retires to Delphi, hangs up her quiver and arrows, and waters her steeds in the rush-grown river near Smyrna. She then joins the choir of Muses and Graces, and leads them, chanting holy songs to her mother Latona. She! the ever chaste maiden, protectress of upright men, has never submitted to the power of Venus. The bow and the chase, music, dancing, and sacred hymns, are her only pleasures."

Though all her nymphs were youthful, and of surpassing loveliness, she far exceeded them in beauty and stature.

Like her brother, she was the source of sudden deaths; which she sent both to punish the wicked, and also, by means of one of her painless arrows, to carry the virtuous to Elysium without suffering. We have already related many of her deeds; as, for instance, her compassion for Niobe when she lost her children; the part she took in the war of the Gods against the Aloidae, Otus and Ephialtes; and the shooting of Orion. She also played an active part

in the Trojan war, taking the side of the besieged, but was blamed for interfering. Homer gives an account of this in the twenty-first book of the "Iliad." Zeus had allowed the gods again to take part in the war, and they all descended immediately to the battlefield. Poseidon on the side of the Greeks, Apollo on that of the Trojans, met in the combat face to face, but Apollo, fearing a conflict with the mighty sea-god, said, "Let us rest from the fight, and let the people decide their disputes unaided."

"Then turns his face, far-beaming heavenly fires,
And from the senior power submiss retires:
Him thus retreating, Artemis upbraids,
The quiver'd huntress of the Sylvan shades:
'And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to ocean's hoary sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp and dreadful show
Of pointed arrows and the silver bow! . .
Now boast no more in your celestial bower,
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking power.'
Silent he heard the queen of woods upbraid:
Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus: 'What insolence has driven
Thy pride to face the Majesty of heaven?
. . . . . .
What though tremendous in the woodland chase,
Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?
How dares thy rashness on the powers divine
Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage ——
She said, and seized her wrists with eager rage;
These in her left hand lock'd, her right untied
The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride.
About her temples flies the busy bow;
Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow;
The scattering arrows, rattling from the case,

Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.
Swift from the field, the baffled huntress flies,
And scarce restrains the torrent in her eyes."
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxi. (Pope).

The characteristics of Artemis were great modesty and propriety, and whoever violated these feelings, whether intentionally or not, was severely punished. For example, Actaeon, grandson of Cadmus, fell a victim to her displeasure when he once surprised her in the forest. He had been hunting with some of his friends, and when the sun rose high in the heavens and they had killed a great quantity of game, he proposed that they should rest in some cool recess of the woods, and continue the chase next day. Ovid relates the legend as follows:

"Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
. . . . . .
(The chaste Diana's private haunt), there stood,
Full in the centre of the darksome wood
A precious grotto, all around o'er-grown
With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice stone.
From out its rocky cleft the waters flow,
And, trickling, swell into a lake below.
Nature had everywhere so play'd her part,
That ev'rywhere she seemed to vie with art.
Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.
Here did she now with all her train resort,
Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil unty'd;
Each busy nymph her proper part undress'd;
While Crocalè, more handy than the rest,
Gathered her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.

Five of the more ignoble sort, by turns,
Fetch up the water, and unlaid the urns."

OVID, "Metam.," Book iii.

Whilst Artemis was bathing surrounded by her nymphs, Actaeon approached the grotto, unaware of her presence. His appearance caused general dismay, and aroused the anger of the goddess to the utmost:

"Surpris'd, at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
But sees the circling waters round her flow;
These in the hollow of her hand she took,
And dash'd them in his face while thus she spoke:
Tell, if thou canst, the wondrous sight disclos'd,
A goddess naked to thy view expos'd.
This said, the man began to disappear
By slow degrees, and ended in a deer:
A rising horn on either brow he wears,
And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'er-grown,
His bosom pants with fears before unknown:
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast.
But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
He saw his branching horns, and alter'd look,
Wretched Actaeon! in a doleful tone
He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the wat'ry glass,
He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
Run trickling down a savage, hairy face.
What should he do? Or seek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and skulk in woods?
Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails."

—OVID, "Metam.," Book iii.

While Actaeon hesitated what to do, his hounds caught sight of him, and not recognizing their master they rushed to the spot:

"He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flow'ry plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Through many a ring, where once he did pursue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name."
—OVID, "Metam.," Book iii.

Then his hounds fell on him, tearing him to pieces with their teeth:

"With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountains with his dying groans.
His servants, with a piteous look he spies,
And turns about his supplicating eyes:
His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
And called their lord Actaeon to the game:
He shook his head in answer to the name;
He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have stood a looker-on:
But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched master, panting in a deer."
—OVID, "Metam.," Book iii.

A rumour went abroad that a spirit haunted a rock in the wood, and did great damage to all around. The advice given by the oracle, on being consulted, was: Bury the bones of Actaeon; make an image of brass, and chain it to the rock. When this was done, the spirit of Actaeon rested in peace.

The most celebrated temple of Artemis was at Ephesus. It was entirely of marble, with Doric pillars, and so great was its magnificence, so marvellous the artistic skill expended on it, that it was counted one of the wonders of the world. It was destroyed on the night of the birth of Alexander the Great by Herostratus, a madman, who was

determined to gain notoriety by some means, and burnt what he could not otherwise destroy.

As Apollo is sometimes confounded with Helios or Phœbus, the sun-god, so Selene, Goddess of the Moon, was by later poets often mistaken for Artemis. Selene was the sister or daughter of Helios. Like him she drives in a chariot upward through the sky, and drives again into the sea in the west. Her chariot is drawn by two long-maned horses, or magnificent stags; the latter probably, because the moon, when not at its full, appears to have two horns. The old poets cannot sufficiently praise her soft beauty; and as Helios bore the name of Titan, she was sometimes called Titania. Although a maiden, like Artemis, she was not proof against the power of love. The beautiful Endymion was regarded by her with deep affection. She bore him over the sea from Greece to the mountains of Asia Minor, where he hunted in the woods by moonlight until, tired and weary, he lay down to rest in the cool shade of the trees. Then Selene gazing lovingly down on him would bend from her chariot to imprint a kiss on the lips of the beautiful sleeper.

Artemis is sometimes spoken of as Goddess of the Chase, sometimes as Goddess of the Moon. Her figure is tall and graceful like that of Apollo, the shape of her face is a fine oval, her forehead is open, and her eye clear and far-seeing, but somewhat cold. Her hair, like her brother's, is fastened in a knot, only a few curls falling on her shoulders. She always wears a sleeveless tunic, fastened at the waist by a girdle, and caught up over the knee to afford her greater freedom of movement in the chase. On her feet are laced sandals; in her hand a bow and spear; and her quiver is slung across her shoulders. Sometimes she is represented standing, sometimes shooting an arrow. As Goddess of the

Moon, her brow is crowned by a half crescent with the points upwards, and she holds one or two torches in her hands.

XVIII.—THE NYMPHS.

The histories and characteristics of all the principal deities having been related, we must now mention the lesser ones.

In the earliest ages, man being unacquainted with the powers of nature, could not grasp the idea that one Almighty Hand had created all things: he believed therefore in a plurality of gods; but even this belief did not serve fully to explain the various phenomena in nature. He perceived that some unseen power made the buds burst forth, caused the leaves to shoot, and the flowers and fruits to grow and ripen, and he thought a spirit must exist in the trees and plants. It was unaccountable to him how the springs rose out of the earth, so he attributed this also to the influence of a special Deity. Thus he peopled the whole of nature with lesser divinities.

Among these were the nymphs, who were regarded as superhuman, but whose power did not equal that of the gods, and whose existence lasted only as long as that of the spring or tree that they guarded. The nymphs of the ocean were called Oceanides; those of the Mediterranean Sea, Nereides or Doreides; those of the woods and trees, Dryades and Hamadryades; of the mountains and grottos, Oreades; of the springs, Naiades; with many others. Some of them were daughters of Oceanus, some of Nereus and Doris, the rest were generally supposed to be the children of Zeus. All nymphs were beautiful, and had the gift of

perpetual youth, and also the power of rendering themselves invisible. Many of them attended on the gods, especially on Artemis and Bacchos.

The sea-nymphs sat in cool grottos under the water, and amused themselves with games, spinning, and talking. Although very lovely they had green hair, on which they placed wreaths of rushes and sea-weeds; their eyes were blue, and their garments of the same colour. They possessed the gift of prophecy, and showed great kindness to mortals who had done them any service; but woe to those who injured them, as has already been seen in the story of Erysichthon.

Many of the nymphs are mentioned by special names; as, for instance, Galatea, a daughter of Nereus; Metis and Eurydike; Klymene, the mother of Phaethon; Daphne, &c.

The history of Echo must not be omitted here. Narkissos, the son of a river-god in Boeotia, was a youth of surpassing beauty. While he was yet a child, his mother, a nymph, enquired of the blind soothsayer Tiresias whether her boy was destined to reach a good old age. "If he never beholds himself," was the answer. When Narkissos was sixteen years old his beauty was so great that he was beloved by all the maidens of the land, but he cared for none of them. One day while he was hunting a stag near the banks of the Cephisus the nymph Echo saw and loved the beautiful Narkissos. This unhappy nymph had not the power to express her own feelings, she was only able to repeat the last words of others. When Hera used to descend to earth, full of jealousy and distrust, for the purpose of watching the movements of Zeus, Echo would engage in conversation, and thus enable Zeus to escape unperceived. But Hera at length discovered the stratagem,

and punished the nymph by depriving her of freedom of speech, and condemning her to repeat only the last word she had heard. Ovid thus relates her sad end :

"This love-sick virgin, overjoy'd to find
The boy alone, still follow'd him behind.
. . . . . .
She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell :
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to return the sound.
The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,
. . . . . .
Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
In solitary caves, and dark abodes ;
Where, pining, wander'd the rejected fair,
Till harass'd out, and worn away with care,
The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Besides her bones and voice, had nothing left.
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
In vaults, where still it doubles every sound."
—OVID, "Metam.," Book iii. (Addison).

Thus was poor Echo reduced to a mere voice, and she sorrowed and wept, together with other nymphs whose affection Narkissos had set at nought. At last one of these cried to Nemesis, the avenging goddess : "Oh ! that the heartless one might himself one day feel the pangs of unrequited love !" and Nemesis heard the prayer.

"There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves, nor rising mud ;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unsully'd by the touch of men or beasts ;
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,

And over-heated by the morning chase,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies."
OVID, "Metam.," Book iii.

As he stoops towards the clear water to refresh himself by quenching his thirst, he suddenly beholds his own face, and starts back in amazement. What lovely eyes and hair, what a swan-like neck, what an irresistibly winning expression of countenance, what soft-tinted cheeks! He is fascinated with the beauteous image, unconscious that it is his own. Lovingly he extends his arms to grasp the object of his adoration, but only the cold, lifeless water meets his touch.

"Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food.
. . . . . .
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:
'You trees (says he), and thou surrounding grove,
Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
Tell me if e'er within your shades did lie
A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I?
. . . . . .
And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,
Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
A shallow water hinders my embrace;
And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
. . . . . .
His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,
He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps;

Whene'er I speak, his moving lips appear
To utter something, which I cannot hear.
Ah, wretched me ! I now begin too late
To find out all the long perplex'd deceit :
It is myself I love, myself I see ;
. . . . . .
Whom should I court ? How utter my complaint ?
How gladly would I from myself remove !
And at a distance set the thing I love.
. . . . . .
And now I faint with grief ; my fate draws nigh ;
In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve :
Oh ! might the visionary youth survive,
I should with joy my latest breath resign ;
But, oh ! I see his fate involv'd in mine.'
This said, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd ;
His tears defac'd the surface of the well,
With circle after circle, as they fell :
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'errun with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
Ah, whither (cries Narcissus) dost thou fly ? "

OVID, "Metam," Book iii.

Driven to despair he beats his breast with his hands, and gradually his strength ebbs away.

" And none of those attractive charms remain,
To which the slighted Echo sued in vain.
She saw him in his present misery,
Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
She answer'd back his sighs, and groan'd to ev'ry groan :
Ah, youth, belov'd in vain ! Narcissus cries ;
'Ah, youth belov'd in vain !' the nymph replies.
Farewell ! says he ;—the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips ; but she reply'd, 'Farewell.'

Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian waves itself admires.
For him the Naïads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn.
And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn ;
When, looking for his corse, they only found
A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd."

OVID, "Metam," Book iii.

Fortuna or Tyche, Goddess of Fortune, was one of the Oceanidae. She was sometimes regarded as a benevolent, gracious goddess, who delighted to make men happy, and sometimes as a fickle, changeable being, granting men good fortune only again to deprive them of it, and causing more misery than happiness. She is generally represented as a woman holding either a cornucopia or a boy, Plutos, God of Riches, in her arms. She also grasps a rudder in her hand, for Fortune governs the world, or else she stands on a round ball or wheel to signify her variableness.

XIX.—DAEMONS AND HEROES.

The Persians, the Chaldeans, and other Asiatic nations closely connected with them, believed in Daemons, and they communicated this belief to the Greeks. In the earliest ages the gods were often called Daemons, and as such were looked upon with terror by the people. Later on, Daemons were considered to be a race of mysterious invisible beings, forming a link between gods and men, inferior to the Olympian deities, but superior to mere human beings. They dwelt in the air, and were thus enabled to continually

surround and influence mankind. The philosopher Plato, the most illustrious pupil of Socrates, thus speaks of them: "Although so near the Daemons are never visible to our eyes, but with wonderful insight and a clear sharp understanding, they read all our thoughts. They love the good and noble among men, and hate the base and wicked; they can feel and sympathise with human joy and grief, which the gods, being perfect, cannot do. By their means a constant intercourse is maintained between the higher deities and the inhabitants of earth. The Daemons appear in dreams, and prophesy to men in sickness, in health, and in the hour of death. They influence the human soul in various ways, and act as Mediators between the gods and mankind." Even Socrates believed that every man had one of these Daemons as a guardian angel or protector.

The old Greek heroes were regarded as demi-gods, and this belief is very general among uncivilized nations, as they worship those who distinguish themselves above all others in bravery and valour. They considered these mighty men to be their protectors while on earth, praised and lauded them, and, after their death, worshipped them as superhuman. The Greeks especially thus regarded all those who used their strength and prowess for the public good by overcoming the enemies of their country, and destroying monsters and bandits. These Heroes, as they were called, were believed to be the especial favourites of the gods, who aided them to perform their deeds of valour, and endowed them with superhuman strength. After death they were borne away by the gods either to Olympus or to some other specially favoured abode, such as the islands of the far west, beyond the pillars of Herkules, where Kronos peacefully ruled after his dethronement. There they dwelt in unbroken happiness, snow, winter, and storms being alike

unknown. It was not till later times that Elysium was placed by the poets in the lower world, where it became regarded as the Kingdom of the Blessed. The Greeks carefully tended the graves of their heroes, and did them honour by sacrifices and feasts, for they believed that these departed warriors still protected their country, and that they would even come to its rescue in bodily form when extreme danger menaced it.

The Daemons were known to the Romans under the name of Genii. Every one was believed to be protected by his genius, who enabled him to perform great deeds. Some poets assigned to every one a good and a bad genius, and as a man proved either virtuous or wicked, weak or strong, the prevailing genius was called either white or black. These Genii were depicted as beautiful winged boys, carrying a bowl, a snake, or a cornucopia. On each anniversary of his birth every Roman crowned the picture or image of his genius, sacrificed to it, and burnt incense, placing honey-cakes and wines before it.

Among the Romans also, houses, towns, streets, and roads had their guardian spirits. These were known as Lares and Penates; they were generally small figures made of wood, ivory, or brass, and were placed either in a special temple or on the hearth. Some are called public, and some household gods. The former protected the whole nation, the towns and the public buildings. Every day a drink offering of wine, called a libation, was poured out before them, and meat on small wooden dishes was burnt in front of them. On every 1st of May, as well as on all feast-days and public anniversaries, they were decked with flowers and crowned with magnificent wreaths. The household gods were adorned in the same manner: if the master of a house went away incense was burnt, and the household committed

to their care; and on his safe return, thankofferings were brought to them. If any crime was committed, a more extensive sacrifice, consisting of a lamb or a calf, was offered to the Lares and Penates.

The Romans also worshipped the souls of the dead under the name of Manes, if they were uncertain whether the departed spirits were good or wicked. The good were placed among the Lares, the wicked were called Larvæ. It was believed that both had the power of appearing in the Upperworld on three particular days in the year. But the Larvæ could not harm good people; only the wicked had cause to fear, for to them these evil spirits appeared during the night in the most frightful shapes.

The souls of those who had not received proper funeral rites were also supposed to re-appear on earth; and in order to tranquillize these restless spirits vows were paid and sacrifices offered to them on the last day of February. At midnight the master of the house proceeded barefoot slowly through the dwelling, speaking to no one, throwing black beans over his shoulder and pronouncing the words: "With these beans I free myself and mine." Then all the members of the household prayed to the Larvæ not to disturb their peace, washed their hands three times, and beat loudly on a copper vessel, in order to scare away the malignant spirits by the noise.

XX.—HEKATE.

Hekate, grand-daughter of one of the Titans, was the greatest of the Greek divinities. Hesiod describes her as very mighty and powerful. He says that Zeus honoured her above all the other Olympian deities, and gave her

power over everything on earth and sea. Being the Goddess of Destiny, she was treated with great respect by all the immortals. At every sin-offering she was called upon ; riches and honours were in her power to bestow ; and those whom she favoured surpassed all their fellows in fame and fortune. She gave strength and victory to warriors and wrestlers ; none could conquer without her aid. Mariners and fishermen prayed to her for safety and success, and flocks and herds prospered or diminished at her will.

Thus combining in herself the powers of the various other goddesses, it was almost impossible to give her any special representation. Sometimes she is spoken of as allied to Proserpine, and then she appears as the Goddess of dark magic, and sovereign of the kingdom of death, living among graves and at cross-roads, and wearing a yellow or black garment. Sometimes, again, she is called the daughter of Night or Tartarus (for everything awe-inspiring or terrible was said to proceed from the region of Light, or the Underworld), and a black dog or lamb was offered to her to avert all evil influences. In Athens at every new moon the wealthy people placed food at cross roads, which the poor came and ate during the night : this was called the feast of Hekate. In order that it might be well with the beloved dead, on the first of every month a propitiatory offering to Hekate was either laid on the grave, buried in the earth, placed at a point where two roads crossed, or thrown into the sea.

Hekate was often represented in the form of three female figures back to back. In her six hands she holds a dagger, a snake, a bundle of rope, and the keys of the Kingdom of Death : a dog stands beside her. She protected and encouraged the growth of all herbs from which charmed drinks were produced, especially poisonous ones. In some

mythic legends she is called the wife of King Acëtes of Colchis, and as such is said to have been the mother of Kirke and Medea, the two famous sorceresses of olden times.

XXI.—AEOLOS.

To the north of Sicily lie the Lipari Isles, in ancient days known also as the Aeolian Islands. At one time they floated in the sea, like Delos, and could not always be found by sailors. The king of these isles was Aeolos. By him all voyagers who visited his shores were hospitably welcomed; and as it was his wont to observe carefully the signs of the weather, he could often advise and forewarn mariners. Thus he became regarded both by the Greek and Roman poets as God of the Winds, and being associated in this capacity with both Poseidon and Zeus, he was spoken of sometimes as the son of the one deity, sometimes of the other.

Aeolos kept the winds in his cavern, only letting them out when he pleased. Boreas, or the north wind, was represented as a swarthy powerful man, with wrinkled forehead, and thick beard, who held a conch shell in his hand to signify his loud roaring. Aquilo, the north-east wind, brings the sleet and snow; in his hand, therefore, is a huge beaker from which he pours snow and hail on to the earth. Eurus, the south-east wind, the bearer of damp and mist, is covered with a thick garment, and his right hand conceals his face. Notos or Auster, the south wind, brings rain; his face is partly enveloped in a cloak, and in his hand he holds an emptied pitcher. Zephyr, the west wind, soft and mild, is laden with flowers. Lastly comes Africus, the south-west wind.

The most beautiful description of the cave of Aeolos is in the first book of the Aeneid. Aeneas, after the destruction of Troy, was sailing towards Italy, when Juno, in her hatred of him, determined to raise a storm to drive him back.

"So brooding in her fiery heart the goddess went her way
Unto the fatherland of storm, full fruitful of the gale,
Æolia hight, where Æolus is king of all avail,
And far adown a cavern vast the bickering of the winds
And roaring tempests of the world with bolt or fetter binds:
They set the mountains murmuring much, a-growling angrily
About their bars, while Æolus sits in his burg on high,
And, sceptre-holding, softeneth them, and strait their wrath doth keep:
Yea but for that the earth and sea, and vault of heaven deep,
They eager-swift would roll away and sweep adown of space:
For fear whereof the Father high in dark and hollow place
Hath hidden them, and high above a world of mountains thrown
And given them therewithal a king, who, taught by law well known,
Now draweth, and now casteth loose the reins that hold them in:
To whom did suppliant Juno now in e'en such words begin:
'The Father of the Gods and men hath given thee might enow,
O Æolus, to smooth the sea, and make the storm-wind blow.
. . . . . .
Set on thy winds, and overwhelm their sunken ships at sea,
Or prithee scattered cast them forth, things drowned diversedly.'
. . . . . .
To whom spake Æolus: 'O Queen, to search out thy desire
Is all thou needest toil therein; from the deed should wend.
Thou mak'st my realm; the sway of all, and Jove thou mak'st my friend,

. . . . . .

And o'er the tempest and the cloud thou makest me of might.'
Therewith against the hollow hill he turned him spear in hand
And hurled it on the flank thereof, and as an ordered band
By whatso door the winds rush out o'er earth in whirling blast,
And driving down upon the sea its lowest deeps upcast.
The East, the West together there, the Afric, that doth hold
A heart fulfilled of stormy rain, huge billows shoreward rolled.
Therewith came clamour of the men and whistling through the shrouds,
And heaven and day all suddenly were swallowed by the clouds
Away from eyes of Teucrian men ; night on the ocean lies,
Pole thunders unto pole, and still with wildfire glare the skies,
And all things hold the face of death before the seamen's eyes."

—VIRGIL, "Æneid," Book i. (Morris).

Æneas believed himself to be lost, and envied those who had died warriors' deaths before the walls of Troy.

" Thus as he cried the whistling North fell on with sudden gale,
And drave the seas up towards the stars, and smote aback the sail :
Then break the oars, the bows fall off, and beam on in the trough
She lieth, and the sea comes on a mountain huge and rough.
These hang upon the topmost wave, and those may well discern
The sea's ground mid the gaping whirl : with sand the surges churn.
Three keels the South wind cast away on hidden reefs that lie
Midmost the sea, the Altars called by men of Italy,
A huge back thrusting through the tide : three others from the deep
The East toward straits, and swallowing sands did miserably sweep."

—VIRGIL, "Æneid," Book i. (Morris).

At last nearly all the vessels are engulphed by the waves.

"But meanwhile Neptune, sorely moved, hath felt the storm let go,
And all the turmoil of the main with murmur great enow ;
The deep upheaved from all abodes the lowest that there be :
So forth he put his placid face o'er topmost of the sea,
And there he saw Æneas' ships o'er all the main besprent,
The Trojans beaten by the flood and ruin from heaven sent.
But Juno's guile and wrathful heart her brother knew full well :
So East and West he called to him, and spake such words to tell :
'What mighty pride of race of yours hath hold upon your minds,
That earth and sea ye turmoil so without my will, O winds ;
That such upheaval and so great ye dare without my will ?
Whom I—— But first it comes to hand the troubled flood to still :
For such-like fault henceforward though with nought so light ye pay.
Go get you gone, and look to it this to your king to say :
That ocean's realm and three-tined spear of dread are given by Fate
Not unto him but unto me : he holds the cliffs o'er great,
Thine houses, Eurus : in that hall I bid him then be bold,
Thine Æolus, and lord it o'er his winds in barrèd hold.'
So saying and swifter than his word he layed the troubled main."

—VIRGIL, "Æneid," Book i. (Morris).

XXII.—NYX, OR NIGHT, AND HER CHILDREN.

It has already been stated at the beginning of this volume that Nyx reigned over the Upperworld after the Sun had gone down, and is therefore distinct from Erebus, who reigned in the Underworld. Hesiod thus describes Nyx and Heméra or Day:

> "This enters, that
> Forth issues, nor the two can one abode
> At once restrain. This passes forth and roams
> The round of earth, that in the mansion waits
> Till the due season of her travel come.
> Lo! from the one the far-discerning light
> Beams upon earthly dwellers: but a cloud
> Of pitchy darkness veils the other round."
>
> —HESIOD, "Theogony" (Elton).

Sometimes Nyx is represented driving in a chariot drawn by two horses, her black wings overshadowing the earth, clothed in a long black garment, her head enveloped in a black veil, and stars following her. At others she holds in her right hand a flowing black veil spangled with stars, and in her left a torch with the point downwards. Her face is always youthful and lovely, but grave. She dwelt in Tartarus, which was also the abode of Heméra, but they never met. Nyx was a mighty goddess, even Zeus feared her. Once his anger was roused against Sleep, who had deceived him, but Night wrapped her beloved son in her dark veil, and Zeus dared not displease her by molesting him. Black cocks were always sacrificed to her. All those things that

men thought terrible and dreadful, or of which the origin was unknown to them, were called the children of Night. Such were the pitiless Parcae, the Fates; Nemesis, Goddess of Revenge; Eris, of Discord; Ate, of injury by thoughtless words; Sleep; Dreams; Death; Momus, God of Envy; Grief; Lamentation; Hunger; Old Age; Fear; Care; Deceit; War; and Oath. Some of these we will now describe.

Nemesis, although she was the Goddess of Revenge, was not a cruel deity, but only inflicted just retribution on offenders. An old song speaks of her as the "all-seeing, immortal, venerated Goddess and Queen, presiding over the life of man, and rejoicing in his success." All men feared and honoured her, for she, "the noble, pure, and holy one, saw through all falseness and injustice." When human wickedness became too great, Nemesis and Shame forsook the earth, and took up their abode with the gods. Kind as is Nemesis to the upright and contented, she is stern and pitiless towards the unjust and arrogant: to these latter she appears as the avenging goddess, armed with sword and scourge. She is represented as a tall woman of serious aspect, dressed in a tunic and long flowing mantle; her right arm holds this mantle across the middle of her body, to signify that she metes out justice with equity. In her left hand is either a branch, a scourge, a pair of scales, a sword, or a cornucopia. Sometimes she is depicted with a wheel at her feet, on which sits a griffin: sometimes she is sitting in a chariot drawn by griffins. Her countenance is grave and her earnest gaze is always bent on the ground, as if absorbed in the consideration of right and wrong.

Eris, Goddess of Discord, was sometimes called the sister of Ares, as she is the constant companion of war. At first she is of very small stature, but she grows so quickly,

that although her feet tread the earth, her head reaches to the clouds; thus symbolizing the growth of strife. She is always in a state of wrath, her face stained with blood, her teeth gnashing, a torch in her hand, and snakes surrounding her head. She dwells with the Furies in the Underworld, and her children are all the evils that result from strife and war, such as hunger, pain, bloodshed, plagues, etc.

Ate originally represented thoughtlessness and illusive deception, often leading men into error, and sometimes misleading even the gods themselves. Having once induced Ate to make a boast, which he afterwards repented (*vide* history of Herakles), the mighty god in his anger seized her by her golden locks and threw her to earth, vowing that she should never again be admitted into the assembly of the gods. Ever since then she has wandered over the earth, doing harm to all, and bringing trouble and misfortune in her train. Fortunately Ate has two good sisters, Prayer and Petition, who follow her steps, and try to repair the ill she has effected. They bestow their aid on all who honour them, but those who neglect or despise them they abandon to their fate, entreating Zeus to pour out his wrath upon them.

Sleep and Dreams. Sleep is represented as a youth of great beauty and earnestness of countenance, holding in one hand a bunch of poppies, and in the other a torch with the point turned towards the earth. A mole or dormouse, representing long and deep slumber, lies beside him. He lived with Death in a palace in the Underworld. Some poets place the abode of Sleep with the Kimmerii, a people inhabiting the far north, where the sunlight never penetrates, and thick darkness reigns. Here Sleep lies on a couch, in a sombre cave; poppies grow at the

entrance, and deep silence prevails. He holds a cornucopia, out of which proceed the Dreams by which he is surrounded.

The Dreams were three: Morpheus, Phobetor, and Phantasos. The first showed the sleeper human figures; the second, animals; and the third, inanimate objects. Their dwelling was also in the Underworld, and had two gates, one of ivory and one of horn. Through the former went deceptive visions, through the latter those destined to be realized. Ovid gives a beautiful description of these Dreams. Juno, wishing to acquaint a certain queen with the death of her husband who had been drowned at sea, despatches Iris to the abode of Sleep with a message bidding him send a dream to warn her of the approach of fatal tidings. Iris at once obeys her behest:

"Indu'd with robes of various hue she flies,
And flying draws an arch (a segment of the skies):
Then leaves her bending bow, and from the steep
Descends to search the silent house of Sleep.
Near the Cymmerians, in his dark abode,
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowsy god;
Whose gloomy mansion, nor the rising sun,
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome moon.
. . . . . .
But safe Repose, without an air of breath,
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.
An arm of Lethè with a gentle flow,
Arising upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps.
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And passing, sheds it on the silent plains:

No door there was th' unguarded house to keep,
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.
But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon stead ;
Black was the cov'ring too where lay the god,
And slept, his limbs display'd abroad :
About his head fantastic visions fly,
Which various images of things supply.

. . . . . .

The virgin ent'ring bright, indulg'd the day
To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams away :
The god disturb'd with this new glare of light
Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which sunk again,
And sinking, on his bosom knocked his chin ;
At length shook off himself, and ask'd the dame
(And asking yawn'd) for what intent she came.
To whom the goddess thus : 'O sacred Rest,
Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the powers the best !
O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of the day.

. . . . . .

Adorn a dream, expressing human form,
The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm,

. . . . . .

Before his queen bid the pale spectre stand,
Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand.'
She said, and scarce awake her eyes could keep,
Unable to support the fumes of sleep ;
But fled, returning by the way she went,
And swerv'd along her bow with swift ascent.
The god, uneasy till he slept again,

. . . . . .

Though against his custom, call'd aloud,
Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd :
Morpheus, of all his numerous train, express'd
The shape of man, and imitated best :

The walk, the words, the gesture could supply
. . . . . .
Plays well, but all his action is confin'd
Extending not beyond our human kind.
Another, birds, and beasts, and dragons, apes,
And dreadful images, and monster shapes :
This demon, Icelos, in heav'n's high hall,
The gods have nam'd ; but men Phobétor call.
A third is Phantasus, whose actions roll
On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul ;
Earth, fruits and flow'rs, he represents in dreams,
And solid rocks removed, and running streams.
These three to kings and chiefs their scenes display,
The rest before the ignoble commons play.
Of these the chosen Morpheus is dispatch'd,
Which done, the lazy monarch, overwatch'd,
Down from his propping elbow drops his head
Dissolv'd in sleep, and shrinks within his bed."

—OVID, "Metam.," Book xi. (Dryden).

By other poets Sleep is described as lying surrounded with flowers in a cave in the woods of Ethiopia, with dreams of various shapes flitting around him, and Peace, Sloth, and Forgetfulness guarding the entrance. And again he is spoken of as dwelling in the Isle of Dreams, where stood a town peopled entirely by dreams of every description and form ; large and small, beautiful and hideous, joyful and sad, pleasant and disagreeable, in rags and in kingly attire. In the market place, on either side of a well, were two small temples dedicated to Falsehood and Truth : also, there were two large edifices, sacred to Night and Scorn. The walls of the town, which gleamed with every colour of the rainbow, had four gates, from which the dreams issued to wander over the earth. Two of these gates led towards the harbour, where ships lay ready to carry the dreams to

foreign lands : the other two, one of iron, the other of clay, led to the field of Sloth. Close to the town the river of Forgetfulness flowed sleepily and noiselessly through a thick growth of tall poppies, frequented by numerous owls and bats. All mortals who approached the town were hospitably welcomed, and the fairest promises were made to them.

Death. The Greeks considered a peaceful death to be a happy transit into the land of Rest, and a release from all the cares and griefs of this life. They called it Thanatos (Mors), and represented it as a beneficent genius, a brother of Sleep, and inhabiting the same palace at the entrance of the Underworld. The poet Hesiod thus speaks of these friendly genii :

> "Sons of gloomy Night,
> There hold their habitation, Death and Sleep,
> Dread deities : nor them doth shining sun
> E'er with his beam contemplate, when he climbs
> The cope of heaven, or when from heaven descends.
> Of these the one glides gentle o'er the space
> Of earth and broad expanse of ocean waves,
> Placid to man. The other has a heart
> Of iron : yea, the heart within his breast
> Is brass unpitying : whom of men he grasps,
> Stern he retains : e'en to immortal gods
> A foe."
>
> —HESIOD, "Theogony" (Elton).

Death is depicted as a youth, beautiful, but with a serious expression of countenance, holding in his right hand a torch, point downwards, and in his left hand, butterflies and a garland. He is furnished with wings, and mournfully contemplates the butterflies, symbols of change and transition. In a certain piece of beautiful sculpture, Death and Sleep are represented as two boys, lying on the lap of Night.

But Euripides, the Greek tragic poet, describes Death as a frightful monster, with flashing eyes, dark streaming hair, black garment, and a drawn sword. He gnashes his teeth, opens wide his gigantic mouth, and stretches out his blood-stained hands to grasp his victims. He is so enormous that he can destroy whole towns.

Momos was the God of Envy, or rather of Censure, for he found fault with everything, whether it were done by gods or men. An example of this is given by Lucian, a Greek poet, who relates as follows: "Athena (Minerva), Hephaestus (Vulcan), and Poseidon (Neptune) once disputed as to which could produce the most useful thing. Athena made a house, Hephaestus a man, and Poseidon an ox. Momos was the umpire, but he found something to cavil at in each. He declared that the house ought to be capable of being turned round, so that its occupant might exchange at will a bad neighbour for a good one. A man, he said, ought to have a window in his breast, so that his fellow-men might look into his heart. And as for the ox, if his horns had been on his chest, instead of on his head, he would have been able to draw much heavier burdens." This god is depicted as a gaunt, haggard man, sometimes with wings, his face is pale and downcast, and his mouth open.

XXIII.—DEITIES KNOWN ONLY TO THE INHABITANTS OF ITALY.

Most of the gods worshipped by the Romans were identical with those of the Greeks, but there were some belonging exclusively to Italy, and to Rome in particular.

These had originated among the old Etruscans, Latins, and Sabines, and had been gradually absorbed into the religion of the Romans. They consisted principally of protectors and guardians of human life, who acted as mediators between the gods and mankind, and were worshipped as household deities. Besides the Lares and Penates already mentioned were:

(1.) Janus. According to old legends, Janus was a king of ancient Latium, living in the Golden Age, when peace and happiness reigned supreme on earth. He, like so many other divinities, was first worshipped by the Romans in the reign of Numa Pompilius. Janus was the ancient God of the Sun and of Light, daily issuing from and returning to the gates of Heaven, which he opened and shut. Thus he is looked upon as the god of exit and entrance, the opener and closer of gates and doors on earth as well as in heaven. In fact he presided over the commencement and ending of all things, and therefore all feasts were preceded by sacrifices to Janus.

To him came Saturn (Chronos) when deprived of his power by Jupiter; and in return for the kind and hospitable welcome accorded to him, he instructed Janus in the art of agriculture, and endowed him with a knowledge of the future and a perpetual remembrance of the past.

Janus is represented as an old man with two faces, the

one looking forward, the other backward. The first month of the year was sacred to him, for he was regarded as the keeper and opener of the gate of the New Year: hence the name of January. Various offerings were brought him on the first day of each year, such as cakes made of honey, milk, parched corn, and salt. Whatever happened on this day was received as an augury, every one worked hard, and if the labours of this day were crowned with success, it was considered a good omen for the rest of the year. Only pleasant occupations were undertaken, and all strife was carefully avoided. It was also customary, as at our Christmas-tide, to interchange small presents (strenae, whence the French word, étrennes), consisting principally of fruits. Janus carries a key in his hand, for not only does he lock and open the gates of the year, but the seasons and all the blessings of the year depend on his will.

In Rome a magnificent temple was erected to him, as the god in whose hands rested the commencement and end of war. A legend relates, that once during a war between the Romans and Sabines, when the latter invaded the open porch, Janus drove them back by causing a hot sulphur spring to rise suddenly before them. After this event the gates always remained open in time of war, but when peace was concluded, they were closed by the consuls with great ceremony and special thanksgivings. This, however, only happened three times in the history of war-like Rome; *i.e.*, under the peaceful sway of Numa Pompilius, between the first and second Punic wars, and in the reign of the Emperor Augustus. Nero also once closed the gates.

The Temple, like the god himself, had two faces, and two doors opposite each other. Janus is sometimes represented with four faces, signifying the four seasons of the

year. His wives were Camasena, by whom he had a son Tiberius, and Juturna.

(2.) **Vertumnus and Pomona.** Vertumnus was God of Harvest and Commerce. He presided over garden and field produce, and was therefore represented as a young man, crowned with fruit and corn-ears, and carrying a crook, a garden knife, or a staff. He had likewise the power of assuming various forms, and made clever use of this gift in wooing Pomona, Goddess of Fruits.

This nymph, engrossed in the care of her garden, refused all suitors for her hand, denying them admittance to her presence. But Vertumnus took the form of a reaper, laden with wheat, or carrying on his head a bundle of fresh-mown hay, and offered his services in pruning the shrubs and vines, or helping to gather the fruit, thus in various ways gaining a sight of the beautiful maiden. At last he disguised himself as an old woman. A cap covered his grey locks, and leaning on a staff he entered the garden and spoke with the lovely Pomona, admiring her splendid fruit. Gradually his conversation turned to the happiness of married life, and he extolled the love and devotion of Vertumnus, giving at the same time a warning to feminine obduracy. Then suddenly he relinquished his disguise, and as the sun breaks triumphantly through the dark clouds, so Vertumnus appeared before the eyes of the astonished Pomona, who thereupon consented to become his wife.

Pomona is depicted laden with fruit, some in a basket on her lap, and some crowning her brow; and fruits were offered both to her and to Vertumnus to propitiate them, in order that they might bless the country with a good harvest.

(3.) **Flora,** Goddess of Flowers, was represented as a young maiden, with flowers in her hands and amidst her

hair. By the Greeks she was called Chloris, and was said to be the wife of Zephyrus. During the festival held at Rome in her honour, all indulged in innocent frolic and merriment; houses were decorated with wreaths and tables strewn with flowers. People traversed the streets singing and dancing, garlanded with blossoms.

(4.) **Faunus** is sometimes mistaken for Pan. He was god of fields and woods, and had the gift of foretelling future events, especially by means of dreams. His wife was named Fauna, and their children were the Fauni. They were represented with small horns, curling hair, hooked noses, tails, and goats' hoofs; and are often confounded with the Satyrs, though they neither carried the thyrsus, nor were crowned with the ivy wreath. They inhabited the woods, and their frolicsome tricks often frightened passers-by.

(5.) **Silvanus** was god of the herds, closely connected with Faunus, but of a much more friendly disposition. He is represented as a nude, bearded man, with goats' feet, crowned with fir branches; in one hand is a sickle, in the other a branch, to denote that he guarded the forests and planted waste lands. His rough voice was often heard at night resounding through the forests. He is said to have been a king of the Laurentes, but one day while seeking the wood-nymph Caucus, whom he loved, he encountered another nymph whose affection he had rejected, and who transformed him into a woodpecker.

(6.) **Terminus** was the guardian of boundaries. Numa Pompilius, when he divided the land among the people, instituted the worship of Terminus, to preserve the boundaries and render them sacred. The statue of this divinity at Rome stood in the Temple of Jupiter in the Capitol, and was never allowed to be removed from thence. At

the boundary of every field, as well as at the original limits of the city, was placed a stone, surmounted by a carved head of Terminus. The erection of these stones was accomplished with solemn ceremonies, and to move one of them was looked upon as a grave crime.

The twenty-third of February was set apart for a feast to commemorate the sanctity of boundaries. Those whose lands joined assembled at the boundary, and there erected a simple altar of grass, which they crowned with flowers. Then a lamb or pig was killed, the blood sprinkled on the altar, the flesh burnt, and incense and the first fruits of the land thrown into the flames. After this the people partook of a simple meal, interspersed with joyful songs. These were the private feasts, in addition to which public festivals took place, in which not only the Roman magistrates, but also embassies from neighbouring countries participated. Meeting at the boundaries they united in offering oblations to Terminus. These feasts were continued long after the Romans had overcome all the surrounding nations.

7. Occasio, or Opportunity. Occasio was represented as a woman with winged feet standing on a globe; her hair floats in front of her, but the back of her head is shaven, which signifies that, once allowed to pass, no man can grasp or detain her.

8. Victoria. Victoria, or Victory, was worshipped in Rome from the very earliest times; and the ever-increasing love of war among the Romans rendered the sacrifices offered to her and the statues erected in her honour more and more numerous. Proud, victorious Rome was indeed an appropriate home for her!

Her most celebrated statue was set up by Augustus, and stood in the Senate house. It depicted a lovely and youthful female figure standing on a globe, holding a palm

branch in her left hand, and a crown in her right, for victory brings both peace and glory. She was winged, for victory comes quickly and unexpectedly, and tarries not long. Victoria is sometimes represented in a war chariot driving winged horses.

The three last-named divinities were scarcely regarded as actual gods, but rather as mortals possessing divine attributes. There were many others of this nature, among whom may be mentioned: Concordia (Harmony), a stately woman bearing a cornucopia, and an olive branch; Fides (Faithfulness), with a roll of parchment in her left hand, and the forefinger of her right placed on her lips; Pietas (Piety), with her head half veiled and her hands raised in prayer; Libertas (Freedom) holding in the right hand a pointed cap, in the left a lance; Justicia (Justice), a majestic woman with a pair of scales in her right hand, and a cornucopia in her left; and Spes (Hope), a tall, active maiden, holding her garment looped up in her left hand, and a flower in her right.

The importation into Rome of the costly treasures of the East was followed by the downfall of the early Roman religion, for then the Eastern and Egyptian Gods were also adopted. At the time of the Punic wars, the image and priests of the goddess Cebele were brought from Phrygia to Rome. (The stone of which the figure was composed was of a dark colour, probably meteoric.) Although the Romans at first regarded with distrust the feasts of both Cybele and her favourite Athys, yet these festivals were ere long participated in by the whole nation.

The worship of Serapis and Isis was introduced from Egypt, and that of the sun-god Mithras from Persia.

PART II.

MYTHOLOGICAL HISTORY OF THE GREEKS.

I.—DEUCALION AND PYRRHA.

We have already described how Prometheus made the first men out of clay, animating them with fire from heaven. His son Deucalion, quitting the Caucasus where Prometheus dwelt, wandered to Greece, and established himself with his wife Pyrrha on Mount Parnassus. Both Deucalion and Pyrrha were good and virtuous, and honoured the gods, while all the other inhabitants of the earth had become degenerate and wicked, neglecting to offer them sacrifices. Zeus, therefore, determined to destroy every living being upon the earth by means of a flood. The following is the account given by Ovid:

"The northern breath, that freezes floods, he binds;
With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds:
The south he loos'd, who night and horror brings;
And fogs are shaken from his flaggy wings.
. . . . . .
Still as he swept along, with his clench'd fist
He squeezed the clouds, th' imprison'd clouds resist:
The skies, from pole to pole, with peals resound;
And show'rs enlarged, come pouring to the ground.
Then clad in colours of a various dye,
Junonian Iris breeds a new supply
To feed the clouds; impetuous rain descends;
The bearded corn beneath the burden bends;
Defrauded clowns deplore their perish'd grain,
And the long labours of the year are vain.
Not from his patrimonial heaven alone
Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down;

Aid from his brother of the seas he craves,
To help him with auxiliary waves.
The wat'ry tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
Who roll from mossy caves (their moist abodes),

. . . . . .

To whom, in brief, he thus imparts his will.
'Small exhortations need; your pow'rs employ:
And this bad world, so Jove requires, destroy.'

. . . . . .

The floods, by nature enemies to land,
And proudly swelling with their new command,
Remove the living stones that stopp'd their way,
And gushing from their source augment the sea,

. . . . . .

Th' expanded waters gather on the plain:
They float the fields and overtop the grain;
Then rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,
Bear flocks, and folds, and lab'ring hinds away.
Nor safe their dwellings were, for, sapp'd by floods,
Their houses fell upon their household gods.
The solid piles, too strongly built to fall,
High o'er their heads behold a wat'ry wall:
Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
A world of waters, and without a coast.
One climbs a cliff; one in his boat is borne:

. . . . . .

Or downward driven, they bruise the tender vine,
Or tost aloft, are knock'd against a pine.
And where of late the kids had cropt the grass,
The monsters of the deep now take their place.

. . . . . .

The frighted wolf now swims amongst the sheep;
The yellow lion wanders in the deep:
His rapid force no longer helps the boar:
The stag swims faster than he ran before.
The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,
Despair of land and drop into the main.

Most of the mountains were entirely submerged, and the few persons who succeeded in saving themselves from drowning died of starvation. Deukalion and Pyrrha alone survived; for, warned by the gods of the coming destruction, they had prepared themselves a ship. Now, finding their vessel floating alone on the boundless expanse of waters, they called upon divine Themis, the Muses, and the Nymphs of Mount Parnassus to save them. Then Zeus, seeing the whole surface of the earth covered with water, and that no human beings save Deucalion and Pyrrha remained alive, sent the north wind to dry the atmosphere and drive away the clouds, so that Earth might once more clearly behold Heaven.

Poseidon, stretching forth his mighty trident, calmed the sea, and commanded the Tritons to blow their conch shells, and call the rivers back to their usual channels. So marvellously loud was the sound from these shells, that it reached the most distant shores, and immediately the waters abated:

"The streams, but just contained within their bounds,
By slow degrees into their channels crawl;
And earth increases, as the waters fall.
In longer time the tops of trees appear,
Which mud on their dishonour'd branches bear.
At length the world was all restor'd to view;
But desolate and of a sickly hue:
Nature beheld herself and stood aghast,
A dismal desert, and a silent waste.
Which, when Deucalion with a piteous look
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke:"

"Oh! wife beloved, behold, we are the only people left on the face of the desolate earth. All the sons of men

have perished in the waters, and we know not how long the gods will spare our lives. Ah! had I but my father's power of creating human beings, and endowing them with life, so that upon the earth men might be seen once more."

Then Deukalion and Pyrrha hastened, weeping, to the temple of Themis, threw themselves on the steps of the altar, kissed the cold stones, and

> "Thus the saint implor'd:
> 'O righteous Themis, if the powers above
> By pray'rs are bent to pity, and to love;
> . . . . . .
> Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
> Mankind, and people desolated earth.'
> Then thus the gracious goddess, nodding, said:
> 'Depart, and with your vestments veil your head;
> And stooping lowly down, with loosen'd zones,
> Throw each behind your backs, your mighty mother's bones.'"

Long they stood in amazement, until at last Pyrrha declared that she could not obey the command of the goddess: the idea of disturbing her beloved mother's bones filled her with horror. Suddenly it occurred to them that some hidden meaning might be contained in the words of Themis. At last Deukalion spoke: "Surely the goddess means that the earth is our mother, and the stones are her bones; it is these which we are to throw behind us." And Pyrrha rejoiced greatly at this interpretation, and, though half doubting its truth, determined to test it:

> "Descending from the mount, they first unbind
> Their vests, and, veil'd, they cast the stones behind:
> The stones (a miracle to mortal view,
> But long tradition makes it pass for true)
> Did first the rigour of their kind expel,

And suppled into softness as they fell ;
Then swell'd, and swelling, by degrees grow warm ;
And took the rudiments of human form.
Imperfect shapes : in marble such are seen,
When the rude chisel does the man begin ;
While yet the roughness of the stone remains,
Without the rising muscles, and the veins.
. . . . . .
By help of power divine, in little space,
What the man threw, assum'd a manly face ;
And what the wife, renew'd the female race.
Hence we derive our nature ; born to bear
Laborious life, and harden'd into care."

And the people, who knew neither father nor mother, went forth to toil through the wide earth.

The resemblance between this history and the Biblical account of the flood is very striking; and we find the same legend related in various ways in the mythology of many other nations.

II.—CECROPS, PANDION AND HIS DAUGHTERS PHILOMELA AND PROCNE.

Ancient legends relate that the aborigines of Greece were raised from a wild and uncivilized state by various strangers who landed on their shores. The earliest of these foreign settlers was Cecrops, who came from Egypt and landed in Attica, where the savage inhabitants joyfully welcomed him. Having married Agranlos, daughter of Actaeus, king of Attica, Cecrops succeeded to the throne on the death of his father-in-law. He introduced many improvements, and instituted regular marriages, besides teaching the natives to

build houses, cultivate the land, and plant olive-trees: and thus became the benefactor of the country. He also erected a castle on a hill, round which afterwards rose the town of Athens.

It is related that Poseidon and Athene once had a dispute as to which of them should own the district. At last they agreed that whichever should bestow on the people the most useful gift should be the possessor of the land. Poseidon struck the earth with his trident and produced the horse, Athene gave the olive-tree. Cecrops, whom they appointed umpire, decided in favour of Athene, and thenceforth she became the protectress of the land. He then decreed that, in order to spare all useful animals, only bloodless offerings, such as the first-fruits of the land and cakes, should be presented to her.

King Pandion was a descendant of Cecrops. He had two daughters, Philomela and Prokne, the latter the wife of Tereus, King of Thrace. When, five years after their marriage, Terens sailed for Athens, Prokne entreated him to bring her sister back with him on his return:

"If thou lovest me, either take me with thee to her at Athens, or entreat my father that he let her return with thee. The sight of her face will be to me as a gift from the gods."

As soon as Tereus arrived at Athens he told Pandion of his wife's request. While he was in the presence of the king, Philomela herself entered the apartment. So glorious was her beauty that the heart of Tereus was filled with love for her, and he determined to carry her off. With tears he implored Pandion to let him take Philomela to her sister, and the unsuspecting maiden herself added her prayers to his. At last Pandion gave his consent, and intrusted his beloved daughter to he care of Tereus:

"With you, dear son, my daughter I entrust,
And by the gods adjure you to be just;
By truth, and ev'ry consanguineal tie,
To watch and guard her with a father's eye.
And since the least delay will tedious prove,
In keeping from my sight the child I love,
With speed return her . . . .
And you, my Philomel, let it suffice,
To know your sister's banish'd from my eyes;
If any sense of duty sways your mind,
Let me from you the shortest absence find."

After sending greetings to Prokne and her children, the old king embraced Philomela, weeping, and farewells were exchanged between them. On landing in Thrace, Tereus bore Philomela to a dark wood, and imprisoned her in a shepherd's hut, determining, by means of threats, to gain her consent to a marriage with him after he should have killed Prokne. When she scornfully refused to listen to his wicked designs, he treated her with great cruelty, and she, lifting her white arms towards heaven, implored the aid of the gods. Then Tereus, filled with rage and fear, cut out her tongue, that she might never reveal his misdeeds.

When Prokne, on his return to her, questioned him about her sister, he sighed deeply, and replied, "Alas! she is dead! I buried her on my way hither." Prokne, believing his words, gave way to the bitterest grief, clothed herself in black robes, erected a monument to the memory of Philomela, and offered propitiatory sacrifices on behalf of her spirit.

Philomela remained a whole year in hopeless captivity. At last she spun a very fine garment, into which she worked the history of her wrongs; and she persuaded the warder, who had been appointed to guard her, to convey this to her

sister. When Prokne beheld what her sister had sent her, revenge glowed in her heart, though sorrow sealed her lips.

At the celebration of the Bacchanalian feasts she joined the throng of Maenades, and rushed wildly hither and thither till she found the solitary hut. Forcing open the door she bore away the unfortunate Philomela, and concealed her in her own dwelling. Then in these furious words she gave vent to her wrath and anger:

> "Years, unavailing, but defer our time,
> The stabbing sword must expiate the crime,
> Or worse, if wit, on bloody vengeance bent,
> A weapon more tormenting can invent.
> Oh sister! I've prepared my stubborn heart,
> To act some hellish, and unheard-of part."

Even as she spoke her little son Itys came running to her, expecting to be received with wonted affection. But a hideous plan entered the mother's mind, even while she felt the child's little arms around her neck. Furiously seizing him, she carried him to an inner apartment, and there stabbed him to the heart, her sister aiding in the fearful deed. Then the cruel mother invited her husband to a banquet, and served up to him the flesh of his son. Tereus, never suspecting, partook of it, and after the feast called for Itys, when Prokne disclosed what she had done, and Philomela rushed furiously into the chamber with the head of the boy in her hand.

With loud cries and imprecations Tereus rose from the table, weeping and lamenting his son's death. Then with drawn sword he rushed frantically in pursuit of the sisters, who fled like the wind from his vengeance. Across the fields he followed them, until just as he had almost reached them, all three were suddenly transformed into birds, and each flew away in a different direction. Philomela became a nightingale, Prokne a swallow, and Tereus a peewit.

III.—KADMOS.

Kadmos, son of Agenor, King of Phoenicia, was the second stranger who settled in Greece. An account has already been given of the fate of his sister Europa, whom Zeus in the form of a bull carried off to Crete. Her father Agenor was inconsolable, and said to Kadmos, "Go forth and seek thy sister in all lands, and if thou canst not find her, never let me behold thy face again."

Not knowing whither to bend his steps, Kadmos enquired of the Delphic oracle, and received the following reply:

"Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plough;
Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
There measure out thy walls and build a town
And from thy guide Bœotia call the land,
In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand."

No sooner had Kadmos left the precincts of the temple than he beheld the cow as the oracle had foretold. Far, far, he followed her, over hills and plains, till at last she stopped, raised her head, bellowed fiercely, and then lay down to rest. Then Kadmos stooped to kiss the earth, and ordered his attendants to fetch water from a neighbouring spring with which to sprinkle the ground and consecrate it to Zeus:

"O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'errun with brambles, and perplex'd with thorns;
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.
Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,

Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poison to a monstrous size ;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes
. . . . . .
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes ;
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows."

When the servants let down the pail into the well, out of the watery depths appeared

"The sleeping serpent, with their sound
Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise ;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies
And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring eyes.
The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
And gazing round him, overlook'd the wood.
. . . . . .
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly :
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain ;
Some die entangled in the winding train ;
Some are devour'd or feel a loathsome death,
Swol'n up with blasts of pestilential breath."

Kadmos, wondering at the long absence of his followers, hastened into the wood in search of them, wrapped in a leopard's skin, and armed with a glistening spear :

"Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place
He saw his servants breathless on the grass ;
. . . . . .
'Such friends (he cries) deserv'd a longer date ;
But Cadmus will revenge or share their fate.
Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw,
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe :
A tower assaulted by so rude a stroke,

With all its lofty battlements had shook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plated scales,
That firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound.
. . . . . .
With more success the dart unerring flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw
Amid the plated scales it took its course.
. . . . . .
The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain.
. . . . . .
And now his rage, increasing with his pain
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein ;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal Stygian waters cast :
The plants around him wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravell'd, and without a fold :
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force,
Bears down the forest in his boisterous course.
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil ;
The pointed jav'lin warded off his rage ·
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
. . . . . .
But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight ;
For, whilst the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.
The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke,
And presses forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear ;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
That in th' extended neck a passage found,

And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail, he lash'd the sturdy oak;
Till spent with toil, and lab'ring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death."

While Kadmos stood gazing in wonder at the dead body of the monster, suddenly he heard a voice ask: "Why art thou standing thus and gazing on the dragon?" Starting back in great alarm, he beheld Pallas Athena, his protectress, who commanded him to take out the teeth of the dragon, and to sow them in the ground after he should have ploughed it up:

"He sows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows;
And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts;
O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms."

Then the armed men who had thus sprung out of the earth began to fight and slay one another till only five were left: these helped Kadmos to build the famous city of Thebes.

Kadmos, like Cecrops in Attica, was regarded as the benefactor of Boeotia. He taught the people agriculture and the use of iron, and introduced into their country the Phoenician gods and the letters of the alphabet.

Of his daughters, only Ino, Semele, the mother of Bacchos, and Awtonoë are known.

The tragic fate of Ino has already been related: the following is the full account given by Ovid. Juno descends

to the Underworld to bid the Furies punish Ino and her husband Athamas for having taken charge of the infant Bacchos:

"Down a steep yawning cave, where yews display'd
In arches meet, and lend a baleful shade,
Through silent labyrinths a passage lies
To mournful regions and infernal skies:
Here Styx exhales its noisome clouds: and here,
The fun'ral rites once paid, all souls appear.
. . . . . .
The queen of heav'n, to gratify her hate,
And soothe immortal wrath, forgets her state.
Down from the realms of day, to realms of night,
The goddess swift precipitates her flight.
At hell arriv'd, the noise hell's porter heard,
Th' enormous dog his triple head uprear'd:
Thrice from three grisly throats he howl'd profound,
Then suppliant couch'd, and stretch'd along the ground.
. . . . . .
Before a lofty, adamantine gate, the Furies sat;
. . . . . .
Th' implacable, foul daughters of the Night.
A sounding whip each bloody sister shakes,
Or from her tresses combs the curling snakes.
But now, great Juno's majesty was known,
. . . . . .
The hideous monsters their obedience shew'd
And, rising from their seats, submissive bow'd.
This is the palace of woe; here groan the dead,
. . . . . .
Poor Tantalus to taste the water tries,
But from his lips the faithless water flies:
Then thinks the bending tree he can command,
The tree starts backwards, and eludes his hand.
The labour too of Sisyphus is vain;
Up the steep mount he heaves the stone with pain,

Down from the summit rolls the stone again.
The Belidès their leaky vessels still
Are ever filling, and yet never fill.
. . . . . .
Stretch'd on the rolling wheel Ixion lies;
Himself he follows, and himself he flies."

Juno then informed the Furies that she had come to ask them to cause Athamas to commit some horrible crime, and thus bring destruction on the hated family:

"Then fell Tisiphonè with rage was stung,
And from her mouth th' untwisted serpents flung.
'To gain this boon, there is no need
(She cry'd) in formal speeches to proceed.
Whatever thou command'st to do, is done;
Believe it finish'd, though not yet begun.'
. . . . . .
She spoke: The goddess, darting upwards, flies,
And joyous re-ascends her native skies:
Nor enter'd there, till round her Iris threw
Ambrosial sweets, and pour'd celestial dew.
The faithful fury, guiltless of delays,
With cruel haste the dire command obeys.
. . . . . .
To Thebes her flight she sped, and hell forsook:
At her approach the Theban turrets shook;
The sun shrunk back, thick clouds the day o'ercast,
And springing greens were wither'd, as she pass'd.
Now, dismal yellings heard, strange spectres seen,
Confound as much the monarch as the queen.
In vain to quit the palace they prepared;
Tisiphonè was there, and kept the ward.
. . . . . .
Then from her middle locks two snakes she drew,
Whose merit from superior mischief grew:
Th' envenom'd ruin, thrown with spiteful care,

Clung to the bosoms of the hapless pair :
The hapless pair soon with wild thoughts were fir'd,
And madness, by a thousand ways inspir'd.

. . . . . .

Nor did th' unsated monster here give o'er,
But dealt of plagues afresh, unnumber'd store :
Each baneful juice too well she understood :

. . . . . .

Hot hemlock, and cold aconite she chose

. . . . . .

Whatever can untune th' harmonious soul,
And its mild, reas'ning faculties control ;

. . . . . .

Mix'd with curs'd art, she direfully around
Through all their nerves diffus'd the sad compound,
Then toss'd her torch in circles still the same,
Improv'd their rage, and added flame to flame.
The grinning Fury her own conquest spied,
And to her rueful shades return'd with pride,
And threw th' exhausted, useless snakes aside."

Athamas, mad with fury, called his companion to the chase, saying that he had just seen a lioness with two cubs, failing to recognise his wife Ino with her two children, so blinded was his reason :

"—Through his palace still he chas'd his queen,
Then tore Lëarchus from her breast : The child
Stretch'd little arms, and on its father smil'd :
A father now no more, who now begun
Around his head to whirl his giddy son,
And, quite insensible to nature's call,
The helpless infant flung against the wall.
The same mad poison in the mother wrought,
Young Melicerta in her arms she caught,
nd with disorder'd tresses, howling, flies.

. . . . . .

A rock there stood, whose side the beating waves
Had long consum'd, and hollow'd into caves:
The head shot forwards in a bending steep,
And cast a dreadful covert o'er the deep.
The wretched Ino on destruction bent,
Climb'd up the cliff; such strength her fury lent:
Thence with her guiltless boy, who wept in vain,
At one bold spring she plung'd into the main."

Aphrodite, who had witnessed all, pitied her, and entreated Poseidon to receive the unfortunate pair and transform them into sea-gods. He consented, and divesting their nature of all that was human endowed them with immortality. Ino became the sea-goddess Leucothea, and her son Melicertes, Palaemon.

Leucothea was always regarded as the protectress of shipwrecked mariners. Odysseus, for instance, experienced her rescuing power, while on his way from the island of Kalypso, when his ship was wrecked, and he himself was perishing in the waters, Poseidon having caused a mighty storm. Homer, in the Odyssey, thus describes it:

"The rolling flood,
Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood.
. . . . . .
And now the south, and now the north, bear sway,
And now the east the foamy floods obey,
And now the west wind whirls it o'er the sea.
The wandering chief with toils on toils oppress'd,
Leucothea saw, and pity touch'd her breast.
(Herself a mortal once, of Cadmus strain,
But now an azure sister of the main.)
Swift as a sea-mew springing from the flood,
All radiant on the raft the goddess stood:
Then thus address'd him: "Thou whom heaven decrees
To Neptune's wrath, stern tyrant of the seas!
. . . . . .

Strip off thy garments ; Neptune's fury brave,
With naked strength, and plunge into the wave.
. . . . . .
This heavenly scarf beneath thy bosom bind,
. . . . . .
Soon as thy arms the happy shore shall gain,
Return the gift, and cast it in the main,
Observe my orders and with heed obey,
Cast it far off, and turn thy eyes away."

Thus Odysseus, rescued by the goddess, reached in safety the island of Phaeacia.

Lykos, King of Thebes, was also a descendant of Kadmos. Seized with a strong antipathy to his niece Antiope, he cast her into prison, and permitted his wife Dirke to torment her cruelly. At length Antiope succeeded in escaping to Mount Kithaeron. Thither Dirke followed her, and as the Bacchanalian feasts were being celebrated, she joined the throng and searched the forests for Antiope. At length some of the Maenades discovered the unhappy victim, and brought her before Zethos and Amphion, sons of Zeus and Antiope.

These youths were ignorant of their parentage, having been, while yet babes, left by their mother on Mount Kithaeron, where they were found by a shepherd. One of the gods, whether Zeus, Apollo, or Hermes is not known, gave Amphion a lyre and taught him to play it. Soon he gained like Orpheus such marvellous skill in this art that the wild beasts followed him, and the trees bent down to listen to the enchanting tones he drew forth.

When the captive Antiope stood before Amphion and his brother, neither recognising the other, Zethos was about to deliver her up to Dirke, but Antiope related her history, which was confirmed by the shepherd ; and Zethus and

Amphion recognising their long-lost mother, vowed vengeance against Dirke. Collecting a band of their friends and companions, they marched on Thebes, and, having slain Lykos, Amphion became king; while the cruel Dirke was dragged to death by being fastened by her hair to a wild bull. A beautiful marble group depicting her fate is preserved at Naples, and known by the name of the "Farnesian Bull."

IV.—DANAOS.

Danaos, the third settler in Greece, was a son of the Egyptian Belos. After a quarrel with his brother Aegyptos, he determined to leave his country; and having built a ship by the advice of Athene, he set sail for Greece and landed at Argos in the Peloponnesus.

Gelanor, at that time King of Argos, received him kindly, but Danaos rewarded his hospitality by driving him from his kingdom and usurping his throne. Aegyptos then effected a reconciliation with his brother, and, to form a bond between them, Danaos married his fifty daughters to the fifty sons of Aegyptos.

But Danaos could not forget his old disagreement with his brother; and, moreover, an oracle had predicted that he would die by the hand of one of his sons-in-law. He therefore commanded all his daughters to kill their husbands in one night.

They all obeyed him except the youngest, Hypermnestra, who, dearly loving her husband Lynkeus, acquainted him with her father's orders, and fled with him in the darkness of the night. Having placed him in safety she returned to Danaos, who, in his rage against her, threw her into prison.

But all the inhabitants of Argos begged for her deliverance, and at length his anger was appeased, and he released her. He also pardoned Lynkeus, who afterwards became his successor.

The forty-nine sisters of Hypermnestra, called the Danaides, were condemned in the Underworld, as a punishment for their unnatural crime, to fill with water a bottomless vessel by means of bottomless cans. Unceasingly they labour on, but in vain—their task is unending.

V.—PELOPS.

Pelops, son of Tantalos, King of Phrygia, was the fourth foreigner who established himself in Greece. Landing at Elis, on the west coast of the Peloponnesus, he was welcomed with great hospitality by King Oenomaos, who challenged him to a chariot race, promising to give him his daughter Hippodamia in marriage, should he be successful.

Pelops, to secure the victory to himself, bribed the charioteer of Oenomaus, and thus arrived first at the goal. He married Hippodamia, and succeeded to the throne of Elis on the death of his father-in-law.

The deadly quarrel of the sons of Pelops—Atreus and Thyestes—we shall relate further on.

VI.—PERSEUS.

Acrisios, King of Argos, a descendant of Lynkeus, had been warned by an oracle that he would die by the hand of his grandson. "Never shall that come to pass," he cried, "for my daughter Danaë shall never marry;" and he caused

her to be imprisoned in a dungeon. But the power of Zeus was greater than that of Acrisios, and Danaë became the wife of mighty Jove, and the mother of Perseus. Then her enraged father, in great fear for the fulfilment of the prediction, determined that his daughter and her child should die. And Danaë was led to the sea-shore—she and her child placed in a large wooden chest—and thus thrown to the mercy of the waves. But the kind Nereides would not leave them to perish; they bore the chest gently over the heaving sea to the island of Seriphos, where she was welcomed by King Polydektes.

When Perseus grew up to manhood, Polydektes, fearing his bold and daring spirit, encouraged him to go in search of adventures. First Perseus determined to kill the Gorgon Medusa, and in this the young hero received the aid of the gods themselves. Pluto bestowed on him a bright helmet, which rendered him invisible while he wore it; Hermes gave him winged sandals to enable him to pass through the air swifter than the flight of an eagle. From Hephaestos he received a diamond sickle, from Pallas a shield of such brilliantly polished steel, that everything was reflected in it as in a looking glass.

Thus armed, Perseus went forth on his way to the land of the Gorgons. And first he came to the country of the Graeæ, just at the time when the monsters were exchanging the one eye which they had in common, and thus they were unable to see him. Quickly stretching forth his hand he wrenched the eye from them, and then hastened onwards. And now at length he reached the dread abode of the Gorgons. Again fortune favoured Perseus, for the fearful sisters and the snakes which twined round their heads lay asleep in their lonesome dwelling. All around he beheld the men and animals that had been turned into stone at

sight of the head of Medusa. Uplifting the shield given him by Minerva, in order that the fearful face might be mirrored in it, and that thus he might protect himself from its deadly effect, he severed the head from the body with one blow of the diamond sickle.

Casting a veil over the dead face, to hide it from his eyes, Perseus placed it in a bag, and bore it from the cave. But now the awakened Gorgons rushed after him with loud cries; terrible was their anger that the doom of Medusa had been accomplished, and the snakes around their heads hissed forth deadly venom. Only by means of the winged sandals which bore him through the air, and the magic helmet which hid him from their sight, did Perseus escape from their fury.

On his return he came to the giant Atlas, son of Japetus, one of the Titans, who dwelt in a splendid palace near which pastured thousands of flocks and herds, while behind the palace, in a lovely garden, grew golden apples which were guarded by a dragon. Perseus begged for a night's lodging from the giant, but Atlas, fearful that he might be robbed of his golden fruit, bid him angrily "Begone," and drove him roughly from the door. Then Perseus, averting his face, grasped the head of Medusa, and held it before the eyes of Atlas. Immediately the giant was transformed into a range of mountains; his hair and beard became forests, his arms stretched out into rents and clefts, while his head formed the highest peak of the chain. And as, when he was a giant, he supported the heavens on his shoulders, so now the sky and clouds rest on his crest.

Onward again sped Perseus, his winged sandals carrying him through the air like a dream, until he reached the shores of a dark sea, where, chained to a huge rock, which rose out of the heeaing waters, the hero beheld a maiden

of surpassing beauty. It was Andromeda, daughter of Kepheus, King of Ethiopia. Cassiopea, her mother, had once boasted of her child's great beauty, and proudly said that, among all the Nereids, none was so fair as she. In revenge the sea-nymphs had prevailed on Poseidon to send a flood over the land, and out of the waters rose a mighty monster, who spread devastation and destruction far and wide. In fear and terror the oracle was consulted, and the answer came that Andromeda must be chained to a rock, and be devoured by the huge reptile.

Thus was the maiden awaiting her cruel fate, amidst the rising waters that furiously lashed the rocks. Even as Perseus reached her, the roar of the monster was heard :

> "Aloud the virgin cries ;
> Each parent to her shrieks, in shrieks replies ;
> But she had deepest cause to rend the skies.
> Weeping to her they cling ; no sign appears
> Of help, they only lend their helpless tears."

"Weep not, Maiden," said Perseus, "the time is short, and only swift aid can help thee," and he promised to rescue Andromeda, if her parents would grant her to him in marriage as a reward. Gladly they consented, and Perseus went forth to meet the beast :

> "As well-rigg'd valleys, which slaves, sweating, row,
> With their sharp beaks the whiten'd ocean plow :
> So when the monster mov'd, still at his back
> The furrow'd waters left a foamy track.
> Now to the rock he was advanc'd so nigh,
> Whirl'd from a sling a stone the space would fly.
> Then bounding, upwards the brave Perseus sprung,
> And in mid air on hov'ring pinions hung.
> His shadow quickly floated on the main,
> The monster could not his wild rage restrain,
> But at the floating shadow leap'd in vain."

Perseus did not leave him time to discover his mistake; swiftly descending, he drove the crooked sword into the monster's back, who

"Impatient of the pain
First bounded high, and then sunk low again.
Now, like a savage boar, when chaf'd with wounds,
And bay'd with op'ning mouths of hungry hounds,
He on the foe turns with collected might,
Who still eludes him with an airy flight.
And wheeling round, the scaly armour tries
Of his thick sides: his thinner tail now plies:
Till, from repeated strokes, out gush'd a flood,
And the waves redden'd with the streaming blood.
At last, the dropping wings, befoam'd all o'er,
With flaggy heaviness their master bore."

Then, the brave Perseus, standing on a rock that rose above the waters, thrust the sword once, twice, thrice into the side of the dying beast, till he sank beneath the waves of the green sea.

Loud rang the shouts of joy and gladness from the shore, and Kepheus and Kassiopea fulfilled their promise that the rescued maiden should become the wife of the great hero. But before he left the shore, Perseus stooped to wash the blood from his hands, and he laid the head of Medusa on some reeds close by. Immediately the rushes were turned to stone:

"Fresh, juicy twigs, surpris'd, the Nereids brought,
Fresh, juicy twigs the same contagion caught.
The nymphs the petrifying seeds still keep,
And propagate the wonder through the deep.
The pliant sprays of coral yet declare
Their stiff'ning nature, when expos'd to air.
Those sprays, which did, like bending osiers, move,
Snatch'd from their element, obdurate prove,
And shrubs beneath the waves, grow stones above."

Now, with gladness of heart, Perseus led Andromeda to the palace of her father, and great preparations were made for the marriage-feast of the hero and his bride. All the chambers shone with silver and gold, and were decorated with flowers; from the hearth rose the odour of savoury preparations; all the neighbouring princes came to celebrate the marriage, and mirth and festivity reigned throughout.

While all seated at the banquet were listening to the story which Perseus was relating of his adventures since he left Seriphos, a loud noise was suddenly heard, and Phineus, brother of Kepheus strode into the palace surrounded by armed followers. Fierce was the anger in his heart, for his promised bride Andromeda had been given to the stranger Perseus. He had come to avenge himself for the injury, and strife and angry words arose between the two parties. Perseus struck down one of his foes with a lance, disarmed another with his sword, killed a third with a fire-brand, and a fourth with a stamp of his foot; but those on his side were rapidly falling, and he began to see that he must in the end yield to force of numbers.

Then placing himself with his back against a pillar, he cried above the din of the combat, "Turn aside all ye who fight on my side!" and unveiled the Gorgon's head. There, as they stood with wrathful faces, and hands outstretched to strike, his foes were turned to stone. Phineus, with averted face, begged for mercy:

> "Hence with the head, as far as winds and seas
> Can bear thee; Hence; O quit the Cephèn shore,
> And never curse us with Medusa more;
> . . . . . .
> I warr'd not with thee out of hate or strife,
> My honest cause was to defend my wife,
> First pledged to me. . . .

Mine was the title, but the merit thine.

. . . . . .

'Twas thine to conquer by Minerva's power ;
Favour'd of heaven, thy mercy I implore ;
For life I sue ; the rest to thee I yield."

But Perseus sternly answered : "Iron shall not harm thee, nevertheless thou art doomed," and as he spoke he turned the fatal head till its face looked upon his enemy, and Phineus, too, became a figure of stone.

And now once more the son of Danae set forth to return to his mother, bearing with him his young wife, and at length they reached the isle of Seriphos. Polydectes had treated Danaë most cruelly during the absence of her son, and now received Perseus coldly, and refused to believe in his adventures, affirming that the slaying of Medusa was a mere fable. Then Perseus in anger exclaimed : "Thou, thyself, shall prove its truth," and bidding all save Polydectes turn away their eyes, he raised the ghastly head, and the king was turned to stone. Thus did Perseus avenge the wrongs of his mother.

The head of the Gorgon he presented to Pallas, who placed it upon her shield.

Then the hero set sail for Argos, and on his arrival was welcomed by his grandfather Acrisius, who by this time had forgotten the prediction of the oracle. But the decrees of fate are unalterable. One day as Acrisius and Perseus were hurling the quoit in a field near Argos, guided by an unseen power the missile of Perseus struck his grandfather on the forehead, and the old man fell lifeless to the ground. Bitterly did Perseus grieve for the deed which he had unwittingly done. The death of Acrisius made him King of Argos, but he could not live in a spot which had so sorrowful recollections for him. He resigned the crown to

his kinsman Megapenthes, and in exchange received from him the kingdom of Tiryns. Here he built the city of Mykenae, where he principally resided, and which he bequeathed to his son Sthenelos, while the kingdom of Tiryns descended to his other son Alcaeos. After his death Perseus was worshipped as a hero, and a temple was dedicated to him.

VII.—HERAKLES OR HERCULES.

Amphitryon, son of Alcaeos, King of Tiryns, and therefore a grandson of Perseus, married the beautiful Alkmene, unaware that Zeus, who frequently interfered in the affairs of mortals, had already chosen Alkmene as his wife. So it was that her son Herakles was also the son of Zeus.

On the day on which Herakles was born, Zeus came to the assembled gods, and with joy and pride announced, "This day shall be born a child who shall be lord of his race, and mightiest of the sons of men." It was the evil counsel of Ate which had led Zeus to make this boast; and Hera, discerning that the child must be the son of Zeus and Alkmene, determined to revenge herself. She entreated Zeus to confirm his declaration with the solemn oath of the gods. This he did, and she hastened to Argos, and brought it about that Eurystheus, also of the race of Perseus, and afterwards King of Mykenae, should be born before Herakles. The oath of Zeus could not be altered, and thus Eurystheus, not Herakles, became lord of his race, and the son of Alkmene was bound all his life to serve a weak and crafty master.

Even while yet a babe, the marvellous strength of Herakles displayed itself; for as he lay one day sleeping in

his cradle, two large snakes sent by Hera came and coiled themselves about it, then Herakles fearlessly stretched forth his hands and crushed them to death in his strong grasp. As he grew older, men marvelled more and more at his great strength, and he had noble teachers who instructed him in all that was good and wise : the clever Linus taught him to play the lyre ; the Centaur Chiron was his friend, and his instructor in the use of medicinal herbs, while other Centaurs taught him dexterity in wielding arms.

One day, while tending Amphitryon's flocks on Mount Kithaeron, thinking of his future and of the toils that lay before him, he came to a spot whence two paths diverged, and raising his eyes, saw, advancing towards him, two women of superhuman beauty. The one, crowned with flowers and clothed in a brilliant red garment, danced gaily up to him, and entreated him to follow her along the flowery path on the left hand. Here she promised him innumerable pleasures, to gain which neither trouble nor toil were required.

Grasping her hand he was on the point of yielding to her persuasions, when her companion, a tall woman of noble bearing and kind and gentle face, arrayed in pure white, spoke to him : "Beware, Herakles ! follow not the daughter of Pleasure. True, her path at the commencement is gay with flowers, but soon it terminates in a terrible morass, from whence thou couldst never extricate thyself, and thine end would be everlasting destruction. Seek my path which lies to the right. At first it is narrow, steep, and thorny, and there are many obstacles in it which thou must overcome, but nothing great is ever reached without labour ; and as thou advancest farther along it, it will become beautiful to thine eyes, at every step fair scenes will greet thee. Love me, and obey my behests, then at last

thou wilt reach the home of the undying gods, where, after all thy toils, a noble reward awaits thee."

"Who art thou, wondrous being?" asked Herakles.

And the maiden answered, "I am Virtue, my companion is Vice, who knows not the pleasures of toil." Bowing his head, Herakles swore to follow the path of Virtue, which brings to those who choose it renown and immortality.

Soon now were the great toils of the hero to begin, with strength and courage he must do good deeds for the sons of men. First he slew an enormous lion on Mount Kithaeron; then he aided Kreon, King of Thebes, in a conflict with a neighbouring prince, and received from him for this service his daughter Megara in marriage, by whom he had eight children. But the restless hatred of Hera ever pursued him, and one day she caused him to slay his wife and children in a fit of passion. Bitter repentance followed the deed, and he enquired of the oracle how he could restore peace to his conscience. "Go to Eurystheus," was the answer, "and perform the twelve labours which he will assign to thee."

So Herakles went forth to do the will of Eurystheus, and to toil in many lands.

These are the labours of the great hero:

(1.) Killing the Nemean lion.

In a rocky cave near the town of Nemea in the Peloponnesus lived a lion, a descendant of Orthrus and Echidna. His strength was enormous, his ferocity terrible; no weapon could penetrate through his skin; and as he devastated the country far and wide, Eurystheus commanded Herakles to destroy him. Blocking up one entrance to the cave, the hero entered by the other, grasped the monster with both hands, and by an effort of superhuman strength strangled him. Stripping off the skin of the huge animal,

Herakles then threw it round his shoulders as a mantle, and returned to Mykenae.

(2.) Death of the Lernean Hydra.

This enormous serpent was a descendant of Typhon and Echidna, and inhabited the swamps of Lernae. It had nine, or, according to some accounts, fifty heads, the centre one of which could neither be cut off nor destroyed. It was against this terrible monster that Herakles was sent forth. Rousing it from its lair, he seized it with his strong hands, and began to cut off one head after the other; but from every stump immediately there sprang two fresh heads. Hera, too, to add to the difficulty of his task, sent a gigantic crab, which bit his feet, but was at length killed by a blow from his club. Then Herakles called to his assistance his sword-bearer, Iolaos, and made him set fire to a forest, and pass a burning brand over each stump, as soon as the hero himself had severed the head from it. Thus he prevented the growth of fresh heads, and at last there only remained the imperishable centre one, which he buried in a deep pit, rolling upon it a huge piece of rock. Before leaving the spot Herakles dipped his arrows in the poisonous blood of the monster serpent.

(3.) Capture of the Erymanthian Boar.

On Mount Erymanthus in Arcadia roamed a savage boar, whose ferocious aspect struck terror to the hearts of all who beheld him. Long did Herakles seek in vain to capture him, but at last he succeeded in so completely tiring that animal, by driving him through heavy snow drifts, that he was easily overtaken. Then putting forth his mighty strength he threw the boar across his shoulders, and carried him alive to Eurystheus.

(4.) Hunting the sacred hind.

This hind was consecrated to Artemis, and had horns of

gold and feet of brass. So swift was she that neither man nor beast could overtake her. For a whole year did Herakles hunt her, on foot, among the mountains of Maenalos in Arcadia; at length he succeeded in coming sufficiently near to wound her in the foot. Thus lamed he took her alive, and brought her alive to Eurystheus.

(5.) Destruction of the Stymphalides.

These terrible birds infested the swampy shores of Lake Stymphalos. They had brazen wings, beaks, and claws, and their iron feathers shot forth like arrows, and mortally wounded whoever they touched. Herakles roused them from their nests, by rattling a brazen clapper given him by Athene, and as they lazily rose into the air he shot one after another with his poisoned arrows.

(6.) Cleansing of the Augean stables.

This was a strange task. Augeas, King of Elis in the Peloponnesus, although possessing more than thirty thousand oxen, had never had his stables cleansed for thirty years. Having heard of the wonderful strength and mighty deeds of Herakles, Augeas begged him to come and perform for him this task, at the same time promising him a reward for his labour. Eurystheus allowed him to accede to the request of the King of Elis, stipulating only that he should accomplish the work in one day. Then Herakles, by cutting a canal, turned the waters of the neighbouring river Alpheos into the stables, and so cleansed them speedily. But when he claimed from the king his promised reward, the latter refused to grant it, alleging that Herakles had not executed the task unassisted, which refusal so enraged the hero that he slew Augeas.

(7.) Capture of the Cretan bull.

Poseidon, to punish the inhabitants of Crete for omitting to

perform a certain vow, sent to their island a fierce bull, which spouted fire from its nostrils, and committed great havoc. Herakles, in obedience to the commands of Eurystheus, captured it and brought it alive to Mykenae.

(8.) Carrying off the steeds of Diomedes.

This was a dangerous feat, for the horses of Diomedes, King of Thrace, fed on human flesh, and were ferocious animals, their mouths emitting smoke and flame. Every stranger who landed was given to them to devour. But Herakles killed Diomedes, and then cast his body before the steeds. They became tame after eating the flesh, and thus he succeeded in bringing them to Eurystheus.

(9.) Seizure of the belt of Hippolyte.

Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons or women-warriors, possessed a belt of wondrous beauty, which Herakles was directed to obtain possession of, even using force if necessary. She, however, willingly relinquished it to him, for the mighty hero had found favour in the sight of the brave queen, and on his departure she accompanied him to the shore, near which lay his vessel. But Hera, assuming the form of an Amazon, persuaded the subjects of Hippolyte that the stranger intended to carry off their queen, and mounting their horses they rushed to rescue her. Herakles, believing this to be an act of treachery on the part of Hippolyte, slew her, and putting to flight the rest of the Amazons, carried off the girdle.

(10.) Capture of the herds of Geryones.

Far away in sunny Spain pastured the beautiful purple oxen of the three-headed giant Geryones, son of Chrysaor. Herakles, sent by Eurystheus to secure them, first slew Eurytion, the herdsman who guarded them, and his dog Orthrus, and then was in the act of leading away the oxen when Geryones himself, aided by Hera, fell upon him. A

fierce combat ensued, in which Herakles succeeded in slaying the giant. Then, taking with him the herds, the hero commenced his return journey to Greece. Passing through Italy he arrived at Rome, where he lay down to rest, and slept. He awoke to find several of his oxen missing, and in no way could he account for their disappearance, for although he discovered their footprints, they led *out* of a cavern hard by, not *into* it. He was about to give up the search in despair when he heard the loud bellowing of the animals inside the cave. A gigantic flame-breathing robber, named Cacus, had stolen them, and to conceal the theft he had dragged them in backwards by their tails. Herakles endeavoured to force his way into the cave, but an enormous piece of rock, too heavy for ten pairs of oxen to move, blocked the entrance. So he determined to break in the roof, but Cacus drove him back by sending forth clouds of smoke and flame. Herakles was, however, still undaunted; again he descended into the dark cavern, and in the end, after a furious encounter with Cacus, succeeded in killing him with his club.

Now Herakles brought the oxen in safety to Mykenae, and he thought surely his labours must be at an end. But Eurystheus declared that having been assisted in killing the Hydra and in cleansing the Augean stables, he must yet go forth again to perform two other tasks, and they were to be more difficult still than those he had already done.

(11.) Fetching the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides.

These apples had been intrusted to the daughter of Atlas, who kept them, guarded by a fierce dragon, in a beautiful garden in the land of the setting sun. Knowing not where to seek the apples, Herakles sought information from the sea-god Nereus; but he, unwilling to disclose the way to the

garden, tried by assuming various forms to evade answering the questions addressed to him. At last Herakles finding him asleep, seized him and forced him to point out the road. Then the hero journeyed on to the giant Atlas, who had not yet been changed into a mountain. When Herakles asked him how the apples of the Hesperides could be obtained, he undertook himself to procure the golden fruit from his daughters if Herakles would support the heavens for him during his absence. Herakles agreed, and Atlas presently returned with the apples; he refused however to relieve Herakles of his burden. Then said Herakles, "Listen, I am willing to bear the load if thou wilt take the apples to Eurystheus; but first must I put a pad upon my shoulders, do thou support the weight until I seek one." The giant complied, but no sooner had he resumed the burden than Herakles secured the apples and hastened away.

Other poets relate that the hero himself fetched the fruit, and slew the dragon who kept guard. Eurystheus returned the apples to Herakles, and he took them to Athene, who restored them to the care of the Hesperides.

(12.) Bringing Kerberos from the Underworld.

Eurystheus now commanded Herakles to bring from the lower world Kerberos, the fierce three-headed watch-dog of Pluto. The hero descended to Tartaros, grasped the savage animal, and dragged him to the Upperworld. Kerberos struggled violently when he saw the daylight, his eyes seemed starting from his head, from his three throats issued wild howls, and foam dropped from his jaws; whenever it fell the poisonous plant, aconite of hellebore, sprang up. But his captor held him fast, and brought him to Eurystheus, who died of terror at sight of the ferocious beast.

Thus were completed, after long toil, the twelve great

labours of Herakles. And many other wonderful deeds did he accomplish, which were not at the bidding of Eurystheus. On his way to Spain to fetch the oxen of Geryones, the mighty hero came to the place which is now Gibraltar. At that time Europe and Africa were joined, but Herakles tore them asunder, and Abyla and Calpe, the mountains on either side of the strait, were long known as the pillars of Herakles.

In the war of the gods against the giants and the Aloidae, Herakles fought on the side of the former, killing two of the giants and blinding Ephialtes with his arrows. The gods themselves feared his strength. Once he forced Apollo to foretell to him the future, by possessing himself of the god's tripod; and whilst on his journey to Geryones, the rays of the sun so scorched him that he shot at Helios with his arrows. The sun-god admired the boldness of the audacious act, and he gave Herakles his golden chalice in which to cross the sea, and although Poseidon sent a great storm it was powerless to harm him. Herakles, too, threatened to shoot the mighty sea-god with his arrows, so Poseidon commanded the waves to subside, and he continued his journey in safety.

Other great deeds of Herakles have been already related, such as his bringing Alkestis back from the Underworld, liberating Prometheus, killing Laomedon, King of Troy, and rescuing Hesione.

Once during his wanderings Herakles reached Occhalia in the island of Euboea, and in the halls of King Eurytos he beheld his lovely daughter Iole. He entreated her father to bestow on him the gentle maiden, and when he refused, Herakles in anger slew him. Then he stole away the horses of Iphitos, brother of Iole, and when their owner came to him in search of them, he led him to the top of a

high mountain and cast him thence into the sea, carrying away Iole as a slave. The gods were wrathful at these deeds, and punished him with severe illness. He consulted the oracle, and the answer came: "Only shalt thou be pardoned when thou hast thyself served for three years as a slave." Hermes then sold the hero to Omphale, Queen of Lydia, whose lightest behest he was bound to obey. So submissive was he, that he often sat at the spinning wheel, clad in woman's clothes, while Omphale herself donned his lion's skin, and toyed with his club.

Herakles joined in the Argonautic Expedition, but only proceeded as far as the neighbourhood of Troy. Here his favourite attendant, a boy named Hylas, landed to fetch water from a spring, and was captured by the Naiades. Herakles went in search of him, thus separating himself from his companions, who continued their voyage without him.

In Calydon, a town of Aetolia, Herakles saw and wooed Deianira, the beautiful daughter of King Oeneus, but the river-god Acheloos also sought her in marriage, when both suitors agreed to contend for her hand. Accordingly they wrestled together, but when the river-god felt that the superior strength of Herakles was forcing him to the ground, he transformed himself into a snake. Herakles laughed at this artifice, and cried:

"Such foes my cradle knew,
. . dire snakes my infant hand o'erthrew;
. . . . . .
Art thou proportioned to the Hydra's length,
Who, by his wounds, receiv'd augmented strength?
He rais'd a hundred hissing heads in air,
While one I lopped, up sprang a dreadful pair.
. . . . . .

Singly I quell'd him, and stretch'd dead along.
What canst thou do, a form precarious, prove
To rouse my rage with terrors not thy own?"
He said ; and round my neck his hands he cast,
And, with his straining fingers, wrung me fast ;
My throat he tortured, close as pincers clasp,
In vain I strove to loose the forceful grasp.
Thus vanquished too, a third form still remains,
Chang'd to a bull, my lowing fills the plains,
Straight on the left his nervous arms were thrown
Upon my brindled neck, and tugg'd it down ;
Then deep he struck my horn into the sand,
And felled my bulk among the dusty land.
Nor yet his fury cool'd ; 'twixt rage and scorn,
From my maim'd front he tore the stubborn horn.

The Naiades took the horn, and consecrated it as the Cornucopia, or Horn of Plenty.

Thus was the combat ended, and the vanquished Acheloos threw himself into his river, and Deianira became the wife of Herakles ; their son was called Hyllus. On his way home with his wife Herakles came to the turbulent river Evenos, which had overflowed its banks. While deliberating how he should carry Deianira through its swollen waters, the Centaur Nessos approached and offered to bear her across on his back. Herakles accepted this proposal, threw his cloak and bow to the opposite bank, and wrapping himself in his lion's skin, swam through the stream. Scarcely had he reached the shore when heartrending cries from Deianira met his ear, and looking round he saw Nessos carrying her off.

" Nessus, to thee I call (aloud he cries)
Vain is thy trust in flight, be timely wise :
Thou monster double-shap'd, my right set free ;
. . . . . .

Think not perfidious wretch, from me to fly,
Though wing'd with horse's speed ; wounds shall pursue :
Swift as his words, the fatal arrow flew :
The Centaur's back admits the feather'd wood,
And through his breast the barbed arrow stood."

As the blood streamed from the wound inflicted by the poisoned arrow of Herakles, Nessos in revenge told Deianira to preserve it. "If ever thy husband's love grow cold, let him wear a garment steeped in this blood, and immediately his affection will return to thee with two-fold strength."

Having thus spoken, the Centaur died.

Years passed on, and Herakles still journeyed through many lands, doing deeds of courage and valour, but Deianira began at last to think that his love had passed away from her, and she remembered the words of Nessos, and sought to win it to herself again. Quickly dipping a robe in the blood of Nessos, she sent it to him by a messenger, entreating him to put it on without delay, and he, not knowing that, being poisoned, it would torture its wearer with excruciating pains, obeyed her bequest :

" Th' unwitting hero takes the gift in haste,
And o'er his shoulders Lerna's poison cast,
As first the fire with frankincense he strews,
And utters to the gods his holy vows ;
And on the marble altar's polish'd frame
Pours forth the grapy stream ; the rising flame
Sudden dissolves the subtle pois'nous juice,
Which taints his blood, and all his nerves bedews.
With wonted fortitude he bore the smart,
And not a groan confess'd his burning heart.
At length his patience was subdu'd by pain,
He rends the sacred altar from the plain ;
Oete's wide forests echo with his cries :

Now to rip off the dreadful robe he tries.
Where'er he plucks the vest, the skin he tears,
. . . or raging with his pain,
To rend the sticking plague he tugs in vain.
As the red iron hisses in the flood,
So boils the venom in his curdlIng blood.
. . . . . .
Then, lifting both his hands aloft, he cries :
. . . Dread Empress of the skies,
Sate with my death the rancour of thy heart,
Look down with pleasure, and enjoy my smart."

Then seizing the unfortunate messenger, who, falling at his feet, begged for mercy, Hercules raised him high in the air :

"He toss'd him o'er his head with airy course,
And hurl'd with more than with an engine's force.
Far o'er th' Eubœan main aloof he flies,
And hardens, by degrees, amid the skies.
. . . . . .
Thus whirl'd with nervous force through distant air,
The purple tide forsook his veins, with fear ;
All moisture left his limbs. Transform'd to stone,
In ancient days the craggy flint was known ;
Still in th' Eubœan waves his front he rears,
Still the small rock in human form appears,
And still the name of hapless Lychas bears."

On enquiring of an oracle what would assuage his pains, he was commanded to erect a funeral pile on Mount Oeta. Well did Herakles understand the meaning of these words. He made all necessary preparations, cutting down the trees himself, and then he caused his bow, arrows, and club to be brought to him. The two first he gave to his friend Philoktetes, and then he spread his lion's skin on the pile, stepped on to it, and stood there, leaning on his club, as

calm and unconcerned as though he were about to join a banquet. The pile was set alight at his behest by his son Hyllos, and thus at length did the toil of the great hero come to an end. Long had he laboured among men, until his name was known throughout the earth for the brave and good deeds that he had done. Now his time of rest was to begin.

Fiercer and fiercer raged the flames around the pile, until all that was earthly in Herakles perished, and only his god-like nature remained :

> " So when Alcidès mortal mould resign'd,
> His better part enlarg'd, and grew refin'd ;
> August his visage shone ; almighty Jove
> In his swift car his honour'd offspring drove ;
> High o'er the hollow clouds the coursers fly,
> And lodge the hero in the starry sky."

There in the halls of Olympus was Herakles welcomed by the ever-living gods, and Hebe, Goddess of Youth, became his wife, exemplifying that youth and strength are generally combined.

Herakles is most often represented as a tall, muscular man, broad-shouldered, broad-chested, and with short curling hair and beard. Of the ancient statues of him that have been preserved, the most celebrated is the so-called " Farnesian Hercules." *

Another beautiful piece of sculpture is the Torso, the remains of a statue of Hercules, in the Vatican at Rome.

* So called from having been long preserved in the art collection of the Farnese Palace in Rome, but this, as well as the Farnesian Bull, has since been removed to Naples.

VIII.—ATREUS AND THYESTES.

Atreus and **Thyestes**, sons of Pelops, having murdered their half brother Chrysippos, because they imagined their father loved him the most, sought shelter with Eurystheus, King of Mykenae, whom Herakles served. Not only did he grant his protection to the two brothers, but soon afterwards bestowed on Atreus his daughter Aërope in marriage, and at his death his son-in-law succeeded him as King of Mykenae.

Thyestes still continued to live with his brother, but at length, fired with fierce anger on perceiving that he was trying to gain the love of Aërope, Atreus drove him from his palace and kingdom. Thyestes vowed vengeance on his brother, and then commenced a deadly quarrel between them, into which the old poets introduced all the most fearful crimes of which man in his wildest state is capable.

Having carried off the infant son of Atreus, Thyestes instilled into the boy as he grew up the most violent hatred against his father; and at last the youth was incited by his uncle to kill Atreus, not knowing that he himself was his son. Although he came in disguise to Mykenae he was captured in the very act of committing murder, and Atreus, not knowing who he was, caused him to be put to death with frightful tortures.

Then Thyestes rejoiced at the success of his scheme of revenge. He sent a message to Atreus, saying: "Dost thou know whom thou hast thus tortured and slain? It was none other than thine own son." Horror-struck at the deed he had been forced to commit, the sole thought of Atreus was how to avenge the death of his son.

Therefore he sent to Thyestes, proposing a reconciliation. "Come," he said, "let us bury all old feuds, and celebrate our renewed friendship by a brotherly banquet."

Thyestes came: Atreus at the feast caused a dish of meat to be placed before his brother, and when he had heartily partaken of it, asked him with a fiendish laugh: "Canst thou not guess whose flesh it is which thou hast just eaten?" And at the same moment he threw down the heads and hands of the sons of Thyestes before the face of their father. He had caused the youths to be secretly murdered and their flesh prepared for their father's repast.

Horror and dismay seized on all, and darkness overshadowed the earth, for Helios, the sun-god, hid his face, that no light might shine on the fearful deed.

Thyestes, in bitter anger, fled from the dwelling of his unnatural brother, and consulted the oracle as to what course he should pursue. The reply was, that his son and grandson would avenge the deed; and this prophecy was indeed fulfilled, for some years afterwards Ægisthus, son of Thyestes, having slain Atreus, and driven away his sons Agamemnon and Menelaos, placed his own father upon the throne of Mykenae. It was not till after the death of Thyestes that Agamemnon recovered his father's kingdom, and became King of Mykenae.

IX.—THESEUS.

Aegeus, one of the descendants of Kekrops and Pandion, had been twice married, but had no son, which was a sore grief to him. At length he sought the advice of the Delphic oracle, but the answer received was so mysterious that he could not comprehend it. On his way back he went to Pittheus, King of Thrace, and asked him the meaning of the oracle's reply. Pittheus at once declared it to be that Aegeus should marry his daughter Aethra.

The wedding was celebrated with great festivities, but afterwards Aegeus recollected that his wife Chalciope was yet alive. Not daring to rouse her anger by bringing home her rival, he left Aethra with her father Pittheus. But before his departure he showed to her his sword and sandals: "These," he said, "I will place beneath that mass of rock, which none but a very powerful man can move. When our son is born tell him not that I am his father till he is strong enough to lift this stone. Then let him take and wear my sword and sandals, and send him unto me at Athens. By them I shall know that he is indeed my son."

Thus Theseus grew up in ignorance of his father's name, and not until he became a fine manly youth, possessed of courage and heroism far beyond his years, did his mother tell him that he was the son of the brave Aegeus. Proudly she led him to the rock, which he lifted with ease, and there beneath it lay the sword and sandals. Taking these with him Theseus, having bidden his mother farewell, went to seek his father.

His shortest way was by ship to Athens, but he chose the longer by land, wishing to do battle on his road with the giants and monsters with which it was infested, for he had made a vow not to appear before his father until he had gained for himself fame and renown.

First he went to Epidaurus, where dwelt the giant Periphetes, who killed all passing travellers with an enormous iron club. As soon as Theseus approached he rushed upon him, but the valiant youth was too strong, and wrenching the club from his hands, swung it high in the air and struck him lifeless to the ground. Next he met with Sinis, a robber who slew all wayfarers who fell into his hands by fastening them between two fir-trees, which he bent together and then let spring asunder. Theseus put Sinis himself to death in the same manner, and then proceeded onward till he encountered the giant Skiron, who compelled all travellers to stop and wash his feet, and then, as they stooped to do his bidding, hurled them from the rocks on which he was seated into the watery abyss beneath. But when he tried to force Theseus to wash his feet the hero turned quickly upon him, and flung Skiron himself into the foaming depths.

At last Theseus came to the robber Prokrustes, who tortured those whom he captured by placing them on one of his two iron beds. If his victim was short, he put him on the longest bed, crying, "How short thou art! But wait, I will soon make thee taller," and he stretched the limbs of his wretched prisoner till he tore him in pieces. If on the contrary the captive was tall, Prokrustes placed him on the smaller bed. "Thou art much too large," he would say, "but soon will I fit thee to the bed," and then he cut off his legs and head. But when Prokrustes approached to seize Theseus, the hero grasped him with his strong arms,

placed him in his turn on the bed, and cut off his head and legs.

Thus having won for himself glory and renown, Theseus arrived in Attica, the kingdom of his father Aegeus, at whose court dwelt the sorceress Medea, who wished to obtain the succession to the throne for her own son. But the fifty sons of Pallas, brother of Aegeus, who were called the Pallantidae, also had hoped, if no direct heir appeared, to secure the throne for themselves. They therefore were enraged at the pretensions of Medea and her son, and the whole town was in a state of uproar and disturbance.

Theseus did not at first make himself known, but Medea soon discovered who he was by means of her magic arts, and determined to accomplish his destruction.

"Beware of the stranger youth," she said to the king; "treachery lurks in his heart," and she rested not until Aegeus consented that she should fill the goblet of Theseus with a deadly potion of aconite. Unsuspecting any danger, the hero took his seat at the banquet. The servants set a dish of meat before him, and he drew forth his sword to cut it. Then old memories stirred the heart of the king, for the weapon in the hand of the stranger with its curiously carved handle was none other than his own, left so long ago under the stone in the land of Thrace. And as he looked again, he saw that the face of Theseus was as the face of the maiden Aethra, and he knew that this must be his son.

Now Theseus raised the poisoned cup to his lips, but ere he could drink it was struck from his hand; and Aegeus, in fear of the deed which had almost lost him his child, embraced him, and acknowledged him before the assembled guests as his son and successor.

Then the Pallantidae rose in anger, and seized their arms, and soon Athens was divided into two parties—the one for

Aegeus, the other for his nephews. But the courage and might of Theseus decided the contest. After a severe struggle the Pallantidae surrendered, and Medea fled from the vengeance of the brave son of Aethra in her chariot drawn by dragons.

An opportunity of gaining the love and gratitude of the Athenians soon presented itself to Theseus. A fierce wild bull ravaged and laid waste the broad plain of Marathon, and Theseus determined to conquer and, if possible, bring him alive to Athens. On his way to Marathon, he stopped at a small hut, where he was kindly received by a good old dame named Hekale. He asked her for food, but she replied, "I have nothing but a few herbs, but if thou wilt I will prepare thee a salad of them." Theseus gladly partook of this frugal repast, and so assiduously did Hekale attend on him, praying heaven the while to grant him success in his dangerous enterprise, that the hero, touched by her kindness, promised to revisit her hut on his return journey. Having encountered and vanquished the bull, Theseus bound him and proceeded to lead him to Athens. He stopped, however, on his way to recount his success to Hekale; but all was silent in the hut, and on entering he found the old woman lying dead. He buried her, and on his return to Athens, instituted in her honour a feast called Hecalisae, which commemorated disinterested hospitality. On reaching the town at length, the captured bull was led in triumph through the streets, amidst the acclamations of the people.

Theseus also rendered the Athenians another and still greater service, in freeing them from the terrible human tribute which they were obliged to send every nine years to Minos, King of Crete, the origin of which impost was this: Minos, who afterwards became one of the judges in the

Underworld, had a son named Androgeus. This youth once came to Athens to take part in the games, and being unusually strong, he had defeated most of the Athenians. When Aegeus heard the people shouting the praises of Androgeus, jealousy and anger filled his heart, and he caused the young man to be treacherously murdered. Minos then led an army into Greece, to revenge himself upon Aegeus. On his way to Athens he besieged the town of Megara, where Nisus, brother of Aegeus, reigned.

This prince had golden or red hair, and an oracle had said to him: "Beware lest any man take thy hair. While thou hast it, the kingdom will never depart from thee."

"Who could deprive me of my hair?" said Nisos, and he laughed to scorn the preparations for attack which he saw Minos making.

But what fate has willed must inevitably be accomplished.

Scylla, the daughter of Nisos, looking from the castle walls, beheld King Minos, and the sight of his majestic stature and noble countenance filled her heart with love for him, so that she forgot her father, and thought only of how she might win the heart of the stranger. Therefore when night fell, and Nisos slept, she crept stealthily into his chamber, cut off the golden lock wherein lay his safety and that of his people, and conveyed it to King Minos. Minos thereupon easily took the town, but he thrust Scylla from him with horror, for how should a faithless daughter become a faithful wife? The unhappy Nisos, in his wild despair, threw himself upon his sword, and was changed into an eagle by the gods. Scylla cast herself into the blue depths of the sea, and was transformed into a fish.

Then Minos hastened onwards to Athens, but so strongly

fortified was that city, that all his efforts to take it were unavailing. He entreated the aid of the gods, who, by means of famine and plague forced the town to surrender. Minos demanded, as satisfaction for the murder of his son, that the Athenians should send to Crete every nine years seven maidens and seven youths, to be imprisoned in the Labyrinth and devoured by the frightful monster Minotaur.

Twice already had the Athenians been forced to pay this terrible tribute, and now, when Theseus arrived at Athens, it was about to be sent for the third time.

"Ye shall no longer be subject to this humiliating calamity," cried Theseus; "I will go to Crete and free you from it."

With great reluctance Aegeus gave consent, and Theseus immediately prepared for the expedition.

It was customary for the ship that bore the victims to their destination to hoist a black sail, but this time, in addition, Aegeus provided the steersman with a white sail, commanding him, should Theseus be successful, to put it up in place of the black on the return voyage. But if he were unsuccessful, he was to retain the black, that he might see from a distance whether or not his son were still alive. Then amid solemn sacrifices and propitiatory offerings to the gods, Theseus and his doomed companions set sail from Athens.

On his arrival in Crete, the hero sought King Minos, and announcing himself to be one of the Athenian victims, requested permission to go alone into the Labyrinth, and fight with the Minotaur: "If I come forth a conqueror," said he, "then shall these, my companions, return with me unharmed to our own land."

"Let it be as thou hast said," replied Minos, "but think

not that thou wilt be able to overcome the Minotaur, for no mortal may withstand him."

"The issue of all combat rests with the gods alone," answered Theseus, and he quitted the presence of Minos, who felt assured that, even should Theseus succeed in slaying the monster, he would yet find it impossible to extricate himself from the Labyrinth.

But Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, felt the tenderest pity for the hero, and to assist him in finding his way out of the secret mazes of the Labyrinth she gave him a ball of thread, saying, "Fasten this at the entrance and unwind it as thou goest. By this means shalt thou be able to retrace thy steps." Theseus gratefully accepted her gift, and armed with his iron club, boldly entered the dangerous Labyrinth.

On and on he went holding fast to the thread, from one winding path to another, until at last he reached the innermost recess whence the Minotaur rushed upon him with a terrible roar. A fierce combat ensued, bravery and matchless skill being brought to bear upon brute force and ferocity. After a prolonged struggle Theseus, seizing his advantage, struck the Minotaur such a tremendous blow on the head with his club that the huge monster fell lifeless to the ground. The victor hastened joyfully away, and was safely guided by the thread out of the maze.

Then he sought Ariadne, and with heartfelt thanks assured her of his undying love and gratitude. But alas! for the vows made by men in the heat of passion!

Ariadne consented to become the wife of Theseus, and to accompany him to Athens. With great rejoicings they set sail, carrying with them the rescued youths and maidens. Favourable winds filled the sails, and soon wafted them to the small island of Naxos, where they

landed to take rest; and here in a cool grotto, Theseus and Ariadne made themselves a soft couch of moss, and lay down to rest. But when the dark wings of night overshadowed the earth, Bacchos, to whom the island was especially dedicated, descended from Olympus and wandered over his domain till he came to the grotto.

Here he stood transfixed, enchanted with the wondrous beauty of Ariadne, for Eros had wounded him with one of his arrows. He was on the point of awakening her, to reveal himself and carry her to Heaven as his bride, when the thought flashed upon him that it would be cruel to take her from her husband. "But," thought he, "it may be that he is not worthy of her; he may not sufficiently prize the treasure he possesses. I will now prove whether or not he loves her above all else."

Thereupon he appeared to Theseus in a dream, threatening him with the vengeance of the gods unless he immediately left Ariadne. Terror-stricken, Theseus awoke; darkness reigned around: he started from his couch, the last words of the god still ringing in his ears. "Surely," he cried, "this was no dream. I have actually beheld the menacing countenance of the god, and heard his wrathful words. How can I quit Ariadne, my beloved? Yet what mortal may brave the displeasure of the gods? Besides, he threatened me with death if I disobeyed his will; of what avail therefore is it for me to remain here if I must then die? And how could I so grieve my aged father, who longs for my return? No, I must fly without delay. Let the gods do what they will with Ariadne." So saying he rushed from the grotto, and awaking his companions and the sailors, set sail with all speed.

When Ariadne awoke next morning and missed Theseus, she thought he had but gone to gather fruit for her. At

length alarmed at his long absence, she sought him among the mountain passes, calling aloud: "Theseus, Theseus!" Echo alone answered pityingly, "Theseus, Theseus." At last the Onades of the island took compassion upon her, and told her, "Thou seekest him in vain, for ere break of day the faithless one sailed away from these shores."

Wearied and with a heart filled with sorrow, Ariadne yielded at length to her despair, and sinking on a rock, wept bitterly in her great loneliness. The hot tears had blinded her, and her head was bent low with grief, so she knew not that a form of divine beauty was standing before her. Bacchos, himself, attended by a thousand nymphs, and Eros, the source of all Ariadne's misery. Blossoms sprang from the rocky ground beneath the feet of the god, and fruit-laden vines arched their fragrant branches above him. In a gentle voice he spoke to Ariadne, and with loving words at length he soothed her grief, and she became his wife.

All that was earthly in her nature departed, the immortal spirit alone remained, and in the arms of Bacchos she rose to Olympus, where all united in celebrating the marriage feast. On quitting Naxos the wreath of Ariadne was flung by Bacchos up into the heavens, where it still remains, a brilliant constellation.

Theseus meanwhile sailed onwards to Delos, where he sacrificed to Apollo in gratitude for his safe voyage from Crete; he left there, as a thank-offering to the god, a golden image of Aphrodite, given to him by Ariadne, and once more set sail for Athens. As his vessel neared the town he either forgot to bid the steersman hoist the white sail, or it may be that he wished to excite the fears of his father, in order afterwards to give him the greater joy.

Aegeus, standing, as was his wont, on a high rock overlooking the sea, beheld, as he scanned the horizon, an approaching vessel. As it drew nearer he recognised the black sail, and overwhelmed with grief at the supposed death of his son, threw himself into the foaming waves beneath, and so perished. It was from this circumstance that the Archipelago was in ancient days known as the Aegean Sea.

Immediately on landing, Theseus went into the temple at the entrance of the town to sacrifice to the gods, at the same time despatching a messenger to the king to announce his arrival. Quitting the temple, he hastened with joy to embrace his beloved father, the Athenians thronging round him and strewing his path with flowers. But on hearing the fatal news of the death of Aegeus, he wrung his hands, cast aside the wreaths with which the people had crowned him, and hurried to the palace with loud lamentations, the whole of Athens mourning with him over the fate of their king.

After he had performed the funeral rites of his father, he instituted a yearly festival to commemorate his safe return.

Theseus now became King of Athens, and at first reigned wisely, and gained the affections of his people. But soon his passion for adventure and desire to achieve great deeds drove him from Athens, greatly to the dissatisfaction of the Athenians, who heard of him now here, now there, but seldom saw him in their own town. So invariably did he join in all the great enterprises undertaken by the Greeks (among these was the Calydonian Chase) that at last "Nothing without Theseus" became a proverb.

His faithful friend and companion was Pirithous, Prince of the Lapithae, a people of Thessaly; once he had stolen

from Athens the beautiful oxen of Theseus. Their owner, discovering the theft, at once went in pursuit of the marauder; but no combat followed, for as soon as Pirithous heard that the animals belonged to the great Theseus, he at once restored them to him. He offered his hand to the hero in friendship, and the two remained ever after firm friends.

When Theseus and Pirithous were at Sparta they saw Helen, the daughter of Tyndareus and Leda, dancing in the temple of Artemis. Although then but ten years old, she was so surpassingly beautiful that the two friends carried her off, and drew lots as to whose she should be.

Fortune favoured Theseus, who thereupon committed the child to the care of his mother Aethra, until she should be grown up. But in order to gain a bride for Pirithoos, a fresh quest was undertaken by the two companions, who indeed were sufficiently audacious to attempt to carry off Persephone herself from Pluto. But they were seized by the Furies, thrown to the ground, and chained in the underworld. Here they remained in dark, dreary captivity, until Herakles came down to the land of shadows to fetch Kerberos. He liberated Theseus, but when he endeavoured to take off the fetters from Pirithoos, the earth quaked so terribly that he was forced to desist, and Pirithoos remained a prisoner in the underworld for two hundred years.

On the return of Theseus to Athens he found that his bride Helen was no longer there. During his imprisonment her brothers Castor and Pollux had come and set her free. The Athenians had allowed the two heroes to enter their town, and since their arrival, they had treated the citizens with so much kindness and consideration, that they had won universal affection and esteem. They had

neither appropriated nor extorted anything; their sole request had been, that they might be initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries. So completely indeed had the twin brothers won the hearts of the Athenians, that King Theseus received but a cold, ungracious welcome; and when he sternly tried to recall them to their former allegiance, they rose against him and forced him to fly from Athens.

Theseus then sought the island of Skyros, in the Aegean sea, believing its king, Lykomedes, to be his friend; but this faithless ally had joined the enemies of his guest, whom he now determined to slay. Receiving Theseus hospitably, he led him to the summit of a high mountain on pretence of showing him the surrounding country, and flung him headlong from thence into the depths beneath.

For several hundred years after this, the grave of Theseus was shown on the isle of Skyros. At last, about 450 B.C., the Athenians, thinking it a reproach that the bones of their greatest hero should rest so far from his own land, sent Kimon to bring his remains to Athens. A magnificent tomb was erected to him in the centre of the town, over which, in later times, rose a beautiful temple.*

The story of Phaedra, the second wife of Theseus, and his son Hippolytus, is well known. The latter was a son of the Amazon Queen Antiope, and Phaedra was a sister of Ariadne. Hippolytus having been carried off when quite a child, his step-mother had never seen him. When he had grown up into a beautiful youth, she one day met him on a journey, and unaware who he was, fell in love with him, even going so far as to tell him of it.

* The temple of Theseus has withstood the storms of centuries. In the middle ages it was used as a church, and has now been turned into a museum.

But Aphrodite, who out of mischief had caused Phaedra to fall in love with him, had at the same time inspired Hippolytos with such a dislike to her, that he turned from her with loathing. Wild with shame and anger she returned to Athens, and told her husband that the youth had wanted to carry her off. Theseus, recognising Hippolytos to be his son, was incensed at his daring to do this, and entreated Poseidon, who had once promised to grant him a wish, that he would punish him. The god heard his prayer, and when Hippolytos was driving in his chariot along the sea-shore, the waves suddenly rose angrily, and out of them appeared a frightful sea-monster. This apparition so terrified the horses of Hippolytos, that they rushed wildly onwards, the chariot overturned, and the unfortunate youth was dragged over the rocks, and dashed to pieces.

When Phaedra heard of his terrible death she was beside herself with grief. Full of self-reproach and seized with deep remorse, she hastened to Theseus, told him all, and then went away and hung herself. The gods, who ever took compassion on the innocent, allowed Aesculapius to restore Hippolytos to life, and we see him shining in the heavens as the constellation of Auriga the charioteer.

X.—ETEOCLES AND POLYNICES.

One of the descendants of Kadmos was Laius, who, after the death of Amphion and Zethus, returned to Thebes and ascended the throne of his father. His wife Jocasta was the daughter of a Theban noble, and an oracle had once foretold that the first child that should be born to the royal couple would kill his father and marry his mother. Therefore grief and horror filled the hearts of Laius and

Jocasta, and when their son was born they determined he should be put to death, and the king commanded a slave to take the child and to slay it in a wood.

The man took the child, and went forth to the wooded Mount Kithaeron, and then instead of killing it, he hung it to a tree by its feet, and went away, leaving it to starve or to be eaten up by wild beasts. The cries of the little one, however, attracted the attention of the shepherd of King Polybos of Corinth, who was herding his flocks near by. Finding the child tied, he cut the rope by which his feet were fastened, and seeing that they were much swollen, he rubbed them with an ointment of healing herbs, and named the boy Oedipus, or "thick foot." Then he carried him to Periboea, the Queen of Corinth, and by her he was brought up as her own son.

Time passed on, and as Oedipus grew up he excelled all other youths in strength and agility. In the chase, in sports and games, he was ever the foremost, until jealousy began to fill the hearts of his companions; and at length they taunted him, telling him that he was not in truth the son of King Polybos, but only a foundling whose parents were unknown. Grief filled the heart of Oedipus when he heard these words, and sorrowfully he went to the queen to ask the truth. "No, my child," she answered, "thou art not our son. A shepherd found thee in the woods, and I know not who thy parents are. Wouldst thou learn that, then must thou consult the oracle."

So when Oedipus became a man, he left Corinth and went to consult the oracle at Delphi. And the answer came: "Beware of returning to thy native land, else shalt thou kill thy father and marry thy mother."

"May the gods defend me from such a crime," cried Oedipus, startled and horrified; "never will I return again

to Corinth;" for he still believed that Corinth was his country, and that Polybos and Periboea were his parents. Therefore he journeyed onwards with a heart full of sorrow, and turned his steps towards Thebes, little dreaming that by so doing he was in truth fulfilling the prophecy of the oracle.

As he came near to the city a chariot met him in a narrow path. In it was seated King Laius, who was on his way to consult the oracle at Delphi as to what had become of his son. The charioteer cried to Oedipus to make way for the king, and as he did not immediately obey, pressed the horses upon him. Then the anger of Oedipus was aroused, and hastily drawing his sword, he slew both the king and his servant. Thus was the first part of the prediction fulfilled.

Oedipus continued his journey, and soon arrived at Thebes, where he found the whole city in grief and sorrow. Enquiring the reason, he was told that Hera to punish the Thebans had sent the terrible Sphinx, a monster having the face of a woman and the body of a lion, to devour all who could not answer her riddles. The son of Creon, brother to Jocasta, had just perished in this manner, and now it had been promised to whoever should slay the monster that he should sit on the throne of Thebes, and have the hand of the widowed Jocasta in marriage.

With a light heart Oedipus went forth, in the hope that perchance he might be successful, though others had failed. When he drew near to the Sphinx, he cried to her, "What is thy riddle, O Sphinx?"

And she answered: "What is it that goes on four legs in the morning, on two at noon, and on three in the evening; and when it has most feet its movement is slowest?"

Oedipus pondered the riddle for a few moments, and then

his answer came: "It is a man, for in childhood he creeps upon all fours, in manhood he stands on two feet, in old age he has a staff to aid him, and his movement is slowest when he is an infant."

In despair at her riddle being guessed, the Sphinx threw herself down from her rock and was killed, while Oedipus returned to Thebes amidst the rejoicings of the excited people. Then a great feast was held, and he received the crown of Thebes, and Jocasta was given to him in marriage. Thus was fulfilled literally the whole of the prophecy.

But even now Oedipus did not imagine any evil, until at length a frightful plague broke out in the city of Thebes, and the oracle declared the plague would not cease until the death of Laius was avenged.

None however knew who had slain the king. Therefore they sent for the wise old soothsayer Tiresias, who called up the spirit of Laius from the underworld, and then accused Oedipus of being the murderer. He repudiated the crime, for as yet he was unaware that he had slain Laius. But too soon he learnt the truth.

King Polybos of Corinth died, and when Oedipus would have mourned for him as his father, Periboea recounted to him how a shepherd had found him on Mount Cithaeron, and had brought him to her, and that thus he was only her adopted son. When Oedipus heard her words, he sought the slave who had carried him to the wood, and from him he learnt that he was in truth the son of Laius.

Filled with horror at the fearful deed he had unconsciously committed, Oedipus cried out that eyes which had seen such fearful crimes ought never again to behold the light of the sun, and with his own hand he put out his eyes. Jocasta lay dead, having killed herself in her misery, and

the city was filled with grief and woe for the fearful calamities which had come upon the house of its king. Accompanied by his faithful daughter Antigone, Oedipus left Thebes, and wandered far from the land of Cadmus. At length he came to Colonus in Attica, where in a hidden dell or grove, sacred to the Eumenides, the blind king lived to a very old age.

The curse that had lain on Oedipus followed his two sons Eteocles and Polynices. Being twins, their father had commanded that they should reign conjointly; but Eteocles wished to reign alone, and compelled his brother to fly the country. Polynices went to Argos, and entreated King Adrastus to aid him in recovering his rights. Now Adrastus had two daughters, and of them an oracle had predicted that one must marry a lion, and the other a wild boar. When, therefore, two princes appeared at his court, Polynices with a lion's skin hung over his shoulder, and Tydeus, son of Oeneus of Calydon, with the skin of a wild boar, Adrastus believed that these were the sons-in-law appointed by the oracle, and bestowed on them his daughters Argia and Deipyle in marriage. In addition he was quite willing to grant the request of Polynices; but he wished to try fair means before resorting to force, and therefore Tydeus was sent to Thebes to ask Eteocles to allow his brother to share the kingdom with him.

The Thebans were just sitting down to a banquet when Tydeus arrived, and when he told his errand they laughed him to scorn. Wrathful at being thus treated, he offered to fight with all the partakers of the banquet in turn, and having done so, and slain them all, he prepared to depart. Just as he left the gates of Thebes, however, fifty armed men fell upon him and surrounded him. But Tydeus was not to be overcome, bravely he fought, till forty-nine of his

foes lay dying around him, and then the last one ran back to the city to tell the people of the fate of his comrades.

After this Adrastus and Polynices determined to make war on Thebes; they were joined by five other heroes, and from this the war is known as that of the "Seven against Thebes."

When the heroes came to the town of Nemea, they saw a beautiful maiden, with a child in her arms, seated by the wayside. This was Hypsipyle, daughter of Thoas, at one time King of Lemnos, from which island Hypsipyle had been driven away by the inhabitants; she had then fallen into the hands of pirates, who sold her as a slave to Lycurgus, King of Nemea. He had entrusted to her the care of his little son Archemorus, with these words: "Remember never to place the babe upon the ground, for an oracle has said that he must never touch the earth until he is old enough to run." Hypsipyle promised to recollect the warning, and guarded the child so carefully that she never let him go out of her arms. When the seven heroes rode by they begged the maiden to show them a spring at which they might quench their thirst, and she led them immediately to a neighbouring well. When she wished to draw some water for them, however, she could not do it holding the child, so she placed him on some thick, high-growing ivy near the spring, and then descended the steps to fetch the water. While she was engaged in this, the dragon who guarded the well crept out and devoured the child. The heroes killed the dragon, and besought the king to forgive Hypsipyle for her thoughtlessness, but Lykurgos threw her into prison, where she remained for many years.

In remembrance of Archemorus, funeral games were instituted, and these later on were merged in to the Nemean games which took place every three years.

The seven now arrived at Thebes, and as the city had seven gates, they each chose one, before which to make a stand. Suddenly the gates opened, and out rushed seven Theban heroes. A fearful carnage ensued, in which Eteocles and Polynices killed one another, and at last Arastus alone survived of all the seven heroes who had come from Argos.

After the death of Eteocles, Kreon undertook the government of Thebes, and commanded that no one, on pain of death, should bury the body of Polynices. But Antigone, the faithful daughter of Oedipus, could not rest while the body of her brother lay unburied; so in the darkness of the night she stole through the gates of the city, and aided by Argia, the widow of Polynices, buried the body. Kreon was informed of this, and ordered the offenders to be brought before him. Argia saved herself by flight, but Antigone was captured and sentenced to die.

Haemon, the son of Kreon, was commanded to put the maiden to death, but he had long secretly loved the noble Antigone, and now instead of taking her life he concealed her in a solitary shepherd's hut. Out of gratitude she became his wife, while he pretended that she was dead. Some years passed, and then Kreon was told that not only was Antigone still alive, but that she had become the wife of his son. Then his fury knew no bounds, seizing the unfortunate Antigone, he caused her to be buried alive, and Haemon in bitter grief, unable to live without her, threw himself on his sword, and fell lifeless on her grave.

Ten years later the sons of the heroes who had been slain before Thebes determined to avenge the deaths of their fathers, hardly needing the persuasions of Adrastus to induce them to undertake the expedition against the city. The oracle promised a successful issue, and eight in number, they set forth.

The Thebans came to meet them and offered battle, but they suffered a complete defeat. They then enquired of Tiresias what they should do, and he counselled them to give up the town to the victors. This they agreed to do, and taking all their treasures with them, they went on board ship under cover of the night, and the next day the heroes from Argos entered Thebes without opposition, plundered the city, and burnt it to the ground.

XI.—THE CALYDONIAN HUNT.

About this time there reigned in Aetolia, Oeneus, King of Calydon, and his wife Althaea. When a son was born to them they named him Meleager, and the Moirae or Fates came to bring him gifts. Clotho bestowed on him generosity; Lachesis, courage; but Atropos said: "Meleager shall live only so long as the brand that now lies burning on the hearth is not destroyed by fire." Quickly the mother snatched from the hearth the burning brand, and extinguishing it, she placed it carefully away that no heedless hand might again set it alight.

When Meleager grew up a strong, brave man, his father presented a thank-offering to the gods for a bountiful harvest, unfortunately omitting Artemis. The goddess, incensed at this slight, sent a savage wild boar, which Ovid thus describes:

> "His eye-balls glare with fire suffus'd with blood;
> His neck shoots up a thick-set thorny wood;
> His bristled back a trench impal'd appears,
> And stands erected, like a field of spears;
> Froth fills his chaps, he sends a grunting sound,
> And part he churns, and part befoams the ground.

For tusks with Indian elephants he strove,
And Jove's own thunder from his mouth he drove.
He burns the leaves ; the scorching blast invades
The tender corn, and shrivels up the blades :
Or suffering not their yellow beards to rear,
He tramples down the spikes, and intercepts the year.
In vain the barns expect their promis'd load ;
Nor barns at home, nor ricks are heap'd abroad :
In vain the hinds the threshing floor prepare,
And exercise their flails in empty air.
With olives ever-green the ground is strow'd,
And grapes ungather'd shed their generous blood.
Amid the fold he rages, nor the sheep
Their shepherds, nor the grooms their bulls can keep."

All the country people fled into the towns on account of the terrible animal, and he committed such havoc all around that at length Meleager invited the heroes of Greece to join him in a hunt, in order to kill the boar.

Thirty-two valiant youths, with Atalanta, the great huntress, accepted the invitation. Ovid gives this description of Atalanta :

"Amongst the rest, fair Atalanta came,
Grace of the woods ; a diamond buckle bound
Her vest behind, that else had flow'd upon the ground
And shewed her buskin'd legs ; her head was bare,
But for her native ornament of hair ;
Which in a single knot was tied above.

. . . . . .

Her sounding quiver, on her shoulder tied,
One hand a dart, and one a bow supply'd.
Such was her face, as in a nymph display'd
A fair fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd
The blushing beauties of a modest maid."

Among the assembled heroes were the Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux, Jason, Theseus, Pirithous, Admetus, Iolans,

and many others. When all had arrived, they set forth in quest of the boar, and first reached a dense forest where they spread nets and uncoupled their dogs. Then they tracked the monster to his lair, a marshy swamp thickly overgrown with willows and rushes.

No sooner did he become aware of their approach than, full of fury, he rushed forth trampling down the brushes and trees in his path.

> "The beast impetuous with his tusks aside
> Deals glancing wounds ; the fearful dogs divide :
> All spend their mouths aloof, but none abide."

From all sides arrows rained upon him, but they either missed the mark or else fell harmlessly beside the boar, unable to penetrate his skin.

> "This chaf'd the boar, his nostrils flames expire,
> And his red eye-balls roll with living fire.
> Whirl'd from a sling, or from an engine thrown
> Amid the foes, so flies a mighty stone,
> As flew the beast : the left wing put to flight,
> The chiefs o'erborne, he rushes on the right."

Already three of the heroes lay stretched along the ground, and a fourth only saved himself by climbing a tree with the help of his lance. From thence he looked down with beating heart on the huge animal as he made wild rushes at the lower part of the trunk of the tree.

> "Now Leda's twins, the future stars, appear ;
> White were their habits, white their horses were
> Conspicuous both, and both in act to throw
> Their trembling lances, brandish'd at the foe :
> Nor had they miss'd ; but he to thickets fled,
> Conceal'd from aiming spears, not pervious to the steed."

What, however, the Dioscuri were unable to effect, the fair

huntress Atalanta accomplished. An arrow shot by her hand struck the boar just below the ear, and went right through his head. Meleager, who loved the fair, brave maiden, was the first to point out this successful shot to his companions.

> "Nor shall thy valour want the praises due,
> He said. A virtuous envy seized the crew;
> They shout; the shouting animates their hearts,
> And all at once employ their thronging darts."

On all sides now the heroes attacked the boar. One hurled his double-edged axe at the animal, but he turned on him, and piercing him with his sharp tusks, threw him to the ground. The lance of Theseus glanced aside and only hit an oak; and that of Jason struck one of the dogs instead of the boar.

At length Meleager was successful, his spear pierced the back of the animal, and when it turned furiously round upon him he drove his hunting knife right into his heart. Loud were the rejoicings of his companions, who thronged round, and marvelled at the enormous size of the dying monster.

Then Meleager drew off his skin, together with the head and tusks, and presented it to Atalanta as a sign of her victory. This roused the anger of the brothers of Althaea, and they cried:

> "Lay down those honour'd spoils, nor think to share,
> Weak woman as thou art, the prize of war."

At the same time they snatched the spoil from her hand. But Meleager would not quietly suffer this, and after fierce words, in the heat of anger he slew first one and then the other. Althaea had gone to the temple to return thanks for

the victory, when the dead bodies of her brothers were brought to her.

> " Pale at the sudden sight, she changed her cheer,
> And with her cheer, her robes ; but hearing tell
> The cause, the manner, and by whom they fell,
> 'Twas grief no more, or grief and rage were one
> Within her soul."

Filled with anger against her own, Althaea drew forth the brand, on the preservation of which his life depended.

> " And first she strews
> The hearth with heaps of chips, and after blows :
> Thrice heav'd her hand, and heav'd she thrice repress'd
> The sister and the mother long contest,
> Two doubtful titles, in one tender breast :
> And now her eyes and cheeks with fury glow,
> Now pale her cheeks, her eyes with pity flow.
> . . . . . .
> Sister, and mother, long the scales divide ;
> But the beam nodded on the sister's side.
> . . . High in her hand
> Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal brand ;
> Then thrice before the kindled pile she bowed,
> And the three Furies thus invoked aloud :
> Come, come, revenging sisters, come, and view
> A sister paying her dead brother's due.
> A crime I punish and a crime commit,
> But blood for blood, and death for death is fit.
> . . . . . .
> Let the whole household in one ruin fall,
> And may Diana's cause o'ertake us all.
> Shall fate to happy Oeneus still allow
> One son, while Thestius stands depriv'd of two ?
> . . . . . .
> Ah ! whither am I hurried ? Ah ! forgive,
> Ye shades, and let your sister's issue live :
> A mother cannot give him death ; though he

Deserves it, he deserves it not from me.
Then shall th' unpunish'd wretch insult the slain?

. . . . . .

Perish this impious, this detested son;
Perish his sire, and perish I withal;
And let the house's heir and the hop'd kingdom fall.

. . . . . .

Ah! hadst thou died, my son, in infant years,
Thy little hearse had been bedewed with tears.
Thou liv'st by me; to me thy breath resign;

. . . . . .

Thy life by double title I require;
Once given at birth, and once preserved by fire
One murder pay, or add one murder more,
And me to them who fell by thee restore.
I would, but cannot; my son's image stands
Before my sight; and now their angry hands
My brothers hold, and vengeance these exact,
This pleads compassion, and repents the fact.
He pleads in vain, and I pronounced his doom:
My brothers, though unjustly, shall o'ercome.

. . . . . .

At this, for the last time, she lifts her hand,
Averts her eyes, and, half-unwilling, drops the brand.
The hand amid the flaming fuel thrown,
Or drew or seem'd to draw, a dying groan:
The flares themselves but faintly lick'd their prey,
Then loath'd their impious food, and would have shrunk away.
Just then the hero cast a doleful cry,
And in those absent flames began to fry:
The blind contagion rag'd within his veins,
But he with manly patience bore his pains;
He fear'd not fate, but only griev'd to die
Without an honest wound, and by a death so dry.

. . . . . .

Then call'd his brothers, sisters, sire around,
And her to whom his nuptial vows were bound;

Perhaps his mother ; a long sigh he drew,
And, his voice failing, took his last adieu.
For as the flames augment, . . .
They rise and sink by fits ; at last they soar
In one bright blaze, and then descend no more :
Just so his inward heats, at height impair,
Till the last burning breath shoots out the soul in air.
Now lofty Calydon in ruins lies ;
All ages, all degrees unsluice their eyes ;
. . . . . .
Matrons and maidens beat their breasts, and tear
Their habits, and root up their scatter'd hair :
The wretched father (father now no more),
With sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the floor.
. . . . . .
By steel her stubborn soul his mother freed,
And punish'd on herself her impious deed."

The sisters of Meleager, inconsolable with grief, embraced the dead body of their brother, while their tears fell on his face. Even when his body was buried they refused to leave the grave, and at length Artemis took compassion upon them, and transformed them into guinea-fowls, who to this day still give forth their plaintive cry.

XII.—THE COMBAT BETWEEN THE LAPITHAE AND THE CENTAURS.

In the mountains of Thessaly—that country which lies in the north of Hellas—there dwelt, in ancient days, two nations: the wild Centaurs and the somewhat more civilised Lapithae. The Centaurs were descendants of Ixion, and at first were represented as real human beings, only of gigantic

stature and having hairy, shaggy skins. Ixion had on one occasion promised them a great reward if they should succeed in destroying a herd of wild oxen, which had become savage and were devastating the neighbourhood.

The Centaurs immediately mounted some of the horses which were running wild among the mountains, and attacked the oxen, whom they soon succeeded in destroying. From this feat they received their name of Centaurs, or "ox-killers," as the neighbouring people, seeing them afar off mounted on horses (to them quite a novel sight), imagined man and steed to be one, and soon the tale spread abroad that up in the mountains lived a strange race, half man, half horse.

Not far from the Centaurs lived the other race, the Lapithae. Many a fierce combat took place from time to time between these two tribes, but the latter, as being the more civilised, in the end succeeded in conquering the Centaurs.

Many of the old poets tell the story of the fight of the Lapithae and the Centaurs, and it also formed the subject of numerous pieces of sculpture. The tale runs thus—

Pirithous, son of Ixion, was celebrating his marriage with Hippodamia, the daughter of Adrastus, and among the wedding guests were the Centaurs. But the copious draughts of wine excited the wild guests; fiery words rose to their lips, and at length one of them laid hold of the bride by her hair, intending to try and carry her off, while the rest seized the other women and maidens who were at the banquet.

Then in fierce anger Theseus sprang from his seat, and while all the guests hastily rose, his wrathful voice was heard: "What phrenzy possesses thee? what madness is this? Know, that while I live, thou wrongest not Pirithous

alone, but two friends in one," and to show that the threat was meant, he thrust aside the Centaur and freed the bride. But the offender, roused by the act, struck Theseus on the breast, and this was the signal for a general conflict.

Terrible was the tumult that ensued. The hero seized a heavy goblet from the table, and hurled it at the Centaur, who fell senseless to the ground. Quickly the rest of the tribe rose with wild cries of "To arms, to arms." Goblets, beakers, stools, every implement they could seize, was hurled from all sides. One of the Centaurs tore the lighted sconce from the ceiling, and swinging it high in the air, directed it full at one of the Lapithae, and shattered his head. In revenge, one of the Lapithae, broke a leg from off the table, and with two fierce blows stretched his foe along the ground.

One rushed to the altar, on which fire was burning, and threw some of the burning brands among his enemies, but in return had his eyes put out by one of his antagonists with a pair of stag's antlers. Thus the combat raged ever fiercer and fiercer. One Centaur struck his enemy with a burning brand, next he slew a young boy of the Lapithae. "What glory canst thou gain by killing the child," cried one, but for sole answer the Centaur thrust the burning brand down the speaker's throat. But retribution followed him; as he turned, another of the Lapithae pierced his shoulder with a red hot spear, and he fled, howling with rage.

The rest of the Centaurs, fearing the glowing iron hastily fled from the grotto, the last one, having turned as he ran, received a scorching wound between the eyes. One of them had been so intent on drinking that he had been quite unconscious of the fearful din. Overcome with wine, he lay stretched on the ground on a bearskin. One of the

Lapithae caught sight of him as he lay there, and grasping his spear, cried: "Drink wine in the river Styx," and drove the point of it into his throat, so that the black blood streamed out, and the sleeper painlessly breathed his last.

Pirithous was victorious above all the rest in this conflict. He pinned one of his foes to the stem of an oak tree with his lance; two others he cut down with one blow of his sword; a fourth was pierced through the head, and a fifth attempting to fly from him slipped down the steep rock and was impaled on a tree.

Theseus performed wonders. Springing on to the back of a Centaur he broke his ribs by the pressure of his knees, at the same time knocking him on the head with his club. Five others were slain by his hand; at last one Centaur, tearing up a large fir tree, hurled it at Theseus, but he managed to evade it, though it killed the man beside him.

For some time longer the fight continued, until at length the Lapithae remained victors, and the rest of the Centaurs took to flight.

The wild tribe fled through Hellas, and across the isthmus into Arcadia, where they had a second combat with Hercules, who drove them out of all the caves and dens in which they had concealed themselves. Those who escaped him then fled to the Isles of the Syrens, where they were devoured by those monsters.

XIII.—THE ARGONAUTIC EXPEDITION.

In Iolcus, in Thessaly, the northern boundary of Greece, reigned King Aeson. But the cares of the kingdom hung heavy on him, and at length he retired, giving up the throne to his son Jason. The lad was still very young, therefore Pelias, the half-brother of Aeson, governed for him; but so much did he like the power he held that he determined, if possible, to retain it.

Jason, meanwhile, had been entrusted to the care of the wise and clever Centaur, Chiron, and he did full honour to his master. Among all the old Greek heroes the son of Aeson was one of the greatest.

One day Pelias offered a solemn sacrifice to Poseidon, to which he invited all his relations, and among them came Jason. On his way the young man reached a river. Here stood an old dame who entreated him to take her across. Without hesitation he raised her in his arms, and carried her safely to the opposite side, but one of his sandals remained sticking in the mud, so that he was obliged to continue his journey without it. The old woman was really no other than Hera, who in this disguise had come to prove Jason.

When Jason arrived at Iolcus he presented himself before Pelias as his nephew, and demanded his father's kingdom. Pelias had not seen him since he was a child, and had entirely forgotten him. Now his sudden appearance startled him, still more so as an oracle had foretold that he who should attend the sacrifice wearing only one shoe would deprive him of the crown. Quickly recovering himself,

however, he arranged a scheme by which to rid himself of the hated nephew.

"So be it," he said, "thou shalt have the throne of Iolcus, but first must thou go forth and win a name worthy of a king. Go to Colchis, where, carefully guarded, lies the Golden Fleece of Phrixus. When thou returnest with it to Iolcus, then shalt thou ascend the throne of thy father." Jason did not perceive the artifice, and dazzled by the glory of so great an enterprise, he swore by the gods to go forth and accomplish it.

The history of the Golden Fleece was as follows. Not far from Iolchus, lay the small kingdom of Alus, of which Athamas was king. By his first wife Nephele he had a son Phrixus and a daughter Helle; but after a time he put aside Nephele and married Ino, who hated her step-children, treated them harshly and cruelly, and at length persuaded her husband to offer them both up as a sacrifice to the gods. Influenced by Ino, Athamas prepared willingly to accede to her wishes; but Nephele appeared to her children in a dream and commanded them instantly to fly, sending to aid them a beautiful strong ram, a present to her from Hermes. The ram was a creation of Poseidon, and a marvel of his kind. He had more than human understanding, could speak, and fly through the air, or swim across the sea, and his fleece was golden.

Phrixus and Helle seated themselves on the back of the animal, and were carried by him to the sea-shore. There he sprang into the water intending to swim with them to the other shore, but as he was crossing the narrow strait, now called the Dardanelles, Helle lost her hold, slipped off, and was drowned. Hence the Greeks gave the strait the name of Hellespont or Sea of Helle. Phrixus feared he too might fall off, but the ram reassured him.

"Fear not," he said, "thy fate is otherwise decreed." And he hurried on, across the Black Sea to Colchis, a town at the foot of Mt. Caucasus, where Phrixus was kindly welcomed by King Aeetes, a son of Helios, the sun-god. After remaining there some time he married the daughter of the king, and then the ram, having finished his work, desired Phrixus to sacrifice him, and to hang up his golden fleece in a grove, sacred either to Ares or Artemis.

Phrixus did as he was desired, and the immortal part of the ram ascended to heaven, where it is still visible among the constellations, while the fleece was hung up, and afterwards became so celebrated.

Jason called upon all the Greek heroes to come and take part in the expedition to Colchis. And to this call they all responded. Among them were Herakles, Castor and Pollux, Theseus, Peirithoos, Pelius (the father of Achilles), Meleager, the singer Orpheus, Amphion, the lad Hylas, and Calais and Zetes (two sons of Boreas) all of whom were sons either of gods or kings.

Now only a vessel was needed to carry the warriors to Colchis; and Hera, the protectress of Jason, here came to his aid. The Queen of Heaven commanded Athene to provide a ship, and she at once directed Argus, the son of Phrixus, a very clever architect, to construct one. During its building she put in a piece of the speaking oak of Dodona; thus it was that the vessel was able to talk. The ship was named the Argo, and those who sailed in her received the name of Argonauts or sailors of the Argo.

At length the vessel was finished; and all the heroes, ready to start on the expedition, went down to the shore at Iolcus to embark, when lo! the Argo was found to be immovable! Casting aside their arms, all fastened strong ropes round their chests and endeavoured to move her by

main force, but in vain. She still remained firmly embedded in the shingle. Then Jason's brave heart failed him for an instant, but not for long. Bethinking him of Orpheus, the sweet singer of Thracia, he called

"Me unto him, that I by the power of my music
Might with fresh courage inspire their long and wearisome labours,
Quickly my harp I uplifted, and as I sent forth the cadence,
Taught by my mother divine, in the days of my innocent childhood
Stirred I the hearts of the heroes." *

With renewed ardour they set to work, for the song of Orpheus put fresh vigour into their hearts. Then the oak, out of which part of the ship's keel was built, was heard to murmur, and suddenly the vessel began to move :

"Bright glanced her sides as she sped the length of the flat shingly margin,
Gaining the small sheltered bay. Then as her prow kissed the waters
Quickly they parted asunder, rejoicing the heart of brave Jason."

At once Argus sprang on board the vessel, followed by Tiphys, the steersman, the mast and sails were put in, and all else that was needed, and then the oars were brought down, and the helm fastened to the rudder. Now all was ready, and Jason reminded them that a leader of the expedition should be chosen, proposing that their choice should fall on Herakles. To this the others agreed, but the hero himself refused the honour. He knew that the mighty Queen of Heaven was his enemy, but the protectress of Jason, therefore he begged the Argonauts to select the

* This and the following stanzas are from an ancient Greek poem, the "Argonautica," supposed to have been written by Orpheus himself.

son of Aeson as leader, and the request was gladly agreed to.

Jason demanded that his companions should all take the oath of obedience to him, and Orpheus prepared a solemn sacrifice, which he thus describes :—

"Now to the low sandy shore, we brought the strong limbs of the oak tree,
Placing thereon for the gods, gifts gathered with pious devotion ;
Next I the mighty steer slew, whose crest o'er his fellows high towered.
And with one powerful thrust, I severed his head from his body,
Only the heart I cut up, and placed on the flat baken wheat cakes,
Pouring some rich golden oil, and the milk of the sheep o'er the offering."

Then he bade his comrades gather round the sacrifice, and thrust their spears and swords into it, and

"On the ground in their midst, I placed a huge earthen vessel,
Holding the sacred drink which with many a prayer I had mingled
Demeter's all precious gift, the flour that mankind sustaineth
Next the blood of the steer, and lastly the brine of the ocean.
Wreaths of the olive green, I bade them bind round their foreheads,
Which with the sacred draught, I filled a rich golden goblet,
And handed the mixture round, for each in turn to partake of.
Jason commanded I then, with a torch to fire the offering."
—"Argonautica."

Speedily the sacrifice was reduced to ashes by the flames, and then turning to the white-crested waves, the bard stretched forth his hands, crying :

"Powers of the great sounding deep—ye gods of the mighty oceans,
Spirits who guard the lone shores, and furthermost waters of Tethys;
Nereus, thee too, I invoke, the ancient and father of all,
Thee, and thy fifty daughters, all gifted with beauty supernal;
Glaucus surrounded by dolphins, and fair foam-born Amphitrite;
Proteus also and Phorcus, and the all-powerful Triton!
Restless swift-coursing winds, and golden-hued dawn of the morning,
Star-spangled ether above, and dark shrouded daughter of evening.
Daemons of watery depths, who unite with the heroes in power;
Naiads and nymphs of the rivers, who rush to the boundless ocean!
Come from your surging home, and list to the oath we have taken.
So long as we faithfully keep, the oath we have given to Jason,
Ever to be at his side, to aid him in all his hard contests,
So shall we safely return, each to his own native country.
But if unmindful of this, we faithlessly break this, our promise,
May the all-judging Dice, against us, ever be witness,
And the dreaded Erinnyes follow our footsteps for ever."

—"Argonautica."

When the oath had been administered to all, the Argonauts stepped on board the vessel, and after laying their arms under the seats, grasped the oars. Hera sent a favourable wind, and the Argo flew on her way

"Through the deep endless flood,
Scattering the white-crested foam, as her sharp prow clave through the waters."

By morning they were in sight of the lofty peak of Mount Pelion. Tiphys steered towards the shore, and they all landed. "See ye, my friends," said Peleus, "that wooded rock in the distance. There is the cave of Chiron, the best and wisest of all Centaurs. Wisely did silver-footed Thetis bring Achilles hither, when yet a babe, that he might be educated by him. My heart longs to embrace my son, let us go therefore to the cave, that mine eyes may once more behold him."

"Soon we arrived at the cave, and there in the darkened entrance
Lay outstretched on the ground, the powerful form of the Centaur,
While with his lyre in his hand, stood the son of Peleus and Thetis,
Bringing forth sweet dreamy strains, to please the ear of the master."

—"Argonautica."

When Chiron beheld the princes, he rose joyfully, and received them with great gladness. Then he prepared a couch of dried leaves, made them sit down, and placed wine and venison before them. After they had partaken of the food, the heroes begged Orpheus to sing to the accompaniment of Chiron's lyre. But the singer at first refused, saying he dared not compete with one so renowned and famous as the Centaur. Chiron himself, however, begged him to join in a contest, and taking the lyre from Achilles, sang the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithae, and their fight with Herakles.

Then Orpheus sang in his turn about Chaos, the skies, and the heavens, the creation of earth and sea, of Eros and Kronos, and the birth of all the lesser gods:

"And the narrow cave rang with the sound,
It rose to the mountain tops, and the wooded valleys of Pelion,

Bending the trees that had stood for a thousand years in the pine woods.
Splitting the rocks that they fell, and taming the beasts of the forest.
Drawing them all to the cave by the wond'rous power of its music.
While e'en the eagles and vultures that circled the stables of Chiron,
Paused in their greedy flight, and forgot both their nests and their natures."

—"Argonautica."

Chiron was lost in wonder at the beauty of the song, and now, as Orpheus concluded, Tiphys came in and exhorted them to depart, so they hastily took up their weapons. But before he left, brave Peleus raised his son in his arms, and with tears in his eyes, pressed a kiss on his brow, and bade him farewell.

Chiron bestowed on the singer Orpheus a beautiful skin as a parting gift, and when the heroes went back to their ships, the Centaur accompanied them to the shore, and raising his hands towards heaven, prayed to the gods for their safe return.

Then the Argonauts took up their oars once more, and soon the vessel was cleaving the blue waters, swiftly bearing them on their way. Thus they journeyed till they came to the isle of Lemnos. Here they were so hospitably received by King Thoas and his daughter Hypsipyle, that they felt no inclination to go away from the island; even Jason was so captivated by the beauty of the princess, that he wished also to remain. But Orpheus reminded them of the object of the expedition, and ashamed of the weakness they had shown, they returned to their vessel, and continued the voyage.

Next they passed through the Hellespont, where Athene sent them favouring winds, and having landed there, and erected a huge stone in her honour, they went on till they came into the Sea of Marmora, and reached an island, of which Cyzicus was king. He gave them a hearty welcome, prepared a magnificent banquet for them, and presented them with food, wine, and beautiful garments and carpets for their journey. But when night approached, and the heroes had lain down to rest, a number of wild men who lived in the mountain fastnesses of the island sent by Hera came down to slay Herakles. They were of enormous size, and had six arms and hands, and as soon as they beheld the Argonauts, who had hurriedly seized their weapons, they fell on them, brandishing large fir trees, which they had torn up by the roots. Fearful was the combat which ensued, but Herakles succeeded in completely vanquishing his foes; unfortunately, however, in so doing he accidentally killed King Cyzicus, who had hurried down to try and separate the combatants.

When the heroes prepared to depart, they found to their surprise that all their united efforts would not enable them to loosen the cable that held the ship: the more they tried, the closer the knots became twisted; Tiphys was unable to explain the mystery, for he did not know that Rhea, angry at the death of Cyzicus, was hindering their departure. But at midnight, whilst he was asleep, Athene appeared to him, and commanded him and his companions to go on shore, and offer up a death sacrifice in honour of their dead host, as well as other offerings to the gods of the Underworld. Then would Rhea, the mother of all, pardon them; "and when ye have finished these sacrifices, hasten to the hill yonder, which is sacred to Rhea, and offer up to her a special sacrifice."

So saying, the goddess departed, and flew like an arrow back to heaven. Then Tiphys hurriedly sprang from his couch, awoke the others, related his dream, and they all hastened to the shore. There, as dawn crept slowly across the sky, they caught sight of the body of Cyzicus covered with dust and blood, and surrounded by the tall forms of the wild men he had slain. The Argonauts were filled with sadness when they saw this, and they buried the body, and raised a tomb to the memory of their host. Also gathering dry boughs, they offered an oblation to the goddess Rhea, while Orpheus poured over it oil mixed with milk, water, and honey, and hallowed the offering with prayer and sweet songs.

Then Jason arranged some funeral games, with prizes for the winners: the best wrestler received the beautiful golden goblet that Hypsipyle had given to Jason; Peleus was the swiftest runner, and got a purple mantle, worked by Athene; Herakles, who could throw the furthest, a silver jug of exquisite workmanship; Castor, the best rider, a set of golden horse trappings; and Pollux, a magnificent carpet. Jason himself surpassed them all in archery, and the victor's laurel wreath was therefore given to him, whilst Orpheus received a pair of golden winged sandals as a reward for his music.

The Argonants now proceeded to Rhea's mountain. Argos having cut down a vine, carved a figure of Rhea, and placed it in a grotto, which they cut in the rock, while Jason erected an altar. On this last they sprinkled blood and wine, and the goddess was completely propitiated when Orpheus, as the sacrifice was burning, sang some songs in her honour.

At last Tiphys hurried them away; they descended the mountain, and having embarked, once again took up their oars. This time the cable loosed itself, and Rhea favoured

their departure. Soon, however, the wind became so strong that they had to keep close in to the shore, and at length took shelter in a small creek on the Asiatic coast. Herakles went on shore to try and kill some game in the woods, and Hylas, following him, stopped at a spring to get some water. But the Naiads, thinking the beautiful boy must be the son of a god, drew him down into the spring, and he was seen no more. The wind having now calmed, Tiphys urged a speedy departure, and they called and shouted to Herakles. All was in vain, and as they could obtain no answer, they departed without him.

The winds drove the Argo to the coast of the Bebryces, where dwelt King Amycus, who used to make all travellers wrestle with him. In ancient days they used the caestus in these wrestling matches; this was a strong leather band with iron, wound round the hand and arm to make the blows more effectual. When the Argonauts were summoned to wrestle with Amycus, Pollux at once accepted the challenge, and killed the king almost at the first blow, while the rest of the Bebryces were soon vanquished by the heroes.

Next they landed in Bithynia, a district of Asia Minor, where Phineus, son of Agenor and brother of Cadmus and Europa, reigned as king. The gods had afflicted him with blindness, as a punishment for foretelling the future. He was also plagued by the Harpies, who, as soon as his table was spread, flew down, snatched the food from his mouth, and so completely destroyed what was left, that no one could touch it. The Argonauts wished to consult Phineus as to their journey, and he promised to satisfy them if they would free him from these monsters. Accordingly, as soon as the Harpies flew down to snatch the food, Calais and Zetes, the sons of Boreas, drew their swords, and overcoming them, made them take an oath that they would

leave Phineus alone for the future. Very grateful for this act, the king not only told the Argonauts about their journey, but also gave them much other good advice.

At last the wayfarers reached the Bosphorus, where floated about in the sea the Cyancae Insulae, or floating islands (also known as the Symplegades), which constantly came together and as constantly separated again. They crashed together and parted asunder, only to meet with another crash, till the sound echoed through the high vault of heaven, and the angry billows rushed round them with a terrific roar.

When Tiphys saw these rocks his heart fairly failed him, but just then an eagle flew down between them, and settled on the mast of the Argo, only just escaping being crushed, by the loss of his tail feathers. Again the rocks separated, and ere they had time to close, the heroes seized the oars and rowed with all their might. Even then the vessel must have been crushed had not Orpheus grasped his lyre, and, held by the power of his song, the rocks stood still and the sea calmed down, while the Argo passed through in safety. No sooner had this taken place, than the Symplegades became stationary, and remained fixed in the sea as the Moirae had decreed.

After escaping this danger, the Argonauts kept to the right side of the Black Sea, and while passing up it, Tiphys, the steersman died, and Ancaeus took his place. No incident occurred now until they reached the harbour of Colchis. Then Jason,

> "Called together the heroes, and with them in haste took council,
> Whether alone by himself, he should go to Aeëtes' palace,
> Speaking him fair with soft words, and entreating his help and his friendship,
> Or boldly confess our design, and demand the prize we had come for."

They determined that they would not all go thither, for now that they had reached the wished-for goal, fear had taken possession of them, and their hearts began to fail.

Aeetes meanwhile had been troubled by a dream in which he saw his daughter Medea being carried away across the river and the Black Sea, and, seized with fear, he sprang from his couch, quickly harnessed his golden steeds, and calling to his daughters, commanded them to offer sacrifices to the river-god, in order to avert any coming danger :

"Then in his golden chariot, his beauteous daughters beside him,
Rode King Aeëtes the great, all through the glistening meadows.
Down to the banks of the stream, where 'mid the tall flowering rushes
Erst had it been their wont, to come with their vows and petitions."

Now close to the shore floated a strange vessel, the stately Argo, and the forms of the heroes could be plainly seen:

"God-like they seemed in stature, bright shone their arms in the sunlight,
And glorious above his fellows, was Jason the mighty leader.'

At sight of Aeëtes Jason and his companions trembled, for,

"There in the sunlight gleaming, rolled the bright car of Aeëtes,
Flashed the golden rays of the crown encircling his forehead,
And in his hand he held the sceptre glancing like lightning.
With fatherly pride he gazed on the stately daughters beside him ;
But his eye grew stern and dark, as he saw the vessel approaching."

Rising in the chariot he called fiercely across the water to the strangers :

"'Say of what nation are ye, and what is the errand that brings ye?
Truly not even my fame hath stayed you from coming hither.
Nor fear of the Colchian folk, the nation which bends 'neath my sceptre,
And ever ready to fight, are impervious even to Ares.'"

The Argonauts had not even courage to answer a word to this speech of the king's, until at length Hera strengthened the heart of Jason, and he answered:

"We come not, Oh King Aeëtes, to destroy thy land or to risk our own lives wantonly. Neither are we impelled by covetous greed. I was destined in time past for this service by Pelias, my father's uncle. I may not gain the throne of Iolchos until, after many dangers surmounted, I return thither bearing the golden fleece. These my companions are no nameless adventurers, but all true friends to me, descended from heroes and the immortal gods, and all acquainted with the art of warfare. If thou wilt so receive us we will come to thee as friends."

Then the eyes of Aeëtes flashed with anger, but he suppressed his wrath, devising a scheme by which to destroy Jason, while he answered:

"Hearken, O stranger, had you come here armed and in great numbers to fight for the golden fleece no doubt you would have gained it. Now, however, it would be no honour for us to conquer so few of you. Choose therefore the noblest from among you, and if he shall be victorious, as I doubt not that he will be, in the combats that I will prepare for him, then shall you carry away with you the golden fleece," and he returned to his palace, leaving the Argonauts paralysed with fear.

How they regretted now that they had not waited for Herakles! At last they selected Jason to represent them,

and soon after, Aeetes' grandson appeared, a stately youth, bringing the following message from the Colchian king: Jason must capture two wild fire-breathing oxen, with iron hoofs, harness them to a diamond plough, harrow four acres of a field dedicated to Ares, and sow in the furrows some poisonous dragon's teeth that Phrixus had once given to Aeetes. These teeth would quickly grow up into armed men, with whom he would have to fight, and when he had vanquished them, he would have to conquer the dragons that guarded the golden fleece.

Jason would have been completely lost, had not Medea, the king's daughter, come to his rescue. She had seen and fallen in love with the noble Grecian hero, and for some time hesitated whether to help him, or to remain faithful to her father. At last her better nature conquered, and she determined to put love on one side, "for," she said to herself, "there can be no evil greater than to betray one's father." So she hastened into the depths of a dark wood, there to place an offering on the altar of Hecate, for this maiden Medea was a sorceress and could weave spells and charms.

On her way she met Jason, and immediately all her good resolutions were forgotten. He spoke to her, entreated her to help him, and promised to make her his wife if she would assist him in the coming trials. Medea resisted no longer; she promised to aid him, and Jason swore by all the sacred gods, and by the father of Aeetes who sees everything, that he would never leave her. In return he obtained from her some wondrous herbs with which to anoint his body, so that nothing could wound him; also a magic stone to use against the armed men, and then she told him exactly what he would have to do.

The next morning the people thronged to the sacred field of Ares. Aeetes also appeared, dressed in purple robes,

his sceptre in his hand, and when he bowed his head the fierce bulls rushed forth, their nostrils breathing flames of fire, the grass burning beneath their feet, and (thus Ovid relates it)

"As forges rumble with excessive fires,
And furnaces with fiercer fury glow,
When water on the pouting mass ye throw;
With such a noise from their convulsive breast,
Thro' bellowing throats the struggling vapour press'd."
—OVID, "Metam.," Book vii.

But bravely Jason went forth to meet them.

"While on th' advent'rous youth the monsters turn
Their glaring eyes, and eager to engage,
Brandish their steel-tipt horns in threat'ning rage:
With brazen hoofs they beat the ground, and choke
The ambient air, with clouds of dust and smoke.
Each gazing Grecian for his champion shakes,
While bold advances he securely makes
Through singing blasts; such wonders magic art
Can work, when love conspires, and plays his part.
The passive savages like statues stand,
While he their dewlaps strokes with soothing hand;
To unknown yokes their brawny necks they yield,
And, like tame oxen, plough the wond'ring field.
The Colchians stare; the Grecians shout, and raise
Their champion's courage with inspiring praise.
Embolden'd now, on fresh attempts he goes,
With serpents' teeth the fertile furrows sows;
The glebe, fermenting with enchanted juice,
Makes the snake's teeth a human crop produce."
—OVID, "Metam.," Book vii.

The iron mass sprang up from the earth, and fiercely turned on Jason, and when the Argonauts saw these armed men

levelling their spears at him, they covered their faces in anguish :

"And where such hardy warriors are afraid,
What must the tender and enamoured maid?
Her spirits sink, the blood her cheek forsook,
She fears, who for his safety undertook ;
She knew the virtue of the spoils she gave,
She knew their force, and knew her lover brave ;
But what's a single champion to a host?
Yet scorning thus to see him tamely lost ;
Her strong reserve of secret arts she brings,
And last, her never-failing song she sings."

—OVID, "Metam.," Book vii.

Jason now took the magic stone, and threw it in amongst the warriors, when, lo! they turned from him and began fighting with each other till not one was left.

There was still the dragon to conquer; but Aeëtes, angry that the hero had so successfully overcome the two first trials, would not allow him to go on. He said that enough had been done for that day, and that he wished to rest. On the morrow Jason might fight the dragon; his intention being to kill the strangers during the night.

Again Medea came to Jason's assistance. Her anxiety for him left her no peace. Hurrying down to the vessel at nightfall, she told him of her father's intention, and urged the hero to follow her at once and seize the golden fleece ere day should break. The poem of Orpheus thus describes the theft of the golden fleece—

"Near to the royal palace rose a wall of nine fathoms,
Guarded by mighty towers, and surrounded by bastions severe.
Pierced by three brazen gateways surmounted by pinnacles golden.
There aloft o'er the entrance, stands the far-seeing goddess :

Artemis, cold and proud ; on whom the atoning Colchians
Call both in fear and terror, for none dare approach these precincts,
Except they first bring offerings, to lay at the feet of the goddess.
No mortal can ever here enter, be he native or stranger,
By dogs with fierce flaming eyes on every side it is guarded."
—"Argonautica."

In the centre of the enclosure was a dark shady grove of laurels and cornel trees, with gracefully waving palms, while in the midst a giant oak reared its head, stretching its mighty arms almost into the clouds :

"And there 'neath the leafy boughs, hangs the golden fleece of Aeëtes,
Watched with incessant care by the fearful, terrible dragon.
Golden-hued scales protect him, impervious to every weapon ;
Impatient he lashes his tail, as his angry eye wanders incessant."
—"Argonautica."

The Argonauts, having received this description of the garden from Medea, feared they would not be able to overcome the obstacles, and they begged Orpheus to offer sacrifices to Artemis for a propitious ending to their venture, and to try and tame the dragon by the sweet tones of his lyre. Thereupon the bard chose Jason, Castor and Pollux, and one other Argonaut to be at hand in case they were wanted. Medea accompanied them, and they made their way to the sacred wall of the grove. Then

"Quickly I stooped to the ground, and dug out a three-cornered trench,
Herein I placed with care, branches of sweet-scented cedar,
Elder, also, and black thorns, and the sorrowful weeping willow,
While Medea the sorceress added herbs of magical powers."
—"Argonautica."

Then Orpheus slew three young black dogs, mixed their blood with the magic herbs, and laid them on the pile.

Then over all he poured oil and water, and wrapping himself in black garments, sacrificed to the gods of the Underworld.

Suddenly the ground opened, and Tisiphone, Alecto, and Megaera, the dread Erinyes, rose from the depths of Tartarus, and the sacrifice fiercely glowed and burned, while a thick black smoke ascended to heaven. Now in the midst of the flames appeared other beings from the Underworld, of fierce and terrible aspect. Iron Pandora, well known in Pluto's dark kingdom, and Hekate, stern and solemn, having three heads: on her left shoulder a thickly-maned horse's head, on her right a hind's, and in the centre a fierce wild lion, while in her hands she held two gleaming swords. Pandora passed slowly round and round the trench in which was the sacrifice, and Hekate joined the Furies in a magic ring.

Then, marvellous to relate, the figure of Artemis over the gateway dropped the torches she held in her hands, her watchful gaze turned to the sky. The dogs, before so fierce, now fawned upon them, back sprang the mighty bolts of the brazen gates, the portals opened wide, and there before the Grecian heroes lay the mysterious grove.

"I was the first to enter, close followed behind by brave Jason,
After us came Medea, and the noble sons of Tyndareus.
But as we neared the oak, and the steps of the altar of Zeus,
Lo! with a terrible roar, the mighty dragon espied us."
—"Argonautica."

Raising his head he uncoiled his huge body, lashing the ground with his tail, and rending the air with his cries, while the very trees shook from their roots, and the earth trembled beneath the feet of the heroes.

Orpheus and his companions fell back, but Medea fearlessly advanced, bearing in her hands some of the magic

herbs, and when the bard saw this, he raised his lyre, and softly and sweetly supplicated sleep :

" Ruler of gods and of men,
That 'neath his powerful spell, the dragon's great strength might vanish.
Slowly he came to my call, and gently wrapping in slumber
All who were weary and sad, all who had toiled long and sorely
Floated on golden wings, to the flowery meadows of Colchis."
—" Argonautica."

As the God of Sleep approached, the eyes of the dragon suddenly began to close, almost as if death had come upon him, and at last his long neck sank down on to the shining scales of his body. Even Medea herself was surprised at the effect of the spells, but she urged Jason at once to secure the precious prize, which could be seen sparkling on the trunk of the oak-tree above the dragon.

Then the Argonaut hastened forward, unfastened the golden fleece, and they all returned at once to the ship, where their comrades received them with the utmost rejoicing, and offered up prayers and thanksgivings to the immortal gods.

Aeetes meanwhile had heard from his servants of Medea's departure, and sent his little son Absyrtos to go and find his sister. The boy came to the vessel of the heroes, and there found Medea in the midst of them, but fearing lest her flight might be made known to her father, the maiden laid hold on her brother, killed him, and threw his body into the sea. Then she hurried the Greeks in their departure, for the night was already half done, and she knew that at break of day Aeetes would discover the theft.

Medea's crime, however, was not to go unpunished. The Argonauts, instead of returning the way they had come, wandered about toward the north. They saw many king-

doms, and passed through the sea of Azov without knowing where they were.

At that time the Greeks believed that the sea of Azov joined the Arctic Ocean, and that where Russia and Poland lie there was nothing but water. Therefore the poet relates how the Argo sailed on and on without interruption, the shores peopled with nations were quickly passed, until at last on the tenth day after their departure they came to the great river Oceanos that encircles the earth. The steersman Ancaeus then turned the vessel to the left, that, crossing the North Sea, they might return to Greece by the pillars of Herakles.

Here in the Northern Ocean there was no wind, and the heroes had to take to their oars; after a time, however, their arms began to weary, for they were making hardly any way at all. Then Ancaeus spoke gently to his tired comrades, and persuaded them at last to get out on the marshy shore, and by fastening a strong rope to the prow endeavour to drag the vessel along. Imbued with fresh courage, they complied with his request, and leaping into the shallows proceeded to draw the Argo. The shores they passed now, consisted of sand and shingle, low and flat, and over all reigned a dreary silence:

"Death-like, and still, and eternal;
Here, neath the polar wain, and the furthermost waters of Tethys."

—"Argonautica."

Now they came to the land of the Macrobii, or long-lived people, who, blessed with every good gift, live free from sorrow and pain. In the fields they gather all that they need for food, and nectar and the dew of heaven suffice them for beverage, while they have beauty more than is given to other mortal men:

" Peace and happiness, also, dwell in their bright cheerful faces;
Old men as well young, know how to speak from the heart,
Crowning their deeds of kindness, with thoughtful and loving accents."

—" Argonautica."

Next the Argo reached the land of the Cimmerii, a people living in the far north, on whom Helios never sheds his rays. There perpetual darkness reigns, for high towering cliffs keep away the light of the sun. They also passed the rocky chasm through which Acheron dashes down into the Underworld. And then, far out beyond the plain, they beheld the town of Hermioneia, encircled by fair meadows. The city is surrounded by strong walls and towers, and the streets are wide and well built. In this splendid town dwells a wondrous nation, so upright and just that when they die they are exempt from paying toll to the ferryman of Acheron, and may pass at once through the portals of Hades to the land of shadows and dreams.

Now the Argonauts again entered their ship, for a zephyr gently ruffled the surface of the ocean. The mast was set up and the sails hoisted, when suddenly from the bottom of the vessel the sacred oak that formed part of the keel startled the heroes with the following words:

"'Woe! ah, woe! hapless vessel! would that mid sorrow and wailing,
Crushed 'gainst the cliffs of Axinos,* I lay 'neath its dark sullen waters.
Then should I not have to hear the infamous crime of the heroes,

* In ancient times the Black Sea received the name of Axinus, *i.e.*, "the inhospitable," which name, later on, when its shores were peopled by Greek colonists, was changed to that of Euxinus, "the hospitable."

Lost to all honour and fame. Now ever behind stands Erinys
Seeking the murdered Absyrtus, while following close in our pathway,
Evils and mischiefs attend us.'"

—"Argonautica."

Then the oak became silent, but the Argonauts were filled with fear, that on account of Jason's love for Medea many evils were still to await them. They began to think whether it would not be better to throw Medea overboard, and let her become food for the monsters of the deep; but Jason, guessing their thoughts, entreated them to spare her life. Little did he dream how much pain and sorrow this wicked maiden was yet to bring upon him.

Now with renewed vigour the heroes again grasped their oars, the stormy wind filled the sails, and with arrow-like speed they flew over the Atlantic Ocean, not knowing whither they were going.

At length, having coasted the northern side of the earth, they reached the western shore, where lay the island of the sorceress Circe. Here Jason landed, and was about to send out spies to find what sort of people the inhabitants were, when he was met on the shore by the lady Circe. She was a sister of Aeetes, and possessed of wondrous beauty, far above that of ordinary mortals, and the Argonauts were lost in wonder at sight of her. Her beautiful golden hair flowed over her shoulders, giving a celestial halo to her face, and gleaming in the sunshine, as she looked upon the strangers:

"But when her keen searching glance fell on the sorceress Medea,
Wrapped in a close covering veil, to hide the pale shame on her features!
Pity softened her breast, and thus she spake to the maiden:

'Ill-fated one! to what dire misfortune has Cypris condemned thee!
Surely ye cannot forget the crime that has brought you hither
Trying to land on our island. Hopeless the task is and useless,
For ye have both wronged your father, and cruelly murdered your brother.
Therefore ye shall not regain the shores of your own native country,
Till with the aid of Orpheus, on the shingly strand of Maleia,*
Ye sacrifice to the gods, thus purging away your transgression.
Here then ye may not enter, till from the ban ye are loosened.
But there is nought to prevent my sending you all ye have need of,
Bread and refreshing wine, and of meat a plentiful storing.'"
—"Argonautica."

Then she returned to her dwelling, and made her servants carry wine and food down to the ship, a soft breeze sprang up, the heroes loosened the cable, and the Argo, favoured by fortunate winds, entered the Mediterranean Sea by the pillars of Hercules, and came to Sardinia and Sicily:

"Now round the three-sided isle,† we bent to our oars with fresh vigour,
Trying to fly from Mount Etna, whose fires did hinder our voyage.
As with a mighty upheaving, the waves surged over the vessel,
And from the chasm beneath Charybdis her arms extended.
Here lay the vessel hemmed in, a barrier in either direction,
Backwards and forwards she circled, eddying around in the whirlpool.

* Maleia or Malea was the most southern point of the Peloponnesus, and here it was that they were to be reconciled to the gods.

† Sicily.

Soon in the dark fearsome depths, the Argo had perished for ever,
But that the daughter of Nereus, Thetis, the bright silver-footed,
Wished to behold once again, her husband the far-seeing Peleus,
Then from the ocean she rose, and out of the wild seething waters
Rescued the Argo divine, from the dangers that would have engulphed her."

—"Argonautica."

Thus delivered they next came to the isle of the Syrens:

"Here in a deep sheltered creek, the blue waters lap the white shingle,
While on the high rocks above, the Syrens with music celestial
Welcome the homeward bound traveller, leading him on to destruction
Charmed with their soul-thrilling song, the heroes now listened enraptured.
Gone was all wish to depart — the sweet witching lay had enthralled them.
And as their oars they rested, Ancaeus steered straight for the headland.
Now was my time for action. Quickly my harp I uplifted,
And as I struck the chords, I sang as my mother had taught me,
Sang in a voice loud and clear, to drown the lay so destructive:
How in the days of old, about swift coursing steeds rose a quarrel,
'Twixt the old powerful Zeus, and Poseidon the ruler of Ocean,
And how the mighty sea-god, enraged at his Cronian* brother
Had with his golden trident parted his land of Lycaon,
Dashing it all asunder, right through the waters of Ocean,

* The name given to Zeus from his being the son of Cronos.

Forming three islands sea girded, and well known to all as
Euboea,
Sardo, and Cyprus, the home of the goddess of Love,
Amphitrite.
Thus did I pour forth my lay, and from the snow-covered
headland,
Mournful, and sadly despairing, the Sirens ceased their soft
cadence.
One dropped the lute from her hand, the other her flute made
of Lotus,
And with a heart-rending sigh, each covered her face and
lamented,
Knowing their doom was fulfilled, and that Death would now
be their master.
Then from the dizzy heights, they threw themselves into the
waters.
Where, mid the wild foaming waves, they were changed into
dangerous forelands."

—"Argonautica."

Now the Argo reached the island of Corcyra, inhabited by a race of sailors, whose king Alcinous was known as the wise and just, and the heroes landed to offer sacrifices to Zeus and Apollo.

Scarcely had they stepped on shore, when they beheld a mighty fleet filled with armed men approaching. These ships had been sent by King Aeetes, who, enraged at the flight of Medea and the murder of his young son, had fitted out the force to follow the Argo and bring back his faithless daughter. The vessels having also anchored in the harbour, messengers were sent to the palace of Alcinous to demand the surrender of the fugitive. Then,

"Trembled Medea with fear, and terror distorted her visage
Lest the brave King of Phaeacia, on hearing her flagrant
misconduct,

Might for her infamy send her, back to the home she had blighted."

—"Argonautica."

When Alcinous heard the message he at once ordered that Medea should be handed over to the men of Aeetes, but the Queen Arete had compassion on the maiden, and persuaded her husband not thus to cast forth a stranger who had sought their protection. Therefore the king decided that if Medea were not already married to Jason she must be given up; if, however, she was married Jason might retain his wife.

Now the marriage had not taken place, so Hera, disguised as a servant, hurried down to the Argo to tell them of the decision of Alcinous. In great haste all the preparations for marriage were completed, and when the messenger from the palace arrived he found the heroes seated at the wedding banquet, upon which he returned again to Alcinous, reporting that the marriage had already taken place, and Medea was not given up.

After their departure from Corcyra the Argonauts had yet more dangers to encounter. A storm threatened them with destruction off the coast of Africa, and when they sought refuge on an island a brazen serpent prevented them from landing. These and many other perils they overcame with the help of the gods, till at last they came to the promontory of Malea on the shores of their native land. Here they landed, and as Circe had advised, offered sacrifices to the gods, Orpheus praying aloud to Neptune to grant them a safe return to Iolcus.

Then once again, and for the last time, the Argonauts stepped on board their vessel, and soon after dropped anchor in the harbour of Iolcus. They knew not what evils would follow the coming of the maiden Medea to their land.

When on the return of the Argonauts the inhabitants of Iolcos brought thank-offerings to the gods, Aeson alone was absent, for he was now old and weak. Jason then implored his wife Medea to endow his aged father with youth and strength by means of her magic arts, even if in so doing she were to deprive himself of some years of his life. "The latter will I not do," answered Medea; "I will not shorten thy life at all. Nevertheless thy father shall become young again. With the help of Hekate I will accomplish it." She waited for three days till the moon was full, then, so relates Ovid:

"Medea steals from court; her ancles bare,
Her garments closely girt, but loose her hair;
Thus sally'd, like a solitary sprite,
She traverses the terrors of the night.
Men, beasts, and birds in soft repose lay charmed,
No boisterous winds the mountain-woods alarmed; . . .
All elements chain'd in unactive rest,
No sense but what the twinkling stars express'd;
To them (that only wak'd) she rears her arms,
And thus commences her mysterious charms.
She turned her thrice about, as oft she threw
On her pale tresses the nocturnal dew;
Then, yelling thrice a most enormous sound,
Her bare knee bended on the flinty ground,
'O night,' said she, 'thou confident and guide
Of secrets, such as darkness ought to hide;
Ye stars and moon, that when the sun retires,
Support his empire with succeeding fires;
And thou, great Hecate, friend to my design;
Songs, muttering spells, your magic forces join;
And thou, O earth, the magazine that yields
The midnight sorcerer drugs; skies, mountains, fields;
Ye wat'ry powers of fountain, stream and lake;
Ye sylvan gods, and gods of night awake. . . .

Oft by your aid, swift currents I have led
Thro' wandering banks, back to their fountain head ;
Made sleeping billows rave, and raving billows sleep ;
Made clouds, or sunshine ; tempests rise, or fall ;
And stubborn lawless winds obey my call.
With muttered words disarmed the viper's jaw,
Up by the roots vast oaks and rocks could draw ;
Made forests dance, and trembling mountains come,
Earth groan, and frighted ghosts forsake their tomb.
Thee, Cynthia, my resistless rhymes drew down, . . .
Nor stronger Titan could their force sustain . . .
Nor could Aurora's virgin blush avail. . . .
The fury of the fiery bulls I broke,
Their stubborn necks submitting to my yoke,
And when the sons of earth with fury burn'd,
Their hostile rage upon themselves I turn'd. . . .
And by their fatal strife, my lover freed.
And, while the dragon slept, to distant Greece
Through cheated guards convey'd the golden fleece.
But now to bolder action I proceed,
Of such prevailing juices now have need,
That withered years back to their bloom can bring,
And in dead winter raise a second spring.
And you'll perform't ; ——
You will : for lo ! the stars with sparkling fires,
Presage as bright success to my desires :
And now another happy omen see !
A chariot, drawn by dragons, waits for me !
With these last words, she leaps into the wain,
Strokes the snake's necks, and shakes the golden rein.
And now beneath her fruitful Tempè lies,
Whose stores she ransacks, then to Crete she flies."

—OVID, "Metam.," Book vii.

And gathers together herbs from all the mountains of Greece, using the roots of some, and the stems and leaves of others for her magic brew. Having thus driven about

for nine days and nine nights in the chariot, she returned to Iolcos, the dragons having only lived on air all that time.

Now Medea commenced to weave her spells. She remained between the outer porch and the door in the open air, for to enter the palace would have broken the charm; erected two altars of grass, and strewed them with magic herbs and wild brushwood, and having dug two trenches to catch the blood, she killed two black sheep. Holding a jar of clear honey in one hand, and a bowl of new milk in the other, the sorceress next proceeded to cry loudly to the powers of the Underworld, Pluto and Persephone, to grant the old man renewed youth. Having thus, with many a long and secret prayer, conciliated the dark powers, she commanded the weak and tottering Aeson to be brought to her, and putting him into a deathlike sleep through her magic arts, she placed his body beside the herb-strewn altars.

Then she ordered Jason and the attendants to retire, for no unhallowed eye might watch her work, and with dishevelled hair, paced wildly round the burning altars, dipping small splinters of wood in the blood, and throwing them at the piles, while she sprinkled the old man thrice with water, sulphur, and fire:

> "In a large cauldron now the med'cine boils
> Compounded of her late collected spoils,
> Blending into the mash the various powers
> Of wonder-working juices, roots, and flowers;
> With gems i' th' eastern ocean's cell refined,
> And such as ebbing tides had left behind;
> To them the midnight's pearly dew she flings
> A screech-owl's carcase, and ill-boding wings; . . .
> Last a crow's head to such an age arrived,

That he had now nine centuries survived.
These, and with these a thousand more that grew
In sundry soils, into her pot she threw ;
Then with a withered olive-bough she rakes
The bubbling broth ; the bough, fresh verdure takes ;
Green leaves at first the perish'd plant surround,
Which the next minute with ripe fruit were crowned.
The foaming juices now the brink o'er-swell ;
The barren heath, where'er the liquid fell,
Sprang out with vernal grass, and all the pride
Of blooming May."

—OVID, " Metam.," Book vii.

When Medea saw this, she grasped a sharp knife and cut the throat of Aeson, that all the old blood might run out. Then she filled the body with the mixture from the cauldron, and behold ! no sooner did the life-giving stream enter the veins of the old man, than the grey hair and beard changed into dark curling locks, the wrinkles disappeared, a ruddy colour spread over the features, the shrivelled limbs filled out, and as the new blood coursed rapidly through all the veins, the bent and aged body became straight and strong. Aeson awoke, and to his surprise the health and strength of youth had returned, while Jason was filled with gratitude towards his wife for having thus restored his father's youth.

But Medea could not rest in doing good by her charms, and soon she determined to take vengeance on Pelias and his house for withholding the throne from Jason. So she came to his palace, and told how she and Jason had quarrelled, begging the king to protect her. Pelias and his daughters (one of whom was Alcestis, afterwards the wife of Admetus) received her gladly, and ere long the beautiful Medea was loved by all. Craftily she relates to

the maidens her wondrous powers, and when she told how she had succeeded in restoring Aeson to youth, they prayed her to restore their beloved father also, promising her great rewards if she should succeed.

At first Medea artfully pretended great unwillingness, and it was not until after numerous entreaties that she said: "So be it then! but that you may not be afraid, and more fully trust in my power, bring hither the oldest ram in your flock. I will then turn him into a lamb before your eyes."

An old ram with large crooked horns was brought for her to try her skill upon, and Medea pierced his throat with a sharp knife, dipped the body in the magic brew, and immediately it shrunk to half its size, the horns disappeared, from the depths of the cauldron bleating was heard, and while the king's daughters were still marvelling at the sound, a young lamb jumped out, and began gambolling round them. Lost in amazement at the wonderful sight, they entreated Medea more earnestly than ever to try her magic power on their father.

On the fourth night after this Medea again prepared her magic cauldron. She caused Pelias to fall into a deathlike slumber, and summoned his daughters, but although they approached the bed where their father lay, they would not venture to pierce his throat: "Wherefore do ye hesitate, faint-hearted ones?" cried Medea; "draw the knife and let the old blood run out that I may fill his veins with the fresh stream of youth. In your hands rest the life and death of your father. If ye truly love him ye will no longer hesitate."

Then the daughters, although their filial feelings rose up against such a deed, took up the sharp knife and pierced their father's throat. But they turned away their eyes,

afraid to gaze on what their hands had so unwillingly done :

> " Waking in consternation, he essays
> (Welt'ring in blood) his feeble arms to raise :
> . . . . From whence
> This barbarous usage? What is my offence?
> What fatal fury, what infernal charm,
> 'Gainst a kind father does his daughters arm?
> Hearing his voice, as thunder-struck, they stopp'd
> Their resolution, and their weapons dropp'd :
> Medea then the mortal blow bestows,
> And, that performed, the tragic scene to close,
> His corse into the boiling caldron throws.
> Then, dreading the revenge that must ensue,
> High mounted on her dragon coach she flew."
>
> —OVID, " Metam.," Book vii.

Another legend relates that after Pelias was dead, Medea went up to the housetop with his daughters, who were still under the belief that their father would come forth from the cauldron with renewed youth. She then pretended that she must first make an offering to Selene or the moon, they therefore all appeared with torches in their hands. In reality, however, the sorceress had arranged with Jason that he and his friends should hold themselves in readiness, and as soon as they saw the burning torches they were to attack the palace. This he did, and the castle of Pelias thus fell into the hands of his nephew.

As, however, Jason did not like to take possession of the crown of Iolcos after the great crime that had been committed, he made it over to the son of the murdered monarch, and went with Medea to Corinth, where he received a friendly welcome from King Creon. In Corinth they lived for ten years, but gradually Jason began to care less and

less for Medea for he feared her craftiness, and her magic powers, and his heart became filled with love for Creusa or Glauke, the daughter of King Creon. Then he spoke to Medea that she should leave him of her own accord. When she refused to do this, he cast her off in anger, and made preparations for his marriage with Creusa.

But hatred filled the heart of Medea on finding herself forsaken, and under pretence of friendship she sent a beautiful garment to her rival, the inside of which she had previously rubbed with poisonous herbs, begging her with loving words to wear it on the day of her marriage. Dreading no evil, the bride put it on, but soon she was seized with fearful pains, her eyes shone with a fiery light, her skin began to burn, her breath failed, and she died in terrible agony.

Still Medea's vengeance was not satisfied, it had yet to fall upon Creon and Jason. She took her children in her dragon chariot, and having first murdered them, threw them one by one down to the earth as she passed through the air, sending down also flames of fire which consumed both Creon and his palace. Then she descended to Athens, and was received there with great kindness by King Aegeus, but here, too, her wicked deeds soon became known, and she returned to Colchis, where, during the long time that had elapsed since she left, her mother's brother Perses had driven her father Aeëtes from his throne. Medea caused her uncle to be murdered, and gave the kingdom back to her father.

The poets give very various accounts of the end of this wicked woman. Some relate that she became reconciled to Jason, whose end is also uncertain; others that, wild with grief at the death of Creusa and his children, the leader of the Argonauts killed himself; others that he survived Medea.

XIV.—THE TROJAN WAR.

Although more reliance can be placed on accounts of the Trojan War and the destruction of Troy than on the previous myths, yet so much concerning these episodes relates to the Heroes and Legends of Mythology that we must not pass it over here.

The cause of the war, as has already been related, was the abduction of Helen, the wife of Menelaos, by Paris, Prince of Troy, during the absence of her husband from Sparta. When Menelaos returned from Crete, and heard of the loss of his wife and all his treasure, he was furious with rage, and hastened to his brother Agamemnon, King of Mykenae, by whose advice he invited the other Grecian princes to join him in an expedition to Troy to avenge his wrongs.

First, however, they sent messengers to ask for restitution, but as King Priam refused all satisfaction, war preparations were undertaken in earnest.

It is true Menelaos alone had sustained the injury, but the Grecian princes were bound by an oath, taken in bygone years, to look upon the abduction of Helen as an affront to them all. Once had all the princes of Greece striven together for the hand of the beautiful Helen, and her father, to avoid offending any of them, had left the decision to her, making the suitors promise that they would be satisfied, and in time to come would defend her and her husband from all dangers and insults that should be offered to them. The choice of the maiden fell upon Menelaos, who after the death of his father-in-law became King of Sparta. Now Menelaos demanded the promised help, and nearly the whole of Greece came to his assistance.

The most celebrated of the princes who fought against Troy besides Menelaos and Agamemnon, the sons of Atreus, were:

Nestor, King of Elis, a man, ninety years of age, who had already seen three generations rise and pass away. In youth and manhood Nestor had been one of the bravest of the heroes, and now in his old age he was reverenced and honoured by all on account of his great wisdom.

Odysseus or Ulysses, King of Ithaca, a son of Laërtes, and celebrated for his eloquence and cunning. It had been foretold to him, that if he went against Troy he should return after twenty years as a beggar to his own country. For this reason he did not wish to join the expedition, and when Menelaos and Agamemnon came to him, he pretended to be crazy. They found him with an ox and a pony harnessed to a plough, while he was sowing salt instead of corn in the furrows. But the princes saw through the artifice. Taking his little son Telemachos, they laid him just in the way of the plough. Odysseus, seeing the child, carefully raised the plough over him, upon which they declared that he was only acting a part to deceive them. Therefore he had to join them, leaving behind his wife Penelope and his child, without any protection. This Ithacan king underwent more misfortunes on his return from Troy than any of the others.

Achilleus has already been mentioned as a boy in the cave of the Centaur Chiron. It had been foretold to his mother Thetis that her son would either live a long and quiet life or a short and renowned one; the latter if he went to war against Troy, the former if he remained quietly at home. Therefore when he was born, the loving mother dipped him into the river Styx, that thereby she might render him invulnerable; one part only she forgot to dip,

namely the heel by which she held him. And it was in this spot that he afterwards received his death-wound. Having completed his education under Chiron, Thetis brought her son to the isle of Scyros, attired him as a girl, and under this guise he dwelt among the king's daughters. When, however, the Greeks were going to Troy they sought everywhere for Achilleus, an oracle having declared that Troy should not be taken unless he formed part of the expedition. Long did they search in vain, until at length the cunning Odysseus discovered where the youth was hidden. In order to make sure that his discovery was right, Odysseus travelled to Scyros, disguised as a merchant, and there before the delighted eyes of the daughters of the king displayed all sorts of raw articles, amongst them a sword, a lance, and a bow of splendid workmanship. As soon as Achilleus saw the arms, he seized them with eager delight, and thus betrayed to Odysseus that he was a warrior. When the king then told him of the object of his journey, the youth gladly agreed to accompany him, for the expedition was well suited to his warlike spirit: he would far rather live a short life and earn unending fame, than spend all his days in peaceful inactivity.

Ajax, a tall and stately youth, son of Telamon, King of Salamis and Hesione.

Ajax the lesser, a rough but brave man, son of Oileus, king of the Locrians in Hellas.

Patroklos, a relation and great friend of Achilles, from the island of Aegina near Salamis.

Diomedes, King of Argos, and son of Tydeus. He wounded Venus and Mars before Troy.

Pyrrhos or Neoptolemos, son of Achilleus, was only twelve years old, but he also took part in the Trojan war.

Philoctetes, a Thessalian king, to whom Herakles before

his death gave his poisoned arrows, without which, so an oracle had said, Troy should not be taken. Having been bitten by a snake while in the Greek camp, Philoctetes retired to Lemnos until the wound should heal, and took with him the arrows, which he would give up to no one else. This placed the Greeks in some perplexity, until at length Odysseus and Diomedes succeeded in obtaining them from him.

Teukros, another son of Telamon, and half-brother to Ajax, renowned for his skill as an archer.

Lastly, Idomeneus, King of Crete, the friend of Menelaos.

And now we will proceed to give the history of the Trojan war, as related by the great Greek poets, more especially Homer and Euripides, and also by the Roman poet Virgil.

Two years of preparation passed, and then one by one the Greeks assembled in the harbour of Aulis in Boeotia, until at length all had arrived, and now they only waited for a favourable wind to cross to the opposite shores of Asia Minor. But the anger of the gods was kindled against Agamemnon, whom the Greeks had chosen for their leader, and no wind came to fill the drooping sails. The reason for their displeasure is variously related: according to some writers, Agamemnon had killed a beautiful stag dedicated to Artemis, and had then boasted that no god could equal him in shooting. Others again say that he had promised the finest fruits of the year to the huntress queen, and had not kept his vow.

The wind still continued unfavourable, and at length the host murmured loudly, and demanded that the wise priest Calchas should discover who it was that had brought down the anger of the gods upon them.

Then the words of the seer fell slowly and sadly on the ears of the sons of Atreus.

"If the winds are to become favourable and the walls of Troy to fall, then must Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon, die on the altar of Artemis, the protectress of Aulis."

And Agamemnon sent forth a herald to proclaim to the host that they would be disbanded, never would he allow his daughter to be thus sacrificed. But Menelaos, with prayers and entreaties, at length persuaded his brother to appease the wrath of Artemis, and Agamemnon sent messengers to his wife Clytemnestra (the sister of Helen), at Mykenae, and bade her send his daughter at once to Aulis, for that Achilleus would wed her. In order, too, to hasten her departure the more, he added that Achilleus would not go to Troy until Iphigenia had become his wife and been sent to his home in Pthia.

Scarcely had the messenger departed when the father repented him of having yielded, and sent a second messenger to Mykenae to tell his wife not to send their daughter to Aulis, as the marriage had been postponed. Menelaos, however, suspected his brother's change of purpose, and waylaying the messenger as he left the camp, obtained possession of the letter. Bitterly did he reproach Agamemnon for his fickleness, but the king maintained that he would not sacrifice his daughter.

"I cannot become the murderer of my own child," he said. "Thou, in thy wild passion for revenge upon one who has been faithless to thee, mayest tread justice under foot, but never will I murderously stain my hands in the blood of my children. The horrid deed would haunt me night and day, and never more should I have peace."

While they were still disputing, news was brought of the arrival of Iphigenia. Agamemnon was beside himself with grief and dismay, and his sorrow even touched Menelaos.

"I swear to thee by Pelops, our great ancestor," he cried, "that when I saw the tears streaming from thine eyes, my brother, my very soul was moved. Scarce could I myself refrain from tears. The words I just now uttered I will take back. I will not be wrathful with thee. Thou art right, slay not thy child. I myself declare that it is not just."

Meanwhile Clytemnestra, the mother of Iphigenia, having accompanied her daughter to the Greek camp in order to be present at her marriage with Achilleus, had accidentally encountered the latter, and expressed her joy at the approaching connection. The chieftain, however, assured her he had never thought of it, and while both were wondering why Agamemnon should have deceived them in this manner, a faithful old slave came up and told them that the king had decided to offer up his daughter as a sacrifice to Artemis.

The unhappy mother would not believe the tale. "Man," she cried, "thou hast lost thy senses. Oh! 'tis too fearful. My husband must be mad ere he would consent to such a crime." But when the slave assured her of the truth of his statement, she threw herself down before Achilleus in the agony of her grief. "Oh! son of the sea goddess Thetis, have pity on the unhappy maiden who has been called thy bride. Have pity on her mother. Grant us thine aid, oh! child of Peleus. Alone and friendless, without thy help we are lost. Stretch forth thine hand in our behalf, and we are saved."

Pity filled the heart of Achilleus: "Truly do I grieve for thee," he answered, "and whatsoever this poor arm can do be sure it will. Agamemnon shall not kill thy child, the maiden shall not suffer this great misery. Cost what it may, my sword shall defend her. Let this suffice thee, and be-

lieve in my sincerity and truth." Then they agreed that Clytemnestra should make another attempt to change her husband's decision; if this failed, Achilleus promised to interfere.

Then she went to Agamemnon, told him what she had heard, and tried to move his heart; Iphigenia also, who had now learned her fate, added her entreaties that her life might be spared.

"My father," thus she spoke, "had I the eloquence of Orpheus, could I by the charm of my voice cause rocks to follow me, and by my words soften as I will the hearts of men, then would I have called it to mine aid. Now tears are my only skill, these I have, these do I offer thee. Behold as a suppliant bough I lay me at thy feet, oh, slay me not, my father. Sweet is the light of the sun to my eyes, send me not before my time to visit the land of shadows. I was the first from whom thou didst receive the name of 'father,' the first to stand beside thy knee to give and in return receive sweet tokens of affection. And thou wast wont to say: 'My daughter how gladly shall I one day behold thee happy and blessed in the home of a husband such as beseems thy birth.' And I did answer thee, while my hand caressed thy beard as it does now, 'Then will I receive thee in my house as an old man with great honour, and repay thee for the careful nurture of my youth.' Thus spake we. Well do I remember these thy words, but thou, my father, thou hast forgotten them, and now wouldst slay me. What has the marriage of Paris and Helen to do with thee? Came he to Greece for my destruction? Father, look upon me. Give me one glance, one kiss, that I may have at least one token of thy love to carry with me when I die."

"My daughter," answered Agamemnon, "hard it is for me to sacrifice thee. But how can I do otherwise. Behold the

whole Greek fleet. See how many kings are ready armed. And none of these shall ever see the towers of Troy, nor will the walls of Priam's castle fall unless thou die. So has the augur said. It is vain for me to go against the will of the gods. We should all fall victims to the army of the Greeks, who burn to reach the plain of Troy. For Greece I needs must offer thee, thy country asks thy death. Nor matters it if I be willing or unwilling. The anger of Artemis must be appeased." And having thus said, the king hurried away, leaving the mother and daughter alone with their grief.

Now Achilleus appeared, accompanied by his armed followers, to say that all rescue was impossible. The Greeks had risen, and imperiously demanded the sacrifice of the maiden, and when he had tried to pacify them they had taken up stones to stone him. Nevertheless, as he had promised, he and his companions had come to defend her against the whole host. "Hear me," my mother, "said Iphigenia, "hear what has entered into my mind. I have determined to die, but honourably of my own free will, not by compulsion. The eyes of all Greece are upon me, through me shall the fleet be freed, and destruction come upon Troy; then will my name be honoured among men for ever. I give my life for Greece, and none shall make me waver or change my purpose."

Achilleus stood lost in admiration of the wonderful courage of the maiden, and he promised to be at hand to protect her, in case at the last she should change her determination.

In vain did Clytemnestra try to dissuade her daughter. Iphigenia tore herself from her arms, and was lead away to the temple. All was prepared, the altar ready, and Calchas took the knife, and raised his arm to give the death-blow, when suddenly a thick cloud enveloped the maiden, and

the blow fell on a hind which the pitying goddess had sent in her place. Thus was Iphigenia saved, and in her stead the animal was sacrificed, while the wrath of Artemis was appeased.

Now the wind veered round to a favourable quarter, and filled the sails of the waiting vessels. Among the assembled Greek heroes was Protesilaus, a Thessalian prince, who, just as the war broke out, had married Laodamia, a granddaughter of Pelias. Great was the love which they bore to one another, and Laodamia entreated him not to join the host, as it had been foretold to him that he should die before the walls of Troy. But even his wife's persuasions were in vain. Protesilaus would not be deterred from joining the expedition, for he also was one of those who had given the oath to Gyndareus.

The fleet set sail, and ere long arrived off the coast of Troy, but now none of the Greeks would land, for an oracle had said, whoever first stepped on the shore would die. How long they would have remained thus cannot be said, had not Protesilaus nobly offered to sacrifice himself for his country. He sprang from the vessel on to the shore, and thus hurried on his fate, for he soon after died by Hector's hand.

When Laodamia received the tidings of his death, she was inconsolable. "Ah! could I but have said farewell to him," she cried. "Ye gods, grant that I may for a few short hours behold his face yet once again, so that I may tell him how great is my love for him." The gracious gods, pleased at her devotion, granted her wish. Once more she was allowed to clasp him in her arms, and then he descended again into Hades, whither the loving wife soon followed him.

The Greeks raised a tomb in honour of Protesilaus near

Troy, and planted elm trees round it; the trees, however, only grew tall enough to be in view of Troy, as soon as they beheld the city the leaves faded and died.

XV.—STRIFE BETWEEN ACHILLEUS AND AGAMEMNON.

After the Greeks had landed, they spread over the country before they commenced attacking Troy itself, destroying the neighbouring towns and collecting treasure and booty. This desultory warfare continued for nine years, and all the prisoners that were taken became the slaves of the victors.

Among those prisoners were two maidens: Chryseis, the daughter of Chryses, priest of Apollo, who was given to Agamemnon; and Briseis, daughter of the priest Briseus, who fell to Achilleus.

When Chryses heard of the capture of his daughter he offered a large ransom for her, and entreated the sons of Atreus to restore her to him. But Agamemnon treated him with scorn, and sent him out of the Greek camp. Then Chryses paced sorrowfully along the sea shore, and prayed to Apollo for help. The god heard his prayer and his anger being roused that the daughter of one of his priests should have been stolen, he grasped his bow and quiver, and under cover of the dark night shot his arrows into the Greek camp, striking both men and beasts with a pestilence. After the plague had lasted nine days, Achilleus called the chiefs together, and proposed that Calchas should ask Apollo wherefore they had incurred his anger. This was done, and Calchas thus replied :

"Not for neglect of sacrifice or prayer
The god is wroth, but for his injured priest,
Whom Atreus' son dishonoured, when he came
With ransom for his daughter; hence these woes:
Nor will far-darting Phoebus stay the plague,
Till he restore the maid of glancing eye,
Unbought, unransomed, to her loving sire,
With offering of a sacred hecatomb
To Chrysa led. Then haply may the god
Accept propitiation and repent."

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book i. (Wright).

Agamemnon refused to do this, and fierce words ensued between him and Achilleus, as the former said he would only give up the maiden if the other princes would make him some compensation. The strife waxed hotter, and Achilleus had just laid his hand on his mighty sword to draw it forth, when Pallas, sent by Hera, and unseen by the other Greeks, caught hold of him by his auburn locks. Amazed, he turned round, and, recognizing the goddess, let the sword fall back into the sheath. But angry words continued to fall from the lips of both princes, till Nestor rose up and tried to pacify them. Then they separated, but their hearts were full of hatred.

Agamemnon placed Chryseis on board a ship and sent her back to her father, but at the same time insisting that Achilleus should also give up Briseis. Achilleus surrendered the maiden, but he called the gods and men to witness that he would take no further part in the war, for he was both hurt at her loss and at the overbearing arrogance of Agamemnon:

"From his friends withdrawn,
Achilles sat beside the hoary sea,

Gazing in tears upon the boundless deep ;
Then to his mother prayed with outstretched hands :
'O, mother, since so brief my term on earth,
Surely the Olympian should at least have crowned
Thy son with glory : glory he denies ;
And Agamemnon, the wide-ruling king,
Insults me, robs me, and my prize retains.'"
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book i. (Wright).

Then in the deep caves of ocean his mother Thetis heard her son's complaint, and rising from the sea she sat down beside him, fondly soothed him with her hand, and thus she spoke :

"Why weep, my son? What sorrow wrings thy heart?
Speak ; hide it not ; and let me share thy grief."

Gloomily Achilleus told her his trouble, and begged her to go to Zeus and entreat him to assist the Trojans in order that the Greeks might be defeated, for he wished them to feel his loss. Thetis promised to perform this as soon as the gods returned to Olympos ; at present they had all gone with Zeus to the land of Ethiopia, to hold a great banquet. When, however, twelve days had elapsed they returned, and at once Thetis hurried to Olympos, and presented her petition. "Gladly would I grant thy wish," was the reply of the mighty Jove, "were it not for the anger of Hera. Already she declares that I assist the Trojans ; but go thy way, I will endeavour to accomplish thy desire."

So Thetis returned to her caves under the sea, and Zeus sought again his palace, where all the gods received him standing. As soon as he had seated himself on his throne, Hera at once began to taunt him, trying to discover the nature of the request of Thetis. But angrily

"Replied the sire of gods and men :
'Aspire not, Juno, all my thoughts to learn,

Hard e'en for thee, my consort, to divine.
. . . . . .
Suspicion ever in thy bosom lurks ;
Nor e'er do I thy searching ken escape.
Yet shalt thou not prevail ; and thy design
Will but estrange from thee my heart the more :
. . . . . .
I still accomplish what my will approves.
Be thou submissive, lest when I approach,
And lift against thee my unconquered hand,
Vain be the aid of all the Olympian host.'"

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book i.

Silenced by the menace, Hera refrained from answering, and the gods seated themselves at their banquet and feasted until the sun set, when they retired to their palaces. But Zeus could not rest, and sleep did not visit his breast; through the hours of the night he lay deeply pondering how, to please Achilleus, he might send destruction on the Greeks.

At last he sent a dream to Agamemnon, telling him that now was the time to attack the Trojans. He should quickly assemble the Greek host, and Troy would fall that very day. When Agamemnon awoke, he called together the princes, related his dream, and advised an immediate attack. Even wise Nestor approved of the plan, and Agamemnon assembled the host that he might discover their wishes.

In order to prove them, he counselled them to give up the siege, and to return home. Then the whole multitude rushed to the shore, and amid loud shouts they dragged the vessels down into the sea and prepared to depart. The embarkation would have been carried out had not Juno interfered. Hurriedly she sent Athene to the fleet, and the goddess, flying down with arrow-like swiftness, found Odysseus standing beside his bark, which however he had not moved, for his heart was wrung with pain and sorrow. Approaching him, she said :

"Son of Laertes, heaven-descended prince,
Great in resource, are ye indeed thus bent
On flying home to your dear native land,
Flocking tumultuous to your well-oared ships?
And will ye leave behind a glorious boast
To Priam and the Trojans——Argive Helen,
For whom so many Greeks have given their lives,
In Troy, far distant from their native land?
Haste then amid the ranks; each man persuade;
Nor let them drag their well-poised ships to sea."
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book ii. (Wright).

Odysseus obeyed. He threw aside his cloak, and hurrying back met Agamemnon, from whom he took the leader's sceptre. Then he retraced his steps to the ships, and by fair and flattering words persuaded the princes to remain.

"Heard he some vile plebeian brawling loud,
He struck him with his sceptre, and rebuked:
'Fellow be still: regard what others say,
And listen to thy betters. Base art thou,—
Of no repute in council or in war.
All are not born to rule. Ill fares the state
Where many rule. Let one alone be king,
To whom Jove gives the sceptre and the laws,
So to fulfil his delegated trust.'"
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book ii. (Wright).

Thus at last was order restored, and the assembled host returned to the camp, all except Thersites, who was ever ready to find fault with the princes.

"Ugliest was he of all who came to Troy;
His legs were bandy, and one foot was lame;
His shoulders round, and gathered tow'rds his breast;
His head high-tapering to a peak, besprent
With thin and woolly down."
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book ii. (Wright).

After he had loudly abused Agamemnon he tried to persuade the people to insist on returning, but Odysseus rose up and sternly rebuked him: "Hold thy foolish tongue, thou babbler. How canst *thou* know whether it be best to return or to stay? If e'er again I find thee playing thus the fool, my name is not Odysseus, and I do not pluck thy garments from thee, and send thee back with shame unto the ships;" and with his sceptre he struck him across the shoulders till the tears started from his eyes. Then Thersites cowered down and complained of the ill-treatment he had received at the hands of Odysseus, all the while wiping away his tears. But the princes only laughed heartily, and declared that Odysseus had done no greater deed than stopping this babbler's mouth.

Now Odysseus addressed the warriors, Pallas Athene standing beside him in guise of a herald: "None can blame you, O ye Greeks, for wishing to return and see your wives, your children, and your parents. But will ye, after waiting nine fruitless years, now give up all hopes of success? Have ye forgotten the sign sent to us by the gods before we sailed from Aulis; how, from beneath the sacred altar, a snake crept forth and twined itself round a plane tree, on the topmost branches of which lay a nest with eight young sparrows, and how the serpent first devoured the eight small birds, next their mother, the ninth, and then was turned into stone, while all stood amazed to see it? Have ye forgotten how Kalchas interpreted this sign, even that as the serpent slew the nine sparrows so should we, for nine long years, fight in vain, but that the tenth should witness our triumph?

> "'Wait then in patience, wait, till we achieve
> Their consummation in the fall of Troy.'"
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book ii. (Wright).

Loud was the shout of approval that greeted this speech, and no longer was any word spoken of returning. Agamemnon ordered all to arm and prepare the horses and chariots, as he intended to offer battle to the enemy.

XVI.—COMBAT BETWEEN PARIS AND MENELAOS.

With loud cries, like the roar of distant waves, the Greeks sprung up and hastened to their ships. From all parts of the camp rose smoke either from sacrifices or preparations of food, and Agamemnon himself offered a splendid bull, inviting the principal chiefs, Odysseus, Diomedes, the two Ajax, Idomeneus, and Nestor to the feast. Then he commanded the heralds to summon the Greeks to arms :

"Amid the host
Stood bright-eyed Pallas, bearing on her arm
The honoured Aegis, aye exempt from age,
And everlasting. Round about it waved
A hundred tassels, exquisitely wrought,
Of golden thread, each worth a hundred beeves.
With this she ranged the camp, fierce gazing round ;
And, urging all to speed, in every breast
Infused such strength to combat through the day,
That sweeter soon because the battle roar
Than thoughts that whisper of a distant home."
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book ii. (Wright).

Soon the whole plain was filled with armed men, each leader marshalling his own band, while above them all towered the tall form of Agamemnon. Zeus now sent swift-footed Iris to Troy to announce to King Priam that the Greeks were approaching. And under the form of the

king's son Polites, who had been sent as a scout to watch the Greeks, she urged the Trojans instantly to prepare for the combat.

> "Battles full many have I seen, but ne'er
> Witnessed so gallant and so great a host;
> For countless as the leaves, or as the sand,
> They sweep the plain, impatient to assault
> The city."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book ii. (Wright).

Quickly they flew to their arms, the gates of the town were flung open, and out rushed a mighty throng of both horse and foot with deafening tumult, led by Hektor, the brave and noble son of Priam.

As soon as the two armies approached each other, Paris stepped forth from the Trojan host. A bow and the skin of a panther hung over his shoulders; in his hand he carried a sword, and while swinging aloft two brazen pointed spears, he challenged the bravest of the Greeks to single combat.

When Menelaos beheld him he leapt from his chariot, burning to punish the abduction of Helen; but no sooner did Paris see who the champion was than conscience made a coward of him, and he hurriedly withdrew behind his friends. Then bitterly Hektor reproached him for his cowardice: "Would thou never hadst been born," he cried, "or that thou hadst died ere thy hand was put forth to carry Helen away. Better far to die than to live contemptible, a byword for the Greeks."

"Thou art right," answered Paris, "my valour is not so great as thine. Yet am I no coward. To prove it, if thou wilt bid the Greeks and Trojans to abstain from combat, then will I, in face of both the hosts, fight alone with Menelaos for Helen and his stolen treasure. Let the victor keep what he wins, that the two nations be at peace." Rejoicing

at the words, Hektor at once went forward alone to meet the Greeks, who, with bent bows and uplifted spears, showered stones and darts upon him. But Agamemnon waved them back, and cried :—

"Hold, Argives, hold ;
For Hector of the waving plume would speak."
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book iii. (Wright).

Silence reigned while Hektor's voice fell on their ears. "Hark ye, Trojans and Greeks," he cried, "Paris will fight singly with Menelaos for Helen and her treasure. He who wins shall retain them both, and we all will join hands in sign of peace and amity." He ceased, and amid still deeper silence Menelaos replied: "Hear me also, ye contending hosts! Fain would I end this war, therefore whichever of us is fated, let him die, and let the rest be reconciled. Now bring ye forth two lambs, a white one and a black, the former for the sun, the latter for the earth, and to Zeus will we dedicate a third. Then let King Priam attend to ratify the treaty."

Gladness filled the hearts of both the hosts; they laid aside their arms, and stood in peace beside each other, while Hektor sent two heralds to Troy to summon the king and prepare the lambs.

Iris, meanwhile, appeared in the guise of one of her sisters-in-law to Helen, who was working a beautiful piece of tapestry, and thus addressed her: "Come, dear sister, haste, and behold the wonderful change that has come over the hosts. They are both at rest, and the war is ended! for Paris and Menelaos are to decide the dispute in mortal combat, and thou art to be the prize of him who wins the day." Hastily wrapping herself in her silvery veil, Helen hurried forth to the Scæan Gate, where Priam and the

noblest of the Trojans were assembled to witness the fight. When the king saw Helen he called to her:

> "Come, sit by me, dear daughter, and behold
> Thy former spouse, thy kindred, and thy friends.
> I blame not thee; I blame the gods, to whom
> I owe this mournful war."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book iii. (Wright.)

He then made her point out to him the most celebrated of the Greeks, and she showed him Agamemnon, Odysseus, Ajax, Telamon, and Idomeneus; but in vain did she look for Castor and Pollux, little knowing that already they lay beneath the cold earth.

And now the heralds brought the lambs, together with a golden beaker and goblets, and one of them coming up to Priam delivered the message of the princes. Quickly he ordered forth his horses, and stepping into the chariot took hold of the reins. Beside him sat the hero Antenor, and swiftly the coursers passed through the Scacan Gate on to the plain beyond. When they reached the hosts the king and Antenor dismounted, Agamemnon and Odysseus came to meet them, and the sacrifice commenced.

Agamemnon himself cut off the forelocks of the lambs, which the heralds divided among the chiefs of both armies, after which he prayed to Zeus:

> "O father Jove, enthroned
> On Ida, great and glorious, and thou, Sun,
> Who seest all things, and who hearest all;
> Ye Rivers, and thou Earth, and ye below,
> Who punish perjured souls, be witnesses
> Of this our league, and guard our plighted faith.
> Should Paris slay his rival, let him take
> Helen, and all her wealth; and let the Greeks
> Sail homeward in their sea careering barks.

Should Menelaus of the golden hair
Slay Paris, let the Trojans straight restore
Helen with all her wealth, and forfeit pay,
Such as is just, and shall to future times
Record the deed. If Priam and his sons
Refuse to ratify the covenant,
I stay and combat for the forfeit here,
Till all I sought in warfare be achieved."

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book iii. (Wright.)

Then having slain the lambs, and poured the wine from the goblets on to the earth, he continued:

"Most glorious Jove, and ye undying gods,
Who ever first shall violate the oath,—
Trojan or Greek,—dashed be his brains to earth,
His and his children's, even as this wine
Is sprinkled on the ground; and let their wives
Be given to strangers."

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book iii. (Wright).

"Hear me, ye Greeks and Trojans," then cried Priam, "I must return to Ilium, for mine eyes may not endure the sight of the fierce combat between my son and Menelaos;" and as he spoke the aged king mounted his chariot with Antenor, and sped back on his way to Troy.

Hektor and Odysseus then measured out the ground, and threw two lots into an helmet to decide who should first hurl the spear. Hektor shook the helmet, and—instantly the lot of Paris sprang forth.

All now seated themselves while Paris and Menelaos went to arm for the combat. When they were ready they hastened forth into the space between the hosts with fierce hatred burning in their hearts, and angrily flashing eyes. Paris threw the first spear, but it failed to pierce the shield of his antagonist. Then Menelaos raised his lance and prayed aloud to Zeus:

"Grant, Jove, a just revenge;
And let the aggressor fall beneath my hand,
That men to the remotest day may dread
To abuse the friendship of a generous host."
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book iii. (Wright).

With these words he hurled his lance; it penetrated both the shield and armour of Paris, and would have pierced his side had he not flinched from the blow and thus escaped death. Menelaos now drew his sword and struck his foe, but the crested helmet was too strong, and the blade was shivered in his hand. Then turning his eyes to heaven he cried:

"Oh! Father Jove,
Of all the gods malignant most art thou!
Vengeance, I deemed, was mine, and surely thought
To punish the aggressor; but my sword
Broke in my hands—my spear is hurled in vain."
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book iii. (Wright).

Seizing Paris by his horse-hair plume he dragged him towards the Greek host, and nearly choked him by the embroidered strap that bound his helmet. And now Paris would indeed have been lost had not Aphrodite perceived the plight of her favourite, and snapped the leather thong, so that the empty helmet alone remained in the grasp of Menelaos. Angrily he tossed it from him, and turned with renewed wrath on Paris, but Aphrodite shrouded him in a thick mist and led him in safety back to his own chamber in Troy. Then she went forth, disguised as an aged crone who usually prepared Helen's wools, to fetch the princess, and reminded her that it was time to go home, for that Paris awaited her there arrayed in festal garb.

But Helen soon perceived that it was the goddess herself who spoke, and reproached her as being the cause of all

her misery: "O heartless one! dost thou wish to lure me on again? Have I not suffered enough? Shall I have to wander on through other lands and there awaken fresh love just as it pleaseth thee? Go, leave the heights of Olympus and sit beside thy Paris. I will not return to him. Enough for me, that all the Trojans deride and hold me up to scorn." Indignantly the goddess answered her:

> "Vex me not . . .
> Lady, lest I desert thee in my wrath,
> And boundless hate succeed to boundless love,
> Lest I inspire deep hatred in the breast
> Of Greek and Trojan, and an evil death
> Be thine."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book iii. (Wright).

Dismayed by these words, quickly she hurried back to the palace, and going up to Paris thus upbraided him:

> "Hast left the field?
> Would thou hadst perished, slain by valiant chief,
> My husband once, whom thou in olden time
> Didst vaunt thou couldst surpass in warlike feats
> Of sword and javelin! Go;—defy again
> The gallant Menelaus. Yet forbear;
> Nor with the hero of the golden locks
> Provoke rash combat, lest thou quickly fall
> Beneath his spear."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book iii. (Wright).

Paris replied, "Reproach me not with thy taunts Helen. Menelaos wins to-day, hereafter I may be the conqueror, for that depends on the favour of the gods alone. Let us then dispute no longer, but lay aside all warlike thoughts."

Menelaos meanwhile rode through the crowd searching in vain for his enemy, no one had seen him; even the

Trojans would not have concealed the faithless prince, whom all alike detested. At last Agamemnon said :

> " Hear me, ye Trojans, Dagdans, and allies :—
> With Menelaus sides the victory :
> Therefore let Argive Helen be restored,
> With all her treasures, and such forfeit paid,
> As shall to future times record the deed."
> —HOMER, " Iliad," Book iii. (Wright).

Loud shouts proclaimed the assent of the Greeks.

During this time the gods were assembled in council on Mount Olympos, and Hebe was filling their goblets with nectar. Then spake Zeus : " Two of ye who grace our court, Hera and Athene, side with the Greeks, whereas Aphrodite is ever present with the Trojans, and has now even saved Paris from impending death. It remains therefore for us to decide whether the war begin again or whether the two nations should form a league of peace." With dissentient heart, Athene sat in silence, but Hera with rage exclaimed, " What ! wouldest thou thus frustrate all my labour and toil to bring destruction on Priam's house ?" Wrathfully Zeus answered her : " Implacable ! what harm has Priam done to thee ? Far better slay him and all his sons at once, then thy hatred will be satisfied. Have thy will, but this only bear in mind : When I may wish to destroy some city favoured by thee, thou shalt not turn my wrath away from it. Reluctant am I to give thee Troy, for there my altar never lacked sweet smelling sacrifices."

" So be it," replied the goddess ; " there are three cities which are dear to me, Argos, Sparta, and Mykenae. Overthrow them if thou wilt, I will not grudge it ; only do not now stay my labours. Send Athene quickly to the battle-

field to urge the Trojans on, that they may be the first to break their oath and attack the Greeks."

Zeus assented, and fired with fresh zeal, Pallas Athene flew down to the Trojan host, assumed the form of one of the heroes, and persuaded Pandaros to shoot an arrow at Menelaos. Pandaros allowed himself to be persuaded; the arrow hit the hero, but not in a vital part, for thanks to her guidance, it glanced from the corslet and grazed the surface of the skin, only piercing him where the girdle and the corslet met. Agamemnon, seeing his brother's blood flow, fancied he was dangerously wounded, and cried:

"Ah, dearest brother; ill-starred league I struck,
Exposing thee alone to fight for Greece
With enemies who trample upon oaths!
. . . the Trojans shall have paid
Heavy atonement for their perfidy,
E'en with their own, their wives, and children's blood.
For in my heart and soul I surely know,
A day draws near when sacred Troy shall fall
Priam, and battle-loving Priam's race;
When Saturn's son, in ether high enthroned,
Shall shake his sable Aegis over all,
Loathing this treachery; nor shall the curse
Be unaccomplished. Yet what anguish mine,
O brother, if thou die, and now fulfil
Life's destined term."

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book iv. (Wright).

Menelaos assured him that the wound was not a deadly one, but Agamemnon, still unsatisfied, sent a herald to Machaon, a son of Aesculapios, entreating him to come at once and set his mind at rest. When the famed physician arrived he quickly healed Menelaos' wound with the soothing balm his father had received from Chiron.

XVII.—COMBAT BETWEEN DIOMED AND PANDAROS AND AENEAS.

While Agamemnon was with his brother, the Trojans, amid loud shouts, had advanced towards the Greeks, who hastened to arm themselves for battle. And now the king returned, and with his lordly step passed through the ranks, urging the dilatory, encouraging the timid, and praising those who were already prepared. Thus the two armies approached each other, the gods taking part in the fight. Ares encouraged the Trojans, Pallas Athene the Greeks, and

> "Fear and flight, and ever-restless strife,
> Sister and friend of hero-slaughtering Mars.
> Small at the first, she soon uprears her crest,
> Stalks upon earth, and lifts her head to heaven.
> She now threw down contention in the midst,
> Baneful to both; and through the ranks swift passed,
> Redoubling all the miseries of war."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book iv. (Wright).

The battle commenced, swords, spears, and shields clashed mightily together, and many mail-clad warriors fell on both sides. At last the Trojans began to give way, but Apollo, standing on the walls of Troy, wrathfully shouted,

> "On, Trojans, tamers of the steed;
> Nor yield to Greece the glory of the day;
> For not of stone or iron is their flesh,
> That it should turn the piercing javelin's force."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book iv. (Wright).

On the other side Athene inspired the Greeks with fresh ardour, and where she saw Ares at the head of the Trojans, she went up to him, and taking him by the hand, persuaded

him with crafty words to leave the battle-field with her, saying that then Zeus could bestow the victory on whichever side he chose. Thus she deprived the Trojans of the mighty god of war.

Among all the Greeks none fought more bravely than Diomed. He rushed across the plain, now here, now there, so that it was difficult to know to which side he belonged, sweeping down every time whole phalanxes of Trojans with his single arm." When Pandaros, the far-famed archer, saw him thus dealing destruction on all around him, he drew his bow, and sped an arrow, which pierced his corslet and wounded him on the right shoulder, so that the blood streamed forth. Loudly Pandaros rejoiced: "Courage, brave Trojan," he cried, "my arrows have pierced the bravest of the Greeks, he cannot long survive." But Diomed turned to his charioteer Sthenelos, and bade him withdraw the arrow from the wound. Then as the purple stream gushed forth, he raised his voice to heaven: *

> "O daughter of the Aejis-bearing Jove,
> Invincible;—if ever thou didst stand
> My father's friend or mine in battle-shock,
> Befriend me now, Minerva, with thy aid,
> And bring within my javelin's reach the man
> Who stealthily hath struck me, and declares
> That never shall mine eyes again behold
> The sun's bright beam."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book v. (Wright)

Athene heard the prayer of the hero, and coming up to him thus spoke: "Be of good cheer, brave Diomed, I have filled thy heart with fresh courage, and given renewed strength to thine arms. I will also give thee power to distinguish the gods from mortal men. Avoid the forms divine in the

* In Wright's "Iliad" Latin names are chiefly used.

fight, but if Aphrodite meet thee and provoke thee, fear not to wound her, if thou wilt."

With redoubled fury Diomed again went forth, and committed fearful havoc among the Trojans. When Aeneas saw him thus raging, he called to Pandaros and said: "Where, O Pandaros, is thy bow with its feathered shafts? Pierce yonder chief, who has slain so many of our noble friends, and lay him low." Pandaros replied: "It must be Diomed, unless it is one of the immortal gods. If it is Diomed, a god must aid him, for one of my winged arrows pierced deeply into his shoulder through his coat of mail, and yet it has not quelled him. Had I but my chariot and horses here! but alas! I left them at home. And now I see that even with my arrows I can do nought on foot."

"That can be easily remedied," replied Aeneas, "mount thou my chariot, and decide which of us two shall drive, and which shall wield the weapons."

"Guide thou the steeds," said Pandaros, "for if Diomed follows us, perchance they might not obey my voice, and should they turn restless or swerve, they would enable him to slay us both. Drive, therefore, thine own coursers, and leave it to me to receive him with the point of my spear."

Both then mounted the chariot, and hastened to meet Diomed, but when Sthenelos saw them advancing he spake words of warning to the son of Tydeus: "Quick, brave Tydides, let us flee, and risk not thy precious life."

"Speak not to me of flight," was the stern answer of the hero; "it is not my father's son who will flee from the combat, or crouch in the hour of danger. I will await the combat here on foot, and if I succeed in slaying them both, do thou fasten the reins to the chariot seat and seize the

steeds of Aeneas, they are above all price and the fleetest coursers on the earth."

Meanwhile the Trojan chariot approached, and Pandaros, throwing his long spear, pierced both the shield and breast-plate of Diomed. At once he began to exult, but Diomed, undismayed, answered him:

> "Thou hast missed thy aim;
> Nor will ye rest till one at least, I deem,
> Sate with his blood the sturdy warrior Mars."
> —HOMER, Book v. (Wright).

Then swiftly grasping his spear he hurled it at his enemy's face with such force that it came out at the back of his head, and Pandaros fell lifeless from the chariot. Aeneas jumped out to guard the body of his friend, but Diomed grasped a huge stone that no two other men could have lifted, hurled it at Aeneas and smashed his hip, so that he fell senseless to the ground. He too would now have died, had not his mother Aphrodite spread her silvery mantle over him to preserve him from the darts that flew around. Then wrapping her arms round him she secretly carried him away from the stormy battle-field, while Sthenelos secured the far-famed steeds.

Diomed, however, had recognized the goddess, and following her he wounded her in the hand with his javelin. Crying with pain she let Aeneas fall, but Apollo shrouded him in a dark mist lest the Greeks should kill him, and so saved him. Aphrodite then asked Ares for the loan of his chariot, and was driven by Iris back to Olympos, where her mother Dione tried to soothe her.

Three times again did Diomed essay to kill Aeneas, but each time Apollo placed his glittering shield before him; when out he rushed a fourth time at him, the god

warned him back with angry threatening words. Slowly and unwillingly the son of Tydeus withdrew and Aeneas was carried by Apollo to Troy, where he was nursed and cured by Leto and Artemis till he had regained his former strength and vigour.

XVIII.—THE WOUNDING OF ARES BY DIOMED.

The battle continued to rage with unabated fury, and now Apollo encouraged Ares to attack Diomed so that he might no longer harm the Trojans, while he himself looked on from the walls of Troy. Ares therefore hurried down among the Trojans, inspiring them to return to the onslaught with zeal, especially Hektor, Priam's son. Aeneas was well enough, thanks to the care of Apollo, to take part in the fight again. The Greeks, however, were not idle either, and the two Ajax, Odysseus, and Diomed encouraged them:

> "Courage, my friends; acquit yourselves like men,
> Who, fighting in each other's sight, enhance
> The love of glory by the dread of shame:
> So, few will perish; many will survive:
> But cowards neither fame nor safety win."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book v. (Wright).

Thus encouraged they again attacked the enemy with ardour, and the slaughter on both sides was terrible.

The Trojans were led by Ares and fierce Enyo, and Hektor, now here, now there, seemed in every part of the field at once. When Diomed saw the God of War he trembled, and turning to his friends he cried:

"Friends, what a marvel is the noble Hector,
Valiant in fight, and skilful with the spear!
Some deity is ever at his side,
Who wards off death; and near him now stands Mars
In mortal garb arrayed. Then towards the foe
Your faces turn; but step by step retreat;
Nor with the gods unequal combat wage."

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book v. (Wright).

The Trojans still came on, and Hektor slew numbers of the Argives, who gave way when they heard Ares was fighting for Troy, thus described in Wright's translation:

"When Juno saw the slaughter of her Greeks,
To Pallas she addressed these winged words:
'Alas! unconquerable child of Jove!
Vain promise we to Menelaus made
Of safe return, proud Ilium's walls o'erthrown,
If Mars we check not in his mad career.
Haste; let us also mingle in the war."
She spoke; nor did Minerva disobey.
Then Juno, daughter of the mighty Jove,
Dread, venerable goddess, with all haste
Prepared her golden-fronted steeds for fight,
While Hebe to the iron axle fixed
The eight-spoked wheels of brass, whose fellies shone
With undecaying gold. The tires were brass,
A wondrous work: silver the naves: on thongs
Of silver and of gold the chariot hung:
Two circling rims in front; silver the pole:
To this she bound the splendid golden yoke,
And through it passed the straps of burnished gold.
Juno herself the swift-winged coursers led,
Impatient for the battle and the shout.
Minerva, child of Aegis-bearing Jove,
Showered down on her celestial father's floor
The variegated robe her hands had wrought,
And buckling on the corslet of her sire,

Made preparation for the mournful war.
She decked her shoulders with the dreaded Aegis
With fringes girt, and garlanded with Fear :
In it were pictured Discord, Force, and Rout ;
In it the Gorgon monster's dreadful head,
Portent of Aegis-bearing Jove. Her brow
She crowned with golden helm, mounted with studs,
And four-fold crest,—in which might be contained
The marshalled armies of a hundred towns.
Her flaming car she mounted, seized her spear,
Huge, ponderous, strong, with which she overthrows
The ranks of heroes, doomed to feel her wrath—
Child of a mighty father. With the lash
Juno the coursers urged, at her approach
Spontaneous opened wide the gates of heaven,
Kept by the Hours, to whom is given in charge,
The vast Olympus, or to block the approach,
With heavy cloud, or roll it darkling back.
Passing through these, they found imperial Jove
High-seated, from the other gods apart,
On many-cragged Olympus' loftiest peak.
There white-armed Juno stayed her rapid steeds,
And thus bespoke the ruler of the skies :
'O father Jove, shall Mars his thousands slay
And thou unmoved behold these ruthless deeds,
That wring my heart, while quietly look on
Venus, and Phoebus of the silver bow
Delighted, and spur on the insensate god,
Unknowing of restraint? O father Jove,
Wilt thou be angry if with grievous stripes
I scourge fierce Mars, and drive him from the field?'
To her replied the cloud-compelling Jove :
'Against the cruel god do thou incite
Warlike Minerva. She hath learnt the art—
Practised full well—to vex him with sharp pains.'
He spoke : nor did Minerva disobey.
Lashing her steeds, they, not unwilling, flew

Midway 'twixt earth, and heaven's star-spangled vault.
As far as one high seated on a rock
And looking o'er the dark expanse of ocean,
Can compass at a glance ;—through such a space
Sprang the loud-neighing coursers at a bound.
When now they came to Troy, and to the spot
Where Simois and Scamander's streams unite,
There white-armed Juno stayed her rapid steeds,
Loosed from the car, and spread thick mist around,
While Simois stream gave forth ambrosial food.
Like timid doves, the goddess pair advanced,
Eager to aid the Greeks. Arriving now
Where round the might of valiant Diomed
Warriors the bravest and most numerous stood,
Compact, like raw-fed lions, or like boars,
Of sturdy strength, not easily subdued,
There Juno stayed her course, shouting, in guise
Of high-souled Stentor of the brazen voice,
That reached as far as shout of fifty men :
' Shame, Argives, who in form alone excel !
Mock heroes ! While divine Achilles fought,
The Trojans dare not pass beyond the gates,
So great their dread of his resistless spear ;
Now, to our very ships, far from the town,
They push the war.'
She spoke ; and roused fresh zeal
In every breast. To valiant Diomed
Minerva came. Him near his steeds she found,
Cooling the wound that Pandarus had dealt.
Chafed was his arm with pressure of the strap
That held his buckler, and his hand fatigued.
Lifting the belt, he wiped away the gore,
When, touching with her palm the chariot's yoke,
The goddess spoke : " Oh, how unlike his sire
Is Tydeus' son ! Tydeus, though slight of frame,
Was great in fight. . . . .
As at thy father's side erewhile I stood,

So stand I now by thee, and bid thy soul
Rise with the rising war.—Depressing toil
Deadens thy limbs, or spirit-crushing fear
Unmans thee. Be no longer deemed the son
Of valiant Tydeus, sprung from Oeneus' race.'
Then answered Diomed : 'I know thee well,
Thou daughter of the Aejis-bearing Jove ;
Freely I therefore speak :—Nor heartless fear,
Nor sloth enthrals me ; but I bear in mind
Thee, and thy strict injunctions—to refrain
From all encounter with the blessed gods,
Unless Jove's daughter, Venus, should descend
To battle : her I wounded with my spear.
Thus at thy bidding, I myself retreat,
And gather round me here the warrior band,
Since Mars, I see, is in the field for Troy.'
To him the goddess of the flashing eye :
'Tydides Diomed, my soul's delight !
Quail not beneath this Mars, or other god,—
Secure in my protection. Whirl thy steeds
Against him first, and strike him hand to hand ;
Nor have respect for this infuriate . . .
Who late to me and Juno gave his plight
Of succour to the Greeks, yet now forsooth
Forgets his word, and sides with perjured Troy.'
Thus saying, with strong hand she seized the son
Of Capaneus, and dragged him from the car,
Mounted herself, and by Tydides sat,
While groaned the axle underneath the load—
Goddess so dread, and hero so renowned.
She seized the reins and to elude the sight
Of Mars, concealed her head in Pluto's helm ;
Then lashed her steeds against the god, . . .
Seeing illustrious Diomed, dread Mars
Left Periphas extended on the plain,
And rushed amain against fierce Tydeus' son.
When now the combatants approached, Mars first

Over the yoke and reins stretched forth his arm,
Grasping a brazen spear, on slaughter bent;
But bright-eyed Pallas seized it with her hand
And from the chariot turned its fruitless aim.
Brave Diomed next hurled his brazen spear:
This Pallas guided on, piercing the belt
That girt fell Mars, and tore his tender skin:
Then, as she drew the dart from out the wound,
Stung with sharp pain, loud bellowed brazen Mars,—
Loud as the shout ten thousand warriors raise,
Closing in dread encounter. Trembling seized
Trojan and Greek;—so roared insatiate Mars.
Like the dim haze that in the sky appears,
When hot and sultry blows a noxious wind;
So brazen Mars to Diomed appeared,
As, mingled with the clouds, he heavenward rose.
Reaching Olympus, mansion of the gods,
Grieving he sat beside Saturnian Jove,
Showed the immortal blood that from the wound
Profusely gushed, and spoke these winged words
With lamentable voice: 'O father Jove,
Canst thou unmoved these ruthless deeds behold?
Dire are the ills we gods oft-times endure
One from the other, through our love to man.
Thee we all blame,—sire of a frenzied child,
Destructive, ever bent on lawless acts.
All other gods are subject to thy sway,
And yield to thee obedience:—she alone
Enjoys full licence to indulge her will,
Checked not by thee in action or in speech,
Because thy daughter. She alone hath urged
Imperious Diomed to vent his rage
Against the Immortals. Venus first he struck,
In close encounter, on her delicate wrist,
Then like a demon, furious rushed on me:
And had my speedy feet not borne me off,
There had I long been doomed to suffer woe,

'Mid heaps of slain ; and, since I might not die,
Been bruised and beat by storm of pitiless blows.'
Him, frowning, answered cloud-collecting Jove :
' Bring not to me, vile waverer, thy complaints.
Of all the Olympian deities art thou
The most detested—thou whose chief delight
Is blood and battle. In thy bosom dwells
Thy mother Juno's fierce unbending spirit,—
Spirit e'en I have scarcely power to check.
From plots of her invention flow, I ween,
Thy grievous pangs. Yet mayst thou not endure
Affliction long :—thou art my son :—to me
Thy mother bore thee ; else hadst thou been plunged
Long since below the sons of Uranus."
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book v. (Wright).

And then Jove summoned Paeeon, who placed on the wounds of Ares healing balms, and ere long completely assuaged his pains. Soon after, too, Hera and Athene turned and mounted upwards to Olympos.

XIX.—DEATH OF ADRASTOS.

Although the gods had now quitted the battle-field, the carnage still continued.

Adrastos, a beautiful youth, one of the Trojan allies, was carried off in his chariot by his affrighted steeds, which dashed wildly across the plain. At length the wheels caught in a shrub, the axle broke, and Adrastos was thrown to the ground. Before he could collect his scattered senses, Menelaos was beside him with uplifted spear ready to strike, but Adrastos clasped his knees, and craved his life :

"Take me alive, Atrides, and receive
Gifts from my father. In his ample halls
Are many precious stores—brass, steel, and gold;
And when he hears that I am still alive,
Thy prisoner at the ships, he will provide
Rich ransom."

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book vi. (Wright).

Thus spake Adrastos, and Menelaos, touched with pity, was about to hand him over to his companions to take him to the ships, when Agamemnon came up and said tauntingly:

"Loved brother, do thy foes
Deserve such pity? Surely they have wrought
Much service to thy house. Let none escape,
. . . . . .
Yea, perish all; let the whole race of Troy
Be swept away, unburied and unknown."

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book vi. (Wright).

His words changed the purpose of Menelaos, he thrust the youth on one side, and Agamemnon pierced him with his lance; but Menelaos turned away, he could not witness the lad's death unmoved.

XX.—DIOMED AND GLAUCOS.

Already the Trojans had given the battle up as lost, and were returning to the city when Helenos, one of the sons of Priam, celebrated for his skill in auguries, came to Aeneas and Hektor saying: "Brave princes, do not let the Trojans return yet to the city. But while you, Aeneas, reform the phalanxes, let Hektor return back to Ilium and bid our mother Hekabe that she go to the temple of Athene and

lay on the knees of the goddess the richest and most prized garment that she hath, and vow besides twelve spotless heifers if she will have compassion on the Trojan women and children, and save the city from the hand of savage Diomed. Even Achilleus himself, though of a goddess born, was ne'er so fierce as he."

Hektor, obedient to his brother's words, sprang quickly from his chariot, and rallied the Trojans :

"Ye of mighty soul,
Trojans, and ye allies of world-wide fame,
Be of good courage ; quit yourself like men ;
While I, ascending lofty Pergamus,
Exhort our wives, and aged counsellors
To appease the gods with sacrifice and prayer."
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book vi. (Wright).

So saying, he turned back to Troy. Diomed now met Glaucos on the field, and struck with his noble figure, thus addressed his foeman :

"Whence, and what art thou of the sons of men
Undaunted chief? for never have mine eyes
Beheld thee in the glorious fight before.
Thine is a confidence beyond compare
Thus to await my lance. Children are they
Of luckless parents who my strength confront.
But if from heaven thou come, and boast thyself
Of birth divine, I strive not with a god.
. . . If thou feedest on terrestrial food,
Draw near, and speed thee to the goal of death."
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book vi. (Wright).

Glaucos answered him :

"Noble chief,
Of Tydeus sprung, why ask me of my birth?
The race of man is like the race of leaves ;—
The summer leaves are scattered by the wind ;

> But spring returns, and the reviving wood
> Buds forth again : so generations change ;
> One springs to life, another dies away."
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book vi. (Wright).

"But as thou hast asked me who I am, know that I come from Argos. My grandfather was the hero Bellerophon, who vanquished the Chimaera, after which he wandered through Asia Minor, for those at home still sought his life. His son Hippolochos is my father, and he it is who has sent me hither to aid King Priam, charging me to lead the way and ever be first among my brave companions."

When Diomed heard these words, his heart was filled with joy, and laying down his sword he said: "As our fathers were friends in days gone by, so must we two also remain friends. For many days did my grandfather Oeneus entertain the noble Bellerophon, and at parting they exchanged rich gifts. Let us therefore exchange arms, that all may know our friendship is to stand like that of our fathers'. Our lances must not meet as those of enemies in battle. We will avoid a combat. Let other Trojans fall by my hand, and do thou prove thy valour against other Greeks."

Glaucos, indeed, rather lost by this exchange, for his golden armour was worth twelve oxen, while the iron suit of Diomed was only worth nine; but when the heart is swayed by impulse, self-interest is forgotten.

XXI.—HEKTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

Hektor meanwhile had arrived at the Scacan gate, and was at once surrounded by all the women of Troy, asking for tidings from the battle-field. He exhorted them to pray to the gods, and hurried on to the palace, where the first he encountered was his mother Hekabe.* Lovingly taking his hand, she questioned him in an anxious tone—

"Why leave the glowing battle, O my son?
My fears are true. The walls are compassed round;
And thou, sore harassed by the accursed Greeks,
Art prompted by the impulse of thy mind
To lift thy hands to Jove in Pergamus.
But stay, till I before thee set sweet wine,
That thou mayest drink, when thou hast first poured forth
Libation to the gods. Grateful is wine
To weary warrior, who like thee, my son,
Has laboured long to guard his native land."

HOMER, "Iliad," Book vi. (Wright).

But the brave hero answered her; "Bring forth no wine for me, my mother. I dare not offer libations or prayer to Zeus with these blood-stained hands." And then he told his errand, bid her lead the women to Athene's fane, and continued, "I go myself in quest of Paris; perchance he will now hearken to my words, and again go forth to the battle. Would that the earth might open and hide him from our eyes. Surely it was for the destruction of our city that Zeus created him. Could I but see him sunk into Hades, of a truth I should forget half our sorrows."

So Hekabe parted from her son, and at the head of the maidens of Troy went to the temple of Pallas Athene, and

* In Latin Hecuba.

there presented to her the splendid robe and twelve spotless heifers—alas! all in vain—while Hektor sought the abode of his brother, and found him in his chamber quietly burnishing his arms, and Helen sitting among her maidens, assigning to each her task of embroidery.

In grief and anger Hektor spoke: "Art thou not ashamed to rest here in idleness, while before the walls the whole of Troy is fighting for thee? Of what avail is sullenness or fear? Thou thyself wouldst blame such conduct in another. Haste! to arms! that the enemy burn not our city with fire to the ground."

Thus Paris answered him: "Hektor, thy reproach is just; but neither sullenness nor cowardice detains me here: it is only to brood over my grief that I remain at home. And e'en now Helen hath urged me to go forth again to the fight. Wait but till I have armed, or go thou first, and I will follow thee."

But Hektor stood silent, and answered not a word. Then Helen gently spoke: "Brother, baneful is the influence that I bear with me. Would that a tempest had seized me and carried me away when I was born, or that the waves of the ocean had engulphed me, ere such fatal deeds were wrought. But since I was doomed by the gods to create all this misery, oh! that a braver husband had been my fate,—one who would at least care for the reproaches of others. Paris hath neither courage, valour, nor constancy. Dear brother, repose here awhile, for thou thyself hast borne all the toil for both me and Paris."

"Lady, I dare not," answered Hektor, "the Trojans await me in the battle-plain. But urge thou this loiterer on, that he overtake me ere I reach the gate.

> "Meantime I hasten home, longing to see
> My wife, my household, and my infant child:

For whether fate ordains me to return,
I know not, or if unpropitious gods
Doom me to perish here by Argive hands."
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book vi. (Wright).

And as he spoke he hurried forth to his own palace, where he learnt that his wife Andromache and their little son Astyanax had gone to the Scacan gate, thence to look down on the field of battle. Thither he turned his steps, and Andromache, seeing him from afar, hastened to meet him.

"Then on his boy
Gazing in silence, the fond father smiled,
While near him stood Andromache in tears,—
Clung to his hand, and to her husband spoke:
'O wondrous chief! Alas, thine own great heart
Will be thy ruin! Pity thou hast none,
Or for thy child, or me thy hapless wife,
Soon to be left thy widow—all thy foes
Assailing thee at once. Better to die,
Forlorn of thee; for other comforter
Will none remain when thou shalt meet thy doom,
Grief my portion. Father I have none,
Nor honoured mother; for divine Achilles
My father slew. . . . .
My seven brothers, whom I left at home,
Descended all to Hades in one day,
Slain by divine Achilles, as they watched
Their snow-white sheep and lazy-footed kine.
My mother, once the queen of woody Plaucus,
He bore away to Troy with other spoil,
But for an ample ransom freed again.
Her Artemis, the arrow-loving maid,
Smote in her father's halls. All, all are gone!
But father, mother, brother, live in thee,
My noble, loving husband. Oh, have pity!

Stay with me here ; stay with me on the tower ;
Nor make thy son an orphan, and thy wife
A widow." . . . . .

Answered the hero of the waving plume :—

" All these thy anxious cares are also mine,
Partner beloved ; but how can I endure
The scorn of Trojans and their long-robed wives,
Should they behold their Hector shrink from war,
And act a coward's part? Nor doth my soul
Prompt the base thought. Ever have I been trained
To fight amid the foremost, and to guard
My father's deathless glory, and my own.
For well doth my presaging mind foresee
A coming day, when sacred Troy shall fall,
Priam, and battle-loving Priam's race.
Yet all these threatened evils—all that Troy
Shall suffer, and e'en Hecuba herself,
And Priam, and my kinsmen many and brave,
Destined to fall beneath their foeman's steel,
Rack not my heart so deeply as the thought
Of thee a captive—thee amid thy tears
Carried to Argos by some mail-clad Greek,
And there in labour of the loom employed,
Or bearing water at a stranger's beck.
. . . . . .
And some one who beholds thy tears shall say :
'This was the wife of Hector, most renowned
Of all the Trojans, tamers of the steed,
What time the battle raged round Ilium's walls.'
Thus some one will exclaim ; and fresh will flow
Thy grief for such a husband, whose strong arm
Had shielded thee from slavery's evil day.
But o'er my mouldering corse may earth be piled,
Ere thy lament and captive cry I hear."

—HOMER, " Iliad," Book vi. (Wright).

Thus spake the noble Hektor, and then he stretched forth

his arms to clasp his child, who, fearful of the glittering brass and waving plume, drew back with a frightened cry. Smiling, the father removed the helmet from his brow, and then, holding the little one close to his breast, softly rocked it, while he prayed to heaven :

> " O Jove, and all ye gods ! Let this my son
> Shine, as his father shone, pre-eminent
> Among the Trojans, and with vigorous arm
> Rule over Ilium : so in days to come,
> Some one beholding him return from war,
> Bearing the bloody spoils—his foeman slain—
> Shall say, ' How doth the son surpass the sire
> And in her heart his mother shall rejoice."

Then he placed the child in its mother's arms, and she took it, smiling through her tears, and fondly caressed it, while Hektor, his brave heart thrilled by her sorrow, tenderly placed his arm around her, and gently spoke again :

> " Grieve not too deeply, my beloved ;—the hand
> Of mortal cannot hurl me to the shades
> Before my time. When destiny draws near,
> Nor brave nor coward may avert his fate.
> Now home ; there ply thy proper arts—the loom
> And distaff : task thy maidens there. Be war
> The care of men, my care above the rest."

Then the noble hero replaced his helmet on his head, and, with a sorrow-laden heart, Andromache hastened home, looking back many times through her tears to where the gallant form of her husband was still standing. At length she reached the palace, and there too her handmaidens were weeping, their hearts filled with the same sad forebodings as hers, for they thought never again to hear the voice of Hektor, or to behold his noble form.

XXII.—FIGHT BETWEEN HEKTOR AND AJAX.

Paris having at length donned his armour, overtook his brother ere he reached the gate, and together they sallied forth to the battle-field, where the Greeks fell in numbers beneath their powerful blows.

No sooner did Athene perceive this than she flew from Olympos to the plain beneath. There Apollo met her. "Wherefore comest thou hither in such haste?" he said. "Surely if it is only to assist the Greeks, let us decide to suspend the fight for this day. For on the unfortunate Trojans thou hast no pity."

"So be it," replied Athenè, "but how wilt thou separate the conflicting hosts?"

"This will I do," answered the god, "I will inspire Hektor with a strong desire to call forth the bravest of the Greeks to single combat."

The wise Helenos overheard these secret counsels and sought Hektor, encouraging him to challenge one of the opposing host to mortal combat. Joyfully Hektor agreed, and, with his lance, waved back the combatants on each side, while in a loud voice (the two gods disguised as vultures watching from a neighbouring beech tree) he cried: "Hear all ye Trojans, and ye Greeks. That this war may quickly end let one among the Greek host stand forth and fight with me in mortal combat. Whoever remains the victor let him have his opponent's arms, but let the body be returned to the friends of the slain without misusage; and may Zeus be witness to the keeping of the compact."

Astonished at this bold defiance, the Greeks remained silent: none wished to encounter brave Hektor alone. At last Menelaos spoke, calling the Greeks "women" for being so cowardly, and offered himself to take up the gage. But Agamemnon would not suffer this, for he thought that Menelaos was not strong enough to fight with Hektor. Then Nestor rose. He blamed the Greeks for their want of courage, and said that he himself would have at once stepped forward to accept the challenge, had it not been for his great age. His example now roused several others, and among those who came forward were Agamemnon, Diomed, both Ajax, Idomeneus, and Odysseus. Lots were drawn, and the decision fell upon Ajax, the son of Telamon.

Quickly he armed himself, and rushed at Hektor with such fury that even the mighty hero was somewhat daunted.

"Thou seest, Hektor," he cried, "that there are yet left among the Greeks who dare to face thee. Up! let us commence, and no longer delay the mortal combat."

"Think not," replied Hektor, "to frighten me with threatening words like a child, for, trained to fight, war has for me no terrors. Only let us meet in fair and open field, for I will take no mean advantage of a noble foe." With these words he threw his lance, which, however, did not penetrate the shield of his enemy.

Then Ajax threw his spear, which not only pierced Hektor's shield, but also his corslet, and would have gone through to the flesh if he had not swerved to one side. Now both recovered their lances, and again rushed upon each other. Hektor's lance was bent on the shield of Ajax, but that of Ajax pierced the buckler of his foe, and wounded him in the neck. Then Hektor stooped to the ground, and lifted a huge stone which he threw on the boss of the shield, making the brass resound with a terrific noise. But

Ajax, in his turn, seized a fragment of rock, and straining every nerve sent it thundering through Hektor's buckler, wounding him in the knee, so that he sank to the ground. Apollo, however, was at hand, and quickly he raised the gallant chief. And now the heroes would have renewed the fight with their swords, but the heralds separated them, for night was approaching.

"Let us rest from our combat," then said the noble Hektor, "to renew it again at some future day, but ere we separate,

> "Let us . . . . . .
> Exchange some gift: that Greece and Troy may say,
> 'Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend;
> And each brave foe was in his soul a friend.'"
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book vii. (Pope).

With that the Trojan hero gave his silver studded sword and baldric to Ajax, who in return presented him with his richly embroidered belt. Thus they parted with mutual esteem in their hearts.

Agamemnon now slaughtered a bull, and having sacrificed the entrails and fat to Zeus, the rest was prepared for a banquet for the heroes. Then Nestor said: "Let us not fight to-morrow, that we may have time to bury our dead. Near the funeral pile we will erect a mound in memory of those who have been slain, and build a wall, and dig a trench around, this will then serve as a protection both to us and to our ships." To this proposal the Greeks gave unanimous consent.

XXIII.—CONTINUATION OF THE TROJAN WAR.

In Troy, meanwhile, Antenor urged that Helen and the stolen treasure should be given back to Menelaos, for that the gods would give them no success until this was done. But Paris, though willing to restore the treasure, would not give up Helen. Then Priam rose to quiet the rising tumult. "Listen, Trojans," he cried, "to-morrow let our herald go forth and ask for a truce, that we may burn our dead." Universal assent was given to this proposal, and the Greeks willingly agreed to it. The dead on both sides were burned, and the Greeks raised their huge mound and wall, while both hosts feasted till late in the night.

As soon as the first streaks of dawn appeared in the sky Zeus convened all the gods on the heights of cloudy Olympos, and sternly forbade them to take any further part in the war. If any dared to disobey him he threatened to throw the offender into the lowest depths of Tartaros. Then the mighty Jove stepped into his chariot, drawn by the ethereal steeds, whose manes were of gold and hoofs of brass, and wrapping round him his glistening mantle, he took in his hands the golden whip and reins, and flew with the speed of lightning to Mount Ida. There on its summit shrouded in clouds he took his seat to watch the two nations on the plain beneath.

The fight had again commenced—

> "Victors and vanquished join promiscuous cries,
> Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book viii. (Pope).

and continued until noon, when,

> "The sire of gods and men his golden scales suspends,
> With equal hands: in these explored the fate
> Of Greece and Troy, and poised the mighty weight:
> Pressed with its load, the Grecian balance lies
> Low sunk on earth, the Trojan strikes the skies.
> Then Jove from Ida's top his horrors spreads;
> Thick lightnings flash; the muttering thunder rolls;
> Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls."
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book viii. (Pope).

The Greeks fled to their ships, Nestor alone remaining behind. A dart shot by Paris had killed one of the horses of the aged chief, and when Hektor saw his plight he rushed towards him intending to slay him. But Diomed came to his aid, made Nestor come into his chariot, and then together they turned against Hektor. Diomed slew the Trojan's charioteer and then attacked Hektor himself. The mighty hero's fate would now have been sealed, had not Zeus taken compassion upon the Trojans, and

> "With awful sound
> Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound:
> Full in Tydide's face the lightning flew;
> The ground before him flamed with sulphur blue;
> The quivering steeds fell prostrate at the sight;
> And Nestor's trembling hand confess'd his fright:
> He dropp'd the reins: and shook with sacred dread."
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book viii. (Pope).

Then quickly he turned the chariot, and they hastened back to the camp, pursued by the scornful words of Hektor. Enraged at the insult of his foe three times did Diomed essay to turn back, but each time Jove's thunders sounded from Mount Ida, and Hektor, transported at this gracious

sign from Zeus, called on the Trojans to pursue the Greeks.

This gave dire offence to Hera, who tried to persuade Poseidon to aid the Greeks, in spite of Zeus' command to the contrary; but the sea-god would not consent, greatly fearing the wrath of his mighty brother. The harassed Greeks now thronged behind their wall, and Agamemnon besought the great father of heaven to save them. Filled with pity, Jove then sent down his eagle as a sign of encouragement to them, and the Greeks, fired with renewed bravery, again sallied forth and attacked the Trojans, killing a great number.

Teukros, the skilful archer, son of Telamon, distinguished himself above all others; he had already killed eight Trojans; Hektor alone he could not harm, for Apollo was protecting him. At last he shot Hektor's charioteer. Enraged at the death of his friend, Priam's great son raised a huge stone from the plain, and threw it at the breast of Teukros, so that he sank down senseless in the chariot. Two Greeks at once carried him back into the camp.

Again Zeus encouraged the Trojans, who, led by the noble Hektor, advanced as far as the trench outside the wall. Hera, seeing this, persuaded Pallas to get into her chariot and go to the aid of the Greeks; and as the gates of heaven sprang open the blazing car flew lightly down to earth. But Zeus beheld them from Mount Ida, and greatly incensed, sent Iris to stop the disobedient goddesses.

Swift as the wind flew the various coloured maid to meet the chariot. "Whither haste ye, O goddesses," she cried, "great Jove will not sanction your assisting the Greek host. If ye do, he has sworn that his lightning shall lame your steeds, and hurl you headlong to the ground, and the

wounds caused by his thunderbolts shall not heal in ten years." Abashed at the awful threat, the goddesses turned back their steeds, and, when they again reached the abode of the gods, retired sorrowfully to their golden seats.

And now Zeus himself left Mount Ida to return to Olympos, and entering the assembly of the gods took his seat on the throne of gold. The ground trembled beneath his footsteps, and thus he addressed the offending goddesses: "Why sit ye thus in silence, Pallas and Hera? Well was it that ye turned back when my messenger reached you. Had ye not done so I would have launched my thunders at you, and never more could ye again have entered Olympos." Pallas inwardly murmured at the reproof, but Hera, unable to restrain her wrath, thus answered him: "Well we know that thou art mightier than we, therefore we did not intend to aid the Greeks, but only to advise them, that so thine anger might not entirely crush them."

"The first rays of to-morrow's sun shall see the Greeks still further harassed by the Trojans," replied all-powerful Jove, "for so hath fate decreed (and nothing thou canst do will turn its course): Hektor shall not cease the strife until Achilleus comes again to join the Greeks."

The near approach of night now compelled the Trojans to retire from the field, and Hektor called the chiefs together in council. "Had the shades of evening not descended so quickly," said he, "this day would have seen the end of the war. Now, however, feed your horses and look well to them, and then let us refresh ourselves with meat, bread, and wine. Also gather fuel to keep alight numerous watch-fires, that the Greeks may not, under cover of the night, escape with their ships. Then at break of day we will again attack them, and decide whether Diomed or I shall remain the victor."

In silence the troops obeyed; soon numerous brightly gleaming fires illumined the surrounding darkness, and while they feasted and rested, the Trojan warriors looked eagerly forward to the coming morn.

XXIV.—THE VAIN ATTEMPT OF AGAMEMNON TO CONCILIATE ACHILLEUS.

The Greeks, on the other hand, passed a restless and unhappy night. Agamemnon had called them together secretly, and strongly advised their return home. To this, however, Diomed would not for a moment listen; if Agamemnon liked he might return, but the others would all remain and fight till Troy was taken. Nestor, likewise, sided with Diomed, and advised that sentries should be posted, while the chiefs assembled for supper in the tent of Agamemnon, and settled what course they should pursue.

The advice of the sage old warrior was taken, and after the banquet Nestor urged Agamemnon to make friends with Achilleus, for Troy, he said, would certainly not fall without the aid of the son of Peleus.

"Thou art right, Nestor," replied Agamemnon, "I ought not to have insisted that Achilleus should surrender Briseis. But, now listen, thus am I ready to compensate him: I will give him ten talents of pure gold, seven sacred tripods, twenty richly-chased goblets, twelve steeds unmatched for fleetness, seven beautiful slaves, and, in addition, I will restore Briseis. Also, when we have conquered Troy he shall have his share of the booty, seven cities in my own land, and he may choose of my three daughters the fairest to wife."

Then Odysseus undertook to go to Achilleus, and to induce him again to take part in the war. First he solicited the aid of the gods, and then set forth, accompanied by several of the princes, to seek the tent of the mighty son of Peleus. They found him playing on the lyre, and relating the deeds of the heroes to his friend Patroklos. He received them graciously, and made them partake of meat and wine, after which Odysseus disclosed his mission, and sought to persuade him to be reconciled to Agamemnon.

"Bethink thee," he urged, "how thy father Peleus warned thee to avoid contention, in these words:

> "My child! with strength, with glory and success,
> Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless!
> Trust that to heaven: but thou, thy cares engage
> To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:
> From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
> And shun contention, the sure source of woe;
> That young and old may in thy praise combine."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book ix. (Pope).

But neither the wise counsels of Odysseus nor the peace-offering of Agamemnon made any impression on the wrathful spirit of Achilleus. He utterly refused to be reconciled. Small thanks had he received for his part in the expedition, and now he had made up his mind to return home the next day. Ajax and his old tutor Phoenix, whom Peleus had sent with him, both tried to overcome his obstinate resolve, but nothing would alter it, and the chiefs left him debating whether to start at once or to remain yet a little longer.

When the princes reached the camp again, and entered the tent of Agamemnon, all the others were awaiting them, and rose eagerly to ask what success they had had. But

when they heard the answer of Achilleus they were struck dumb with sorrow and consternation; Diomed alone ventured to say that they might yet conquer without Achilleus. But it seemed to the rest of the Greeks as if their toil and labour had been for nought.

XXV.—THE STEEDS OF RHESOS.

The remainder of the night was passed by the Greeks in slumber, with the exception of Menelaos and Agamemnon, who, oppressed with many troubling thoughts, were unable to close their eyes.

At last Agamemnon rose from his couch, and as he was arming, Menelaos came to rouse him. They agreed to waken Nestor and go round to visit the guards. Nestor was ready instantly to join them, but he advised them to take as well some of the other chiefs. They therefore called Diomed, Ajax, Odysseus, and others, with whom, after having visited the outposts and seen that they were on the alert, they decided to hold a council of war.

Nestor proposed that one of them should steal into the Trojan camp and try to overhear the consultations of the enemy, but none could be found to undertake this daring venture, till at length Diomed himself offered to go. Many instantly volunteered to be his companions, but he only chose Odysseus out of them all, and in a short space of time these two mighty warriors sallied forth, well armed, under cover of the darkness, on their dangerous mission. As they left the tents behind an eagle suddenly flew past, and in this they recognised a good omen sent to them by Athene, and they prayed the goddess to grant them success in their undertaking, promising her rich gifts in return.

It was midnight in the Trojan camp, and the noble Hektor held a solemn council of war. He also suggested the advisability of cautiously approaching the Greek camp to discover their plans, and promised a magnificent chariot and horses as a reward to whoever should volunteer for this service of danger. Eager to earn the prize, Dolon stepped forward, a man rich in this world's goods, but devoid of any charms of nature, although very swift of foot. He begged Hektor to give him the chariot of Achilleus should he succeed in getting it, which the mighty Trojan readily promised to do, and then took his departure.

Swiftly he sped across the field which separated the two camps, but Odysseus and Diomed heard his footsteps, and first moving aside to let him pass, they turned and overtook him, forcing him to stand. Then they compelled him to tell them the exact position and strength of the Trojan host, and learnt also from him that Rhesos, King of Thrace, had just arrived, and had taken up his position at the end of the camp, where he had two splendid white steeds with magnificent silver harness. These the heroes determined to capture, but before starting, in spite of his wild entreaties to be spared, Diomed slew the traitor who had tried to save himself at the expense of his country.

Making their way to that part of the field where Rhesos lay encamped, Diomed laid about him with such energy that soon twelve Thracians, Rhesos himself amongst them, lay lifeless on the ground, while Odysseus secured the white coursers.

Now Athene appeared to Diomed, and bade him hasten his departure, and he and Odysseus swung themselves on to the steeds and hurried back to their own camp. But they did not pass unobserved, for Apollo, seeing the part

which Pallas Athene had taken, hastened to the Trojan camp to awaken the comrades of Rhesos :

> " He rose, and saw the field deform'd with blood,
> An empty space where late the coursers stood,
> The yet warm Thracians panting on the coast ;
> For each he wept, but for his Rhesus most :
> Now while on Rhesus' name he calls in vain,
> The gathering tumult spreads o'er all the plain ;
> On heaps the Trojans rush, with wild affright,
> And wondering view the slaughters of the night."
> —HOMER, " Iliad," Book x. (Pope).

As Diomed and his companion approached the Greek host, the heroes, hearing the tramp of horses' feet, feared an attack ; great was the rejoicing, therefore, when the two friends sprang from their horses, and related all that they had done.

XXVI.—DEATH OF HIPPOLOCHOS, PEISANDROS, IPHIDAMAS, AND KOON.

No sooner had fair Eos opened the gates of heaven with her rosy fingers, than Zeus sent down baneful Eris to the Greek ships, where, placing herself in their midst with her torch of discord, she stirred up afresh their love of war and strife. Agamemnon called on the people to arm, and as he himself appeared in all his splendour, Athene and Hera sent loud peals of thunder in honour of the mighty king. Amid wild shouts and tumult the Greeks and Trojans again met, nation to nation, man to man ; and on both sides the onslaught was terrible :

"Discord with joy the scene of death descries,
And drinks large slaughter at her sanguine eyes :
Discord alone, of all the immortal train,
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain :
The gods in peace their golden mansions fill,
Ranged in bright order on the Olympian hill."
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xi. (Pope).

Jove now took up such a position that he could overlook the whole battle-field, and determined that this time the Trojans should be victors.

The carnage continued the whole morning, but about mid-day Agamemnon came to the front, and everything gave way before him. Several of the noblest Trojans lay dead at his feet, amongst them two of the sons of Priam, and Hippolochos and Peisandros, sons of Antimachos. The latter had joined the party which so strenuously opposed the restoration of Helen to Menelaos, and thus his sons fell victims to the victorious arms of the king of men.

Hippolochos and Peisandros were both in one chariot, and the reins having fallen from their hands, the horses dashed wildly over the field. Seeing this, Agamemnon rushed at them like a lion on his prey, while they fell on their knees in the chariot and prayed for mercy :

"'O spare our youth, and for the life we owe,
Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow :
Soon as he hears, that, not in battle slain,
The Grecian ships his captive sons detain,
Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told,
And steel well-tempered, and persuasive gold.'
These words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths addressed to unrelenting ears :
The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply :
'If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die ;

> The daring wretch who once in council stood
> To shed Ulysses' and my brother's blood,
> For proffer'd peace! and sues his seed for grace?
> No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.'"
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book xi. (Pope).

And as he spoke he pierced Peisandros through the breast. Hippolochos then leapt down from the chariot, but the king, in his wrath, with one blow severed the head and arms of the unfortunate youth from his body.

The horses and chariots of both armies had now come to close quarters, and

> "From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise,
> Shade the black host, and intercept the skies.
> The brass-hoofed steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
> And the thick thunder beats the labouring ground."
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book xi. (Pope).

till the Trojans, hardly pressed by the Greeks, began to retire towards their city. Then Zeus lent his aid, and from the summit of Mount Ida sent Iris to the noble Hektor with the command: to avoid Agamemnon so long as he raged through the battle-field; but as soon as the king should be wounded, Hektor was to mount in his chariot and pursue the Greeks down to the haven.

Obedient to the divine behest, Hektor left his car, and encouraged the Trojans to resist. Agamemnon now encountered Iphidamas, a Thracian hero, who, with his brother Koön, had come to aid the Trojans in the defence of their city, and having been only just married had very reluctantly left his bride. Agamemnon first hurled his javelin at him, but the weapon missed its mark, and Iphidamas returned the blow so fiercely with his spear that it must have killed his foe had not his belt of silver plates turned the point. Quickly the king grasped his sword, and with one mighty stroke Iphidamas fell lifeless on the ground.

When Koön saw his brother fall he covered his eyes to shut out the painful sight; then rushing unperceived by him at Agamemnon, he pierced his arm so deeply that the monarch staggered. But he quickly recovered himself, turned on Koön, and as the latter was trying to remove his brother's body, with one blow struck off his head; thus both brothers descended together to the Underworld.

Agamemnon's wound becoming painful, he stepped into his chariot, and was driven back to the camp. As soon as Hektor perceived this, he called to the Trojans to attack the Greeks with renewed vigour. Numbers fell at this onslaught, and the remainder fled to their ships. Odysseus, seeing the frightful carnage, urged Diomed to help him to check the victorious career of Hektor, and, rushing into the midst of the Trojans, they killed numbers of them, Zeus keeping the fight equally balanced.

XXVII.—THE WOUNDING OF DIOMED AND MACHAON.

When Hektor saw that the Greeks were again gaining ground he hurried to the front, a large host following him; then seized with fear, Diomed cried to Odysseus:

> "Mark how this way yon bending squadrons yield,
> The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the field:
> Here stand his utmost force."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book xi. (Pope).

And levelling his lance, he threw it with such force at Hektor that the noble Trojan sank on his knee. Ere Diomed, however, could deal him the death-blow, he had

recovered himself and was driven back in his chariot to the rear of the host.

Several more Trojans fell beneath the powerful arm of Diomed, until Paris, hidden by a tombstone, sent an arrow into his heel; then, compelled by the severe pain, he returned at once to the camp.

Odysseus now remained alone, attacked on all sides by the Trojans, nevertheless he held his ground, dealing death blows to all who came within his reach. Among his antagonists were two brothers; one he killed, and the other, coming to revenge the death of his brother, Odysseus wounded, though not mortally. The warrior turned to flee, but Odysseus, throwing a javelin, pierced him through the shoulders, and called out—

> "Famed son of Hippasus! there press the plain;
> There ends thy narrow span assign'd by fate,
> Heaven owes Ulysses yet a longer date.
> Ah, wretch! No father shall thy corpse compose;
> Thy dying eyes no tender mother close;
> But hungry birds shall tear those balls away,
> And hovering vultures scream around their prey."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book xi. (Pope).

And now *all* the Trojans turned on Odysseus, who in vain tried to recede from his foes, while three times he called loudly on his friends to come to his aid. At length Menelaos, hearing the well-known voice, called to Ajax, and together they hewed a bloody path through the ranks of the Trojans.

Hektor, meanwhile, was fighting on one side of the plain with Idomeneus and Nestor; and Paris, from his station under the walls of the city, succeeded in wounding Machaon, the wise physician, with an arrow. Then Idomeneus

entreated Nestor to take the wounded man in his chariot and return with him to the camp, for

> "A wise physician skill'd our wounds to heal,
> Is more than armies to the public weal."
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book xi. (Pope).

Now for the first time Hektor became aware of the fierce conflict going on round Ajax and Menelaos, and hastened thither. The chariot rolled over mangled corpses and broken weapons, but although he cut down his enemies right and left, he avoided Ajax. The latter, seized with sudden terror when he saw Hektor approaching, took to flight, pursued by the Trojans.

Nestor had brought Machaon into the Greek camp, and now Achilleus, seeing the chario tdrive past, sent his friend Patroklos to the tent of Nestor that he might ascertain who was the wounded man. Very kindly Nestor received him, but he reproached the hero that, like Achilleus, he had withdrawn himself from the fight, forgetting how his father at parting had said to him:

> "'My son! be brave.
> . . . Though great Achilles shine
> In strength superior, and of race divine,
> Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
> Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend.'
> Thus spoke your father at Thessalia's court:
> Words now forgot, though now of vast import.
> Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say:
> Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey;
> Some favouring god Achilles' heart may move;
> Though deaf to glory, he may yield to love."
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book xi. (Pope).

"But should he still be obdurate, then come thou forth to

fight, and bid him give thee his armour, that the Trojans may believe it is the son of Peleus himself." Thus spake the wise old warrior, and Patroklos, deeply moved, returned again to the tent of Achilleus.

XXVIII.—BATTLE AT THE GREEK ENTRENCHMENTS.

Meantime Hektor succeeded in driving the Greeks as far as their entrenchments, and forced them back inside their wall. Then he tried to cross the trench with his chariot, but the horses refused the leap, frightened by the sharpened stakes glistening on the opposite side, upon which Polydamas wisely counselled that they should all leave their chariots and attack the wall on foot. Accordingly the warriors dismounted, and, covering themselves with their shields, began the attack with redoubled vigour. Asios alone would not quit his chariot; guiding his horses to the left round by the ditch he tried to enter by the open gate through which the fugitive Greeks were pressing. But here stood two of the Lapithen (one of them a son of the mighty hero Peirithoos), who defended the entrance most gallantly against Asios and the thronging Trojans, while, from the top of the rampart, the Greeks poured down on the heads of their assailants a shower of stones and arrows.

Hektor and Polydamas were still vainly attacking the right wing of the wall, when suddenly an omen was seen in the skies. An eagle, the bird sacred to Jove, passed over their heads bearing in his talons a bleeding serpent; the reptile, still alive, turned round and bit the breast of the eagle, whereupon the bird let it fall in the midst of the

Trojan host. Polydamas declared this to be an unlucky omen, and advised Hektor immediately to stop the fighting and to return to Troy ; but the hero scorned the counsel, and urged on his people to a fresh attack. A storm just then arose on Mount Ida, and, passing over to the Greek camp, still further convinced him that he was right.

Still the hero pressed forward, the Trojans stormed the wall, and battering-rams were brought to bear upon the towers bravely defended by the Greeks, under the leadership of the two Ajax, who were at all parts of the wall in turn, encouraging their countrymen to resist to the last. Thick as a hail-storm,

> " The stones descend in heavier showers,"

but the wall would, notwithstanding all efforts, have been taken, for Sarpedon (son of Zeus and Europa) had already torn down the breastwork, had not Poseidon, unseen by Zeus, quietly crept into the Greek camp, and inspired the wearied warriors with fresh vigour.

Hera also determined to aid her favourites, and, begging the loan of Aphrodite's girdle, went to Zeus on Mount Ida, and so fascinated him by her renewed beauty, that, with the aid of the God of Sleep, she wrapped him in a sound slumber so that he neither saw nor heard what was going on beneath him. Poseidon then called on the Greeks, and himself joined their ranks, while all the wounded heroes, Diomed, Agamemnon, and Odysseus, now quite recovered, took their places in the foremost ranks :

> " Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
> The close compacted legions urged their way :
> Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy ;
> Troy charged the first, and Hector first of Troy.
> As from some mountain's craggy forehead

A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,
(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends),
Precipitate the ponderous mass descends:
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds;
At every shock the crackling wood resounds;
Still gathering force, it smokes; and urged amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:
There stops——so Hector."

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xiii. (Pope).

At last the mighty Ajax hurled a huge stone with main force against the breast of the Trojan prince, and, like an oak of the forest struck by lightning,

"So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore;
His slackened hand deserts the lance it bore;
His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread;
Beneath his helmet, dropp'd his fainting head;
His load of armour, sinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field, a dead and hollow sound."

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xiv. (Pope).

Loud rang the triumphant shouts of the Greeks, and once they hastened to seize him, and give the death-blow to their great opponent. But the Trojans rallied round their fallen leader, and covering him with their shields bore him safely back to the town. Still the Greeks bore on with irresistible force, and their enemies began to give way in all directions. But now Zeus awoke from his slumber, and, when he saw the frightful tumult below and heard the shouts of the Greeks, he knew that the Trojans were receiving defeat.

Deeply incensed, he turned to Hera and accused her of subterfuge; then with threatening words he bade her send Iris and Apollo to him at once. Obliged to obey the command, but with secret anger burning in her heart, Hera

flew to Olympos, and there, before the assembled gods, complained of Zeus's government and assumption that he was greater than all other gods. Only now, she added, he had caused great grief to Ares by allowing one of his sons to be killed in the battle. As soon as Ares heard this he sprang to his feet, and smiting his breast, cried fiercely:

> "Thus then, immortals! thus shall Mars obey;
> Forgive me, gods, and yield my vengeance way:
> Descending first to yon forbidden plain,
> The god of battles dares avenge the slain;
> Dares, though the thunder bursting o'er my head
> Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book xv. (Pope).

And commanded the Graeae and pale Fear to harness his chariot, while he went to put on his armour. But quickly Athene sprang after the incensed god, and, depriving him of helmet, shield, and lance, thus reproved him for his foolish anger:

> "By what wild passion, furious! art thou toss'd?
> Striv'st thou with Jove? thou art already lost.
> Shall not the Thunderer's dread command restrain,
> And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
> Back to the skies would'st thou with shame be driven,
> And in thy guilt involve the host of heaven?
> Ilion and Greece no more should Jove engage,
> The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage;
> Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate
> And one vast ruin whelm the Olympian state.
> Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call;
> Heroes as great have died and yet shall fall."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book xv. (Pope).

So saying she led him back to his seat, and sent Iris and Apollo to Zeus on Mount Ida.

Zeus then despatched Iris to Poseidon, commanding him at once to withdraw from the fight. The mighty sea-god received his brother's command with great anger, and refused to obey his orders. But Iris spoke gently to him, and at last succeeded in convincing him that resistance was useless. So in sullen acquiescence he left the scene of battle, and returned again to his ocean home.

XXIX.—THE DEATH OF SARPEDON.

Apollo was now sent by Zeus with orders to frighten the Greeks, and endow Hektor with fresh strength and courage. He found the hero weak, but slowly reviving, and when he approached, the brave Trojan, recognising his celestial visitor, rose from his couch and at once encouraged his countrymen to renew the fight, which raged fiercely and terribly as ever.

Once more the Greeks retired, once more the Trojans began to approach the ships, with Apollo at their head. On they came, broke through the wall, levelled the ditch, and with cries of victory entered the camp of the enemy. Now a furious slaughter ensued. Aged Nestor went unceasingly from rank to rank, encouraging the Greeks to hold out, and then he prayed aloud:

> "O, Jove! if ever, on his native shore,
> One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;
> If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
> We paid the fattest firstlings of the fold;
> If e'er thou sign'st our wishes with thy nod;
> Perform the promise of a gracious god!
> This day preserve our navies from the flame,
> And save the relics of the Grecian name."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book xv. (Pope).

Encouraged by this prayer the Greeks rushed to defend their vessels from the enemy. The fiercest of the fight raged round the ship of Protesilaos; but when Patroklos beheld it he hastened to the tent of Achilleus, and entreated him to lay aside his anger and take pity on the harassed Greeks. Achilleus persisted in his refusal to take any personal part in the fight, but he allowed his friend to wear his armour, and to lead his followers to the assistance of their countrymen.

Meanwhile Hektor had broken in two the spear of Ajax, and when the Greek hero fled, Hektor flung a firebrand into his ship, from which there immediately burst forth flames, while dense clouds of smoke rolled to the skies. Achilleus saw the conflagration, aud smote his breast as he exclaimed—

> "Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aspires!
> The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
> Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame,
> Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
> I haste to bring the troops."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book xvi. (Pope).

With a heart filled with joy Patroklos obeyed, and soon he was fully equipped in the armour of Achilleus, with the exception of the spear, which none but the mighty warrior himself could wield. Then the immortal steeds were harnessed to the chariot, and Achilleus gathered his warriors together. Having harangued the men, he poured out wine as a libation to Zeus, and the troop went forth.

When the Trojans saw Patroklos their hearts trembled—they believed it was, in truth, Achilleus, and as the Greeks rushed forward they retreated. Then Sarpedon, prince of Lycia, son of Zeus and Europa, saw that the hearts of the

men of Troy were filled with fear, so that they began to waver, and quickly he went forward to meet Patroklos.

But when great Jove beheld the encounter, he trembled for the fate of his son, and, turning to the queen of heaven, thus he spoke: "Alas, must Sarpedon die, my beloved son; or shall I rescue him and bear him safely away from the battle-field to his Lycian home?"

"How canst thou question thus," was Hera's artful answer; "if now thou stretchest forth thine hand to save him, what will the other gods say, whose sons have fallen? The doom of Sarpedon is already sealed by the fates; only if thou lovest him,

> "Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
> And when the ascending soul has winged her flight;
> Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
> The breathless body to his native land.
> His friends and people; to his future praise,
> A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
> And lasting honours to his ashes give;
> His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book xvi. (Pope).

And Jove hearkened to her words, and left his son unaided to finish his fight with Patroklos. Fierce was the combat between the two heroes, and at length Patroklos thrust his spear into Sarpedon's side, so that the life-blood flowed from the wound, and the darkness of death closed his eyes. Hektor saw the chieftain fall, and hurried to his aid, but too late to save him, and both Ajax coming up at the same moment, great strife ensued over the body of the dying prince.

Zeus had watched the combat from afar, and was determined that Patroklos also should die, but not before the Trojans had returned to Troy. Therefore he struck

terror into the heart of Hektor, and the mighty Trojans believing they were overpowered, fled with his comrades, leaving the body of Sarpedon in the hands of the Greeks.

So died Sarpedon, son of Zeus. And the king of heaven sent Apollo to bathe the loved body in the waters of the stream, and when he had washed away the blood, Sleep and Death came floating on their noiseless wings, and gently and softly they bore him homewards in their arms through the still night. And in the far Lycian land there were sorrow and mourning for the noble chieftain who had fallen before the walls of Troy.

XXX.—DEATH OF PATROKLOS.

Patroklos now pursued the flying Trojans with his foaming coursers close up to the walls of the city, which he thrice essayed to scale. But Apollo kept guard, and each time drove him back. A fourth time the gallant prince ventured, but the god warned him back: "Patroklos, cease," he cried, "it is not decreed that thou shalt conquer Troy." Then Patroklos recognised the god, and fell back, while Apollo encouraged Hektor, whose courage had quite given way, to return to the fight:

> "In Patroclus' blood efface thy shame
> Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,
> And heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed."
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book xvi. (Pope).

So once more Hektor drove out to meet Patroklos, who, when he saw him, sprang from his chariot, and hurled a stone at the forehead of Hektor's charioteer. Lifeless the charioteer fell to the ground, and Patroklos ran forward to

secure his arms, but the soul of Hektor was filled with anger at the deed, and fiercely he fought with the great Greek chieftain over the dead body, as a lion fights for his prey. And now the combatants were joined by other Greeks and Trojans, and when Patroklos attacked Hektor a fourth time, Apollo, shrouded in mist, dealt him a blow from behind, with such force that he fell forward senseless, while his helmet rolled on the ground. One of the Trojans pierced him with a lance, and when the wounded man sought shelter among the Greeks, Hektor followed and struck him so fiercely with his lance, that again he lay prostrate, while the life blood flowed from his wound.

"As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He sternly views him, and triumphant cries:
'Lie there Patroclus! and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promised, of subverting Troy;
The fancied scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy soft pleasures served with captive dames.
Unthinking man! I fought those towers to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee:
But thou a prey to vultures shall be made;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
Though much at parting that great chief might say,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.' . . .
Supine and wildly gazing on the skies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies:"

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xvi.

"Boast not of thy victory? Had not Apollo torn my armour from me thou wouldst not have conquered. Let me tell thee, thy turn shall come; Death stands already by thy side, and by Achilleus shalt thou fall."

"He faints; the soul unwilling wings her way

(The beauteous body left a load of clay),
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast."
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xvi.

Menelaos saw Patroklos fall, and tried to rescue his body from the Trojans; he killed one enemy who opposed him, but when Hektor, encouraged by Apollo, came up to take possession of the bright armour of Achilleus, his courage gave way, and he fell back, calling upon Ajax to come to his assistance.

Thus Hektor secured the armour, and sent it back to Troy. Then he turned to sever the head of his foe from the body, but Ajax appeared, and the Trojan retreated to his own camp, where Glaukos reproached him for his cowardice in evading the combat:

". . . Let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
Thou darest not meet the terrors of his eye;
And lo! already thou prepar'st to fly."
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xvii. (Pope).

Hektor answered him: "Speak not so foolishly. Never yet have I feared to meet the foe. But thou knowest that great Jove at times inspires even the bravest with dread. Thus was it with me even now. Come let us hew our way through yonder squadrons, then shalt thou witness that I neither fear nor shun the foe." Then he exhorted the Trojans to fight bravely, until he should return from the town, whither he was going to put on Achilleus' armour.

When Zeus beheld him in the brilliant accoutrements, his heart was filled with pity for the great hero:

"Ah, wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory; and what fates attend!
In heavenly panoply divinely bright

Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,
As at Achilles' self! beneath thy dart
Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part.
Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,
Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away.
For ah! no more Andromache shall come
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home."
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xvii. (Pope).

Thus spake the god, while Hektor descended into the plain and led his comrades to the fight, promising half the spoil to whoever should succeed in taking the body of Patroklos from Ajax.

While the Trojans were advancing, Menelaos with a loud voice called upon the other Greek heroes to come to the rescue. Ajax, Idomeneus, and several more responded to the summons, and a furious onslaught took place. At last the Trojans gained the victory, but the Greeks still held possession of the body of the noble hero, who had fought so bravely for them, and Menelaos now sent Antilochos, the son of Nestor, to the tent of Achilleus, to bear the sad tidings of the death of his friend and the loss of his arms and armour. And Antilochos was also to entreat the mighty son of Peleus to come and aid his countrymen in defending the body of the dead, as it was being borne back to the ships amid the victorious Trojans.

XXXI.—LAMENT OF ACHILLEUS OVER PATROKLOS.

Seated beside his tent, watching from afar the fight, Achilleus thought with anxiety of Patroklos, and his soul was troubled with fear of the ills that might befall him. At last he beheld Antilochos coming towards him, with hasty step, and tears streaming from his eyes, and thus he spoke:

> "'Sad tidings, son of Peleus! thou must hear;
> And wretched I, the unwilling messenger!
> Dead is Patroclus! For his corse they fight;
> His naked corse: his arms are Hector's right.'"
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book xviii. (Pope).

Grief and woe filled the soul of Achilleus at the dreadful tidings; and even the captives in his own and Patroklos' ships rushed forth and beat their breasts, with cries and tears, while Antilochos kept the hands of the prince in his firm grasp, to prevent his putting an end to his life:

> "Far in the deep abysses of the main,
> With hoary Nereus, and the watery train,
> The mother-goddess from her crystal throne
> Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.
> The circling Nereids with their mistress weep,
> And all the sea-green sisters of the deep."
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book xviii. (Pope).

Bitterly Thetis lamented that her son, who was only to live so short a time, should have so much sorrow and trouble to bear:

> "'Hear how his sorrows echo through the shore!

I cannot ease them, but I must deplore ;
I go at least to bear a tender part,
And mourn my loved-one with a mother's heart.'"
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xviii. (Pope).

As she spoke the Nereids left the grotto and returned to the depths of the ocean, while Thetis rose from the waters by the Greek camp to comfort her son :

"The immortal mother, standing close beside
Her mournful offspring, to his sighs replied ;
Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the silver-footed dame began : . . .
'Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share,
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.'"
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xviii. (Pope).

Then with deep sighs Achilleus answered her: "Of what avail is all my fame and honour now, when Patroklos, who was dearer to me than life, is dead? By the hand of Hektor has he fallen, and I was not even there to aid him against his foe. Oh, that thou hadst never wedded Peleus! now wouldst thou not have to witness thy son's death. Never again will I return to my native land, for there is no rest or peace for me till I have pierced proud Hektor with my lance, and so revenged the death of my beloved friend."

Tearfully Thetis replied: "My son, I know that soon thy span of life will have run its course, so have the Fates decreed. For when thou slayest Hektor, thou hast not many more days to live upon the earth."

"Would that I might die at once," exclaimed Achilleus, "since I was unable to save the life of my friend. O that I had never striven with Agamemnon, then I should have been beside Patroklos at the fateful moment! Now, however, will I go forth to avenge his murder. My fate

may meet as it pleaseth Zeus. Herakles, himself, could not escape his destiny, let me also die. Only before Achilleus falls shall many a Trojan lie cold and dead beneath his hand."

"Thou art right, my son," mournfully answered the sea-goddess; "to succour the Greeks and avenge the death of thy friend is a task worthy of thee. But thy weapons and armour are in the hands of Hektor. Wait only till I bring thee fresh ones, formed by Hephaistos' hands." In haste she turned away and sought out the God of Fire, bidding him forge at once a costly equipment.

Hektor, meanwhile, had followed the Greeks as they were retreating with the body of Patroklos. Three times did he seize it, but each time the two Ajax drove him back from the dead. Still he persisted, and success would have at last attended his efforts, had not Hera quickly sent Iris to Achilleus, saying: "Rise, son of Peleus, rise, and rescue the body of Patroklos from the hand of Hektor. It is by command of Hera that I come hither, without the knowledge of Zeus or the other gods."

"How can I go forth unarmed?" fiercely answered Achilleus. "There is not another Greek in all the host whose armour I could wear save only that of Ajax Telamon, and he himself has already joined the fight."

"We know well that thou hast no arms," replied Iris; "go only as far as the trench, the Trojans will fear the sight of thee even unarmed."

Then Achilleus arose, Pallas hung her mighty Aegis on his shoulders and crowned his head with glorious rays, and as he reached the trench he raised a fierce shout, which Athene strengthened so mightily that tumult and confusion seized upon the Trojans. Every heart ceased beating from terror, and even the horses were so dismayed that they

turned and fled wildly towards the city. Thrice did Achilleus repeat the dreadful shout, and thrice the Trojans turned back in confusion and dismay. Then the Greeks took the rescued body of Patroklos and placed it on a lofty bier, while all his friends, their hearts filled with woe, gathered round the fallen hero, and hot tears coursed down the cheeks of Achilleus at the sight of his noble friend lying dead before his eyes, slain by the Trojan arms.

As night approached the baffled Trojans assembled in council, and Polydamas advised their return to the city; for now that Achilleus had once again taken part in the fight no hope remained of taking the ships, and they had better restrict themselves to defending the walls of their town. But Hektor would not listen to this advice, and insisted that the Trojans should attack the ships on the following morning. He did not fear Achilleus,

> "If great Achilles rise in all his might,
> His be the danger: I shall stand the fight."
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book xviii. (Pope).

Loud was the applause with which the chiefs received this resolution, and then they sat down to their evening meal.

The Greeks, meantime, were lamenting the death of Patroklos, and Achilleus, clasping the cold body in his arms, cried: "O ye gods! when I left my native shores I promised wise Menoitios that I would bring again his noble son in safety, laden with rich spoils! How doth almighty Jove cut short the plans of man. Now are we both destined to stain the sands of Troy with our blood, and never more will Peleus or my mother Thetis welcome their son back to his father's halls. But ere I follow thee to the grave, Patroklos, I will avenge thy death and recover mine

arms from Hektor. His head shall be offered to thy shade, and twelve Trojan youths shall bleed upon the battle-field in honour of thee."

Then the noble warrior begged his friends gently and tenderly to wash the blood and dust from the body, and through the long hours of the still, dark night rose the sound of plaints and wailings for the dead.

XXXII.—RECONCILIATION OF AGAMEMNON AND ACHILLEUS.

Thetis having obtained the arms from Hephaestos now hastened to bring them to her son, whom she found still weeping beside the body of his friend. Gently she placed the arms beside him, and so gloriously did they shine that they blinded all but Achilleus. Delighted at the gift, the warrior obtained a still greater boon from the goddess, that the body of his friend should remain unperishable.

He himself went to call the Greeks together, and when all were assembled, he offered reconciliation to his enemy Agamemnon. All the host rejoiced greatly, and Agamemnon thus addressed them: "Ye sons of Greece, oft have ye blamed me for my quarrel with divine Achilleus, but the fault lay not in me:

> . . 'Angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
> With fell Errinys, urged my wrath that day
> When from Achilles' arms I forced the prey.
> What then could I against the will of heaven?
> Not by myself, but vengeful Até driven:
> She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest
> The race of mortals, enter'd in my breast.

Not on the ground that haughty fury treads,
But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
Of mighty men ; inflicting as she goes
Long festering wounds, inextricable woes !'

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xix. (Pope).

"Até brought on me the guilt that I robbed Achilleus of Briseis ; but now I see my fault, and am willing to make an endless atonement."

Odysseus then advised that all should strengthen themselves with food and wine for the coming battle, and that Agamemnon should bring peace offerings. This he did amply. For he gave to Achilleus seven tripods, twelve splendid steeds, twenty golden goblets, ten talents of gold, seven fair slaves, and lastly the beautiful Briseis ; but when she reached the tent of Achilleus, and saw the dead body of Patroklos lying there, she threw herself beside it on the ground in an agony of grief, and cried aloud :—

"Ah, youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my distracted mind !
I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay ;
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay !
What woes my wretched race of life attend !
Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end !
My three brave brothers in one mournful day
All trode the dark, irremeable way :
Thy friendly hand upreared me from the plain,
And dried my sorrows for a husband slain ;
Achilles' care you promised I should prove
The first, the dearest partner of his love ;
That rites divine should ratify the band,
And make me empress in his native land.
Accept these grateful tears ? for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe ! "

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xix. (Pope).

The Greeks now sat down to partake of the banquet, Achilleus alone refused to join them. There was no rest nor peace for him until he should have revenged himself in the field upon Hektor. His thoughts were ever of his friend, and sad and touching was his plaint for the dead:

> "Thou too, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents)
> Once spread the inviting banquet in our tents:
> Thy sweet society, thy winning care,
> Once stay'd Achilles, rushing to the war.
> But now, alas! to death's cold arms resign'd,
> What banquet but revenge can glad my mind?
> What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,
> What more, if hoary Peleus were deceased?
> Who, now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
> His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.
> What more, should Neoptolemus the brave,
> My only offspring, sink into the grave?"
>
> HOMER, "Iliad," Book xix. (Pope).

In pity Zeus looked down upon the sorrowing one, and calling Athene to his side said, "Is Achilleus then no longer thy care, and dost thou desert him who is so great in war? See, while others satisfy their wants, he alone refuses rest and nourishment." At the word of her mighty father Pallas quickly descended from Olympos and strengthened the hero with nector and ambrosia, that thus his strength might not fail for want of food. Then Achilleus mounted his chariot, and went forth to fight for the Grecians.

XXXIII.—THE HEROIC DEEDS OF ACHILLEUS.

While the Trojans and Greeks were assembling in battle array, Zeus sent Themis to call the gods together, and gave them permission to help both sides, for as Achilleus was now going to take part in the war, the Trojans would be lost if no god came to their assistance. Eagerly the divine powers descended to the battle-field: Athene, Hera, Poseidon, and Hephaestos were in the Greek ranks, while Ares, Apollo, Artemis, Leto, the river god Xanthus, and Aphrodite, took part with the Trojans, who, before their arrival, trembled with fear at the re-appearance of Achilleus.

When the Immortals joined the fight fierce rage and anger distorted every face, and Discord sounded loud alarms, as the two nations rushed to meet each other in the field. The shores trembled at Athene's call, and as Ares hovered over Troy, he fired each Trojan heart with fresh courage. Then stern Poseidon shook the ground, and the mountains trembled and the towers of Troy tottered at his frown.

While the gods were thus exercising their powers, Achilleus sought Hektor. But Apollo, in guise of a Trojan, encouraged Aeneas to intercept him. Hera saw this, and called to Poseidon and Athene, saying: "Here comes Aeneas, we must drive him back, or defend the son of Peleus."

"Not so," answered Poseidon, "let them fight alone, but if Ares or Apollo help Aeneas, then will I also aid Achilleus."

The gods therefore seated themselves on a mount to look on, while Achilleus and Aeneas rushed impetuously at each other, and hurled their lances. Neither was hit; then

Achilleus drew his sword, and Aeneas raised a huge stone which no two other men could have lifted. Poseidon saw that Aeneas was in danger from Achilleus' sword, and said, "I have compassion on him, for it was Apollo who beguiled him into this strait. Now I will therefore save him," and placing himself behind Aeneas, he spread thick darkness before the eyes of Achilleus, and with divine power carried Aeneas under cover of it to the rear of the Trojan camp. "What unseen force," he said, "urged thee to meet Achilleus on the plain? If thou wouldst live, henceforth avoid him with all thy care."

Then the god removed the mist from before the eyes of Achilleus, and the latter, to his amazement, found that Aeneas had escaped him. Now, Hektor, filled with martial ardour, hurried forth to meet Achilleus, but Apollo warned him back, and concealed him in the midst of the Trojan host. With a wild shout the son of Peleus rushed into their midst, wounding and slaying wherever he went. Among the victims to his arms was Polydore, Priam's youngest and most beloved son. The Greek pierced him through with his lance, so that he fell to the ground with a terrible cry. When Hektor saw this, he was unable to contain himself any longer. Fiercely he rushed at his brother's murderer, who rejoiced greatly when at length he beheld before him his hated foe.

"Come and receive thy fate," he cried scornfully.

But Hektor answered: "Why waste vain words? I know thou art braver and stronger than I, but perchance the gods may guide my hand to take thy life," and launched his javelin at him. Pallas, however, blew the shaft aside, so that it fell harmlessly at his feet; and then, when Achilleus with a furious cry rushed to close on the Trojan prince, Apollo withdrew him from his reach, and enveloped him

in a thick mist. Four times Achilleus plunged his dart in vain into the cloud, and at last he cried out angrily: "This time thou mayest escape me, but we shall meet again, and then thou shalt not evade thy doom. Meantime, many Trojans shall pay for thine escape."

He turned again to the field of battle, and chief after chief fell beneath his sword, until many of the Trojans fled in terror before him, and threw themselves into the waters of Xanthos. Achilleus still pursued them, and leaping from his chariot continued his slaughter until the waters were red with the blood of his enemies. At length his arm began to weary, and he dragged twelve Trojan youths alive to land, bound them and sent them to the ships as destined victims to the shade of Patroklos. Lycaon, son of Priam, unarmed, now raised himself out of the water, and on perceiving Achilleus went towards him and fell at his knees, crying entreatingly: "Spare my life, great son of Peleus! My brother Polydore thou hast slain, but oh, have pity upon me! I am no real brother to Hektor who slew thy friend."

But mercilessly Achilleus answered: "Speak not to me of sparing life. Before Patroklos fell I too was well inclined to spare the Trojans, but now all sue in vain to me, yet less when it is one of Priam's house. Thou must therefore die, but why deplore thy fate? Is not Patroklos also dead? And look on me, strong, mighty as I am, my doom is near, a speedy death awaits me."

Once again Lycaon lifted his arms in entreaty, but Achilleus raised his sword and plunged it into his neck, and as he sank down lifeless at his feet he flung the body scornfully back into the water. "Lie there," he said, "as food for the fishes. May no mother mourn thee, but let the swift waters of the stream carry thee out into the open sea." Several others fell beneath his hand, when at length the river-god

Xanthos raised his mighty voice and rebuked him for having thus polluted his waters with blood: they were so choked with the bodies of the dead that they could scarcely go down to join the sea. And when Achilleus would not stay his hand, the waters began to rise and boil wildly round the hero. He tried to reach the shore again, but the angry waves threw him back with great force and threatened completely to overwhelm him.

Achilleus feeling his strength ebbing away prayed anxiously to heaven: "O mighty Jove! is there no god who will save me from such a death! Had I fallen by the hand of Hektor I should at least have died like a hero, by a hero's hand; but it were a shameful death to be thus drowned,

> 'Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day,
> Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away.'"
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxi.

As he spoke Poseidon and Athene appeared beside him in human form, and taking his hand the God of Ocean said: "Fear not, Achilleus! we have come by Jove's command to succour thee. Thou art not destined thus to die. Thou hast still to fight bravely until Hektor has fallen beneath thine arm, and the Trojans are driven back into their town. After that thou canst retire to the ships."

So saying they left him, and he, filled with fresh strength, battled bravely with the ever-increasing fury of the waters, for Xanthos followed him with angry roars, spreading his billows wide over the banks on each side. Then Hera perceived Achilleus' need, and hastily rising said to Hephaestos: "Surely thy power, O God of Fire, is greater than that of Xanthos! Hasten then, and whilst I call the south and west winds to my aid, send thou thy flaming red torrent along the banks of Xanthos that the waters may he dried, and the Trojans, both men and arms, be burned."

Hephaestos, obeying the queen of Heaven, poured forth a fiery stream, which first did its work on the plain, burning the dead, and then attacked the banks of the stream itself, where trees, plants, grass, and even the waters fell a prey to its all-devouring fury. The fishes began to pant for breath, the eels lay withering in the mud, until at length the river-god reared his languid head and anxiously besought him to withdraw the angry flames, for the waters were now at boiling point. Still, however, the conflagration continued, and the waters hissed and bubbled in the fierce embrace of the circling fires.

Then Xanthos appealed to Hera: "Why does thy son thus torture me, oh, mighty goddess? I have done no more than the other gods in siding with the Trojans, but if thou layest thy commands on me, I will return quietly to my bed. Only let Hephaestos leave me in peace." Then Hera had compassion on him, and commanded her son no longer to torment the river-god, but to withdraw his fire, and soon the stream regained its wonted aspect.

Now strife broke out afresh among the gods. Zeus heard the tumult from where he sat on distant Olympus, and his heart laughed within him as he beheld them arming for the fray. Ares and Aphrodite strove with Athene; Poseidon challenged Apollo, but the latter refused to fight with him on behalf of mortals. When Artemis heard this, she upbraided her brother and tried to incite him to take up the contest. Then Hera came and ill-treated Artemis, while Achilleus raged over the battle-field and laid many a Trojan low.

XXXIV.—THE DEATH OF HEKTOR.

Seated on the battlements of Troy, Priam watched the fray from afar. Seeing that the tide of battle was turning against his people, he commanded the warders to open wide the gates, so that the flying Trojans might save themselves. But as soon as they were safely in, the gates were to be again locked.

Achilleus pressed hotly on the retreating fugitives, and none dared oppose him save only Agenor, who awaited him with firm tread, and as he came up flung his javelin at him. But although it rang against his armour it did not pierce through, and Achilleus rushed fiercely to attack his daring foe, when Apollo hid the Trojan hero in a thick mist, and himself assuming the guise of Agenor, fled before the Greek. Achilleus followed in pursuit, and thus the god led him further and further from the walls of Troy, enabling the Trojans to enter their city in safety.

When Apollo had led the hero far enough, he turned round and cried to him: "Why followest thou me thus, Achilleus? dost thou not know that I am a god? See, thou hast allowed the Trojans to return to Troy."

Incensed, Achilleus answered him: "Merciless god! why hast thou thus deceived me? how gladly would I fight thee if I dared," and as he spoke he turned his steps again towards the city.

King Priam was the first to see him, and lifting his feeble aged arms, sadly he cried to Hektor who was awaiting the Grecian hero at the Scaean gate:

> "'Ah, stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
> Hector! my loved, my dearest, bravest son!

Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
. . . . . .
. . . Shun Achilles ! enter yet the wall ;
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all !
Save thy dear life ; or, if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs ;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet cursed with sense ! a wretch, whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
Great Jove has placed, sad spectacle of pain !
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain :
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries.'"

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxii. (Pope).

And the old man tore his grey hairs with anguish. Hekabe, too, added her entreaties, and begged her noble son in touching words not to go forth again. But Hektor was resolved to meet Achilleus, and heeded not the words of his parents: "How could I now re-enter the town? Would not every Trojan and his wife point at me the finger of scorn? No, with courage will I go forth to meet Achilleus, either to conquer or to die."

Nearer and nearer approached the mighty Greek, on his shoulder rested the deadly Pelean javelin, and his glorious armour shone like the rising sun. Sudden fear took possession of Hektor's heart at the sight, and struck by some unseen god, he turned and fled :

"Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies
(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies),
Just when he holds, or thinks he holds his prey,
Obliquely wheeling through the aërial way,

With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings :
No less fore-sight the rapid chase they held,
One urged by fury, one by fear impelled :
Now circling round the walls their course maintain
Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain.
. . . they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight :
(The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might :)
Swift was the course ; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim must reward the day :
(Such as in races crown the speedy strife :)
The prize contended was great Hector's life. . . .
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly,
The gazing gods lean forward from the sky."

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxii. (Pope).

And thus exclaimed great Jove: "Alas! I behold great Hektor, beloved of heaven, driven ingloriously round the city walls! my heart bleeds for him, thus chased by fierce Achilleus. Sacrifices without number has he ever brought to us. What say ye, gods, shall we save his life, or must he perish by the hand of the son of Peleus?"

Sternly Athene answered: "How canst thou question thus? wouldst thou put forth thy hand to save a man already claimed by death? Then, indeed, may the other gods call thee partial with good cause."

"Rest contented, my daughter," answered her mighty sire, "I meant it not in earnest. Carry out thy will; the Fates must have their way." And not waiting any further commands, Athene hurried down to earth from Mount Olympos.

Meanwhile Achilleus still held closely after his foe, and as often as Hektor tried to approach the walls of Troy, the towering form of the Greek stood between him and them. He must have sunk at last with fatigue, had not Phoebos

Apollo strengthened his failing knees. A fourth time they passed round the city; and now on the heights above the plain,

> "Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
> The fates of mortal men and things below:
> Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
> And weighs with equal hand their destinies.
> Low sinks the scale surcharged with Hector's fate,
> Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.
> Then Phoebus left him."
>
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxii. (Pope).

And the shadow of death began to steal over the great champion of Troy.

Now Athene appeared to Achilleus: "No longer can Hektor escape thee, brave Pelides," she cried, "stay therefore and rest thyself, while I go to urge him on to fight with thee and meet his fate."

Achilleus obeyed, and rested on his lance, while Pallas in the form of one of Hektor's brothers came to him and said: "Alas! my brother, I have watched Achilleus press thee, till I could no longer bear the sight. But now together let us take our stand and fight him." Hektor answered him: "O Prince! ever hast thou been dearer to me than all my brothers, now will I honour thee above all the rest, for thou alone hast come forth and endangered thy life to save mine."

Then Pallas led the noble Trojan on, until she brought him face to face with Achilleus, and when they met, Hektor thus addressed his foe: "No longer do I fly thee, Achilleus! some god has given me fresh courage to try thy fate and mine. I must either kill thee or die. But let us first make a vow unto the gods that whoever shall remain victor will return the body of his foe in honour to his friends."

"Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes),
Detested as thou art and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee,
Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate:
No thought but rage and never-ceasing strife,
Till death extinguish rage, and thought and life.
Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power.
No further subterfuge, no further chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost, by thee deprived of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.'"

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxii. (Pope).

He spoke, and raising his javelin, hurled it at his foe, but Hektor dropped quickly on his knees, so that the weapon flew harmlessly beyond him. Athene returned it quickly, unseen by Hektor, who cried:

"'The life you boasted to that javelin given;
Prince! you have missed. My fate depends on heaven.
So then, presumptuous as thou art, unknown
Of what must prove my fortune, or thy own
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrors sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die.
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart.'"

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxii. (Pope).

Straight flew the weapon into Achilleus' shield, but it

bounded off and struck the ground. Vexed that his lance had missed, the Trojan prince turned to ask his brother for another, but he beheld no one; and now feeling that he had been deceived, he sadly exclaimed:

"'Tis so.—Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh,
I deemed Deiphobus had heard my call,
But he secure lies guarded in the wall.
A god deceived me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
Death and black fate approach! 'tis I must bleed.
No refuge now, no succour from above,
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
Propitious once, and kind! then welcome fate!
'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!'"
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxii. (Pope).

Then drawing his weighty sword he rushed on Achilleus. But the son of Peleus raised his shield, and swinging his lance through the air, pierced Hektor in the throat between the joints of his armour, and the fatal weapon, well-directed, went right through him. Mortally wounded he fell to the ground, while Achilleus cried in triumph:

"'At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain:
Then, prince! you should have feared, what now you feel;
Achilles absent was Achilles still:
Yet a short space the great avenger stayed,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd and for ever mourn'd:
While cast to all the rage of hostile power,
The birds shall mangle, and the gods devour.'"
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxii. (Pope).

Fast failed the strength of Hektor, and faintly he replied:

"'By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
By all the sacred prevalence of prayer;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest.'"

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxii. (Pope).

But deadly hatred still filled the heart of Achilleus, and he answered relentlessly, his eyes flashing:

"'No, wretch accursed! . . .
Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer.
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcase I resign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
And giving thousands, offer thousands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame;
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.'"

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxii. (Pope).

Once more Hektor spoke, while his life-blood reddened the ground:

"'Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew;
The furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And cursed thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree
And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phoebus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here before the Scaean gate.'"

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xvii. (Pope).

Then he sank back lifeless, and his spirit winged its way to the dark realms of death.

XXXV.—LAMENT FOR HEKTOR.

Not yet was the vengeance of Achilleus accomplished. He drew the bloody lance from the wound, and stripped the armour from the body, while all the Greeks came thronging round, and gazed with wonder and astonishment at the powerful frame and manly beauty of the dead hero. Then Achilleus pierced his heels, and having passed through them a leathern thong, fastened the body thus to his chariot, into which he at once leapt and drove quickly off.

Fast flew the immortal steeds over the ground, the dust rising in a cloud, and covering with earth and blood all that remained of the noble Trojan. Fearful was the spectacle for the agonized parents, who had witnessed the whole scene from the city walls. Hekabe tore her hair, and throwing aside her veil, called piteously for her son; even Priam himself could not restrain his tears, and the cries and lamentations of the whole city rose up to heaven. It was with difficulty that the old king was withheld from rushing out at the gate and demanding the body of his son from Achilleus. Hekabe surrounded by her maidens wailed aloud:

"'Ah, why has heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
O Hector! late thy parent's pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her safety and her fame she owed;
Her chief, her hero, and almost her god!
O fatal change! become in one sad day
A senseless corse! inanimated clay!'"

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxii.

As yet Andromache knew not of her beloved husband's

death. She sat working a beautiful garment for him, and had commanded her handmaidens quickly to heat water, and prepare a bath for Hektor on his return from the battle-field. Suddenly the cries and lamentations of the people reached her ears from without. The shuttle fell from her hands, and she cried to her attendants: "Oh! quickly follow me. I must away to hear what has chanced; surely it is my mother's voice I hear amid the cries. Painfully my heart beats, my trembling knees refuse to carry me. Alas! alas! I fear me that some strange disaster has overtaken Priam's son."

Fear and terror lent her wings, and with a face of anguish the noble matron fled wildly through the streets, followed by her attendants. When at length she gained the tower, gazed down upon the battle-field, and there beheld the body of her husband dragged across the plain by the fleet steeds of Achilleus,

> "A sudden darkness overspread her eyes;
> Backward she fell, and gasped her soul away."

Long she lay in this deathlike swoon, and when she recovered consciousness, only moaned in a broken voice:

> "'O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
> Born with one fate, to one unhappy life! . . .
> Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
> And I abandoned, desolate, alone!
> An only child, once comfort of my pains,
> Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
> No more to smile upon his sire; no friend
> To help him now! no father to defend!
> For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,
> What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!
> Even from his own paternal roof expell'd,
> Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
> He, who, with tender delicacy bred,

With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
And when still evening gave him up to rest,
Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
Must—ah what must he not? Whom thou calls
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more thy father guards his Troy.
But thou my Hector, liest exposed in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care;
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day!
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead!'"

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxii. (Pope).

Thu tearfully spoke noble Andromache, and all her maidens joined in her grief.

XXXVI.—BURIAL OF PATROKLOS.

Achilleus had now reached the camp with the body of Hektor, and at once proceeded to do honour to the memory of Patroklos. Three times he and his companions drove lamenting round the dead body, then laying his hands on the cold breast of his friend, the great Grecian hero thus spoke: "Rejoice, O Patroklos, even in the depths of Pluto's kingdom. I have redeemed my promise, and Hektor's bleeding corpse now lies at thy feet. It shall be given a prey to the dogs, while twelve noble Trojans are to be sacrificed to thy honour."

Innumerable oxen, sheep, and goats were slaughtered, after which they all sat down and partook of a rich banquet.

When Achilleus left his companions he lay down on the shore to rest, soothed by the murmurs of the rolling deep; his heart was still filled with grief, and in his dreams the spirit of Patroklos came to him and thus addressed him: "Hast thou no longer any thoughts for me, Achilleus? Thou who wast more than brother to me in life? O hasten to lay me beneath the ground, that I may enter the abode of Hades, for now the other spectres chase me back, and will not grant me access to the stream. Thus I wander hopelessly outside the gates of Pluto's kingdom.

"'Now give thy hand; for to the farther shore
When once we pass, the soul returns no more:
When once the last funereal flames ascend,
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend;
No more our thoughts to those we loved make known,
Or quit the dearest, to converse alone.
Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,
The fate fore-doomed that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
Even great and godlike thou art doom'd to fall.'"

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxiii. (Pope).

One boon yet I crave of thee; that thou wilt bury my bones beside thine own, for ever since thy father brought me as a child to his castle, have we been true companions in arms, now therefore in death let us share one grave."

Faithfully Achilleus promised to do all that he asked, and lovingly he stretched forth his arms to embrace his friend, but

"Like thin smoke, he sees the spirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry."

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxiii.

Morning came, and large quantities of wood were cut down by command of Agamemnon in the forest, and a

funeral pile erected. Then the burial rites commenced. In long procession came, first the chariots, then the legions on foot, and lastly the friends of the dead warrior carrying the body, while Achilleus himself held the head.

When they arrived at the burial place, the son of Peleus cut off his long locks of hair, and having dedicated them to the dead, placed them between the hands of his friend, and then the body was placed on the top of a funeral pile, 100 feet in circumference, and covered with the fat of the various animals that were laid round. Beakers filled with oil and honey were placed at the side, and Achilleus laid on the top twelve horses, two of his favourite dogs, and lastly the bodies of the twelve Trojan youths whom he had slain. Then setting fire to the whole, he cried :

"'All hail, Patroclus ! let thy vengeful ghost
Hear, and exult, on Pluto's dreary coast.
Behold Achilles' promise fully paid,
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy shade ;
But heavier fates on Hector's corse attend,
Saved from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend.'"
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxiii. (Pope).

But this wish was not fulfilled, for Aphrodite drove away the dogs from Hektor's body, and anointed it with fragrant unguents to preserve it, while Apollo drew a thick cloud over it, to protect it from the scorching rays of the sun.

Achilleus next offered sacrifices to Zephyr and Boreas, begging them to increase the force of the flames. Iris, hearing his prayer, hurried off to the dwelling of the winds,

"Where, in old Zephyr's open courts on high,
Sat all the blustering brethren of the sky.
She shone amidst them, on her painted bow ;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show.
All from the banquet rise, and each invites

The various goddess to partake the rites.
'Not so (the dame replied), I haste to go
To sacred ocean, and the floods below. . . .
But Peleus' son entreats, with sacrifice,
The western spirit, and the north, to rise!
Let on Patroclus' pile your blast be driven,
And bear the blazing honours high to heaven.'
Swift as the word she vanish'd from their view;
Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;
Forth burst the stormy band with thundering roar,
And heaps on heaps the clouds are toss'd before.
To the wide main then stooping from the skies,
The heaving deeps in watery mountains rise:
Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,
Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls.
The structure crackles in the roaring fires,
And all the night the plenteous flame aspires.
. . . . . .
'Twas when, emerging through the shades of night,
The morning planet told the approach of light;
And, fast behind, Aurora's warmer ray
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:
Then sank the blaze, the pile no longer burned,
And to their caves the whistling winds return'd."

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxiii. (Pope).

Then Achilleus commanded that the last lingering glow of the ashes should be extinguished with red wine, and having carefully gathered them together in a golden urn, he placed them in a tent, that when death should claim him also, their ashes might rest in a common grave.

Lastly, various games were performed near the resting-place of the much-lamented hero, the victors receiving prizes.

After the funeral feast all the Greeks retired to rest. Achilleus alone was unable to sleep, for he thought of the

days when his friend was beside him, and shared in all his joys and sorrows. At last he rose, and wandered along by the sea-shore; and when Aurora coloured the east with her rosy fingers, the great warrior harnessed the horses to his chariot, fastened the body of Hektor to the axle, and dragged it three times round the mound which had been erected in honour of Patroklos. But Apollo guarded the body from mutilation, by spreading over it the Aegis.

XXXVII.—FUNERAL OF HEKTOR. ACHILLEUS LAST COMBAT AND DEATH.

The immortal gods looked down with pity on the ill-used body of Hektor, and Zeus commanded Hermes to carry him secretly out of the Greek camp, but Hera, Athene, and Poseidon would not give their consent. After ten days had passed, however, Apollo appealed to the assembled gods: "Pitiless powers! hath not Hektor ever offered ye rich sacrifices, and yet ye have allowed his aged father, his mother, wife, and child to witness his degradation, while the cruel son of Peleus, who does not show pity even to his dead enemy, has received your aid. See how with savage joy he ill-treats the senseless clay."

Angrily Hera replied: "Vain are thy arguments, Apollo! Knowest thou not that Hektor is only mortal, as are other men, but Achilleus, son of a goddess, is with right a favourite of the gods."

"Not so," cried mighty Jove; "'tis true they may not have equal honour, but Hektor deserves the favour of the gods, above all the Trojan race. Most still of me, for never has he forgotten to bring to our temples offerings or sacrifices.

Nevertheless we cannot secretly convey his body away, for Thetis guards it night and day; but send the goddess hither, I will command her to persuade her son that he accept from Priam the proffered ransom, and deliver up the body of Hektor."

Swift as a whirlwind, Iris plunged into the depths of the sea, where she found Thetis surrounded by her nymphs, weeping at the approaching doom of her god-like son; and thus delivered her command: Arise, O Thetis! from thy seat below, 'tis Jove that calls thee."

Sadly obeying, Thetis shrouded herself in a sable veil, passed through the sea, and flew upwards to heaven. As she entered the assembly of the gods, Athene made place for her beside Zeus, and Hera presented her with a golden bowl of nectar, from which she drank and returned it. Then spoke Zeus: "Hearken, fair Thetis! and learn wherefore it is that I have called thee thither. For nine long days the gods have disputed whether Hektor's body should be taken from Achilleus, but out of love for thee I have forbidden it. Now, however, go quickly to thy son, tell him the wrath of Jove and all the gods is great, that he has thus dishonoured Hektor's remains. Let him now return them to the mourning father, and I will send Iris to Priam, to tell him to ransom the body with rich gifts and presents."

At once Thetis obeyed the mandate of Zeus, and came to the tent of her son, whom she found absorbed in grief. seating herself beside him, she gently stroked his hand and imparted the message of the gods. "Be it so," he answered; "whoever brings me the ransom shall in return receive the body, since such is Heaven's will." While the mother and son were still communing thus, Zeus sent Iris to Priam to command him to drive to the Greek camp, only

accompanied by a herald to ransom Hektor's body, adding that he need fear nothing for Hermes would guide him in safety:

"Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives:
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
Sat bathed in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
And all amidst them lay the hoary sire,
(Sad scene of woe!) his face his wrapp'd attire
Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread
A shower of ashes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his pensive daughters roam;
Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;
Mindful of those, who late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy."

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxiv. (Pope).

Iris having delivered her message, Priam determined at once to repair to the Greek camp. But first he lifted his voice to heaven in supplication:

"'O first and greatest! heaven's imperial lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill adored!
To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If such thy will, despatch from yonder sky
Thy sacred bird, celestial augury!
Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ethereal space;
So shall thy suppliant, strengthened from above,
Fearless, pursue the journey mark'd by Jove.'"

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxiv.

Jove heard the prayer and sent the looked-for sign, and when the king was about to start, the Olympian monarch turned to Hermes:

"'Thou whose constant cares
Still succour mortals, and attend their prayers,

Behold an object to thy charge consign'd :
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
Go, guard the sire ; the observing foe prevent,
And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent.'
The god obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high, through fields of air, his flight sustain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main ;
Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye :
Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.
A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,
He seem'd ; fair offspring of some princely line."
—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxiv. (Pope).

Night was approaching, and dusky twilight had already spread her wings over the plain of Troy, as Priam and his charioteer stopped at the spring near the tomb of Ilos, to let the horses drink. Suddenly they beheld a form approaching, and fear seized the hearts of the aged king and his attendant that it was one of their enemies :

"The afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair ;
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair ;
Sunk was his heart ; his colour went and came ;
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame :
When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And, gentle, thus accosts with kind demand :
'Say whither, father ! when each mortal sight
Is sealed in sleep, thou wanderest through the night ?
Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,
Through Grecian foes, so numerous and so strong ?
What couldst thou hope, should these thy treasures view ;
These, who with endless hate thy race pursue ?
For what defence, alas ! could'st thou provide ;
Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide ?

Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread ;
From me no harm shall touch thy reverend head,
From Greece I'll guard thee too ; for in those lines
The living image of my father shines.' "

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxiv. (Pope).

Priam expressed his joy at having found so fortunate a companion, and asked who he was. Hermes replied that he was a friend of Achilleus, and had often admired brave Hektor from a distance. Then the old man asked still further whether Hektor's body was yet in the camp, or whether Achilleus had cut it in pieces and given it as a prey to the dogs. Again Hermes reassured him, answering him that this had not been done, for that although Achilleus daily dragged the body round the mound, it had been protected in a marvellous manner by the care of the gods, and now lay in the tent of the son of Peleus:

"Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,
And joyful thus the royal sire replied :
'Blest is the man who pays the gods above
The constant tribute of respect and love !
Those who inhabit the Olympian bower
My son forgot not, in exalted power ;
And heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,
Even to the ashes of the just is kind.
But thou, O generous youth ! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake ;
And while the favouring gods our steps survey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.' "

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxiv. (Pope).

Hermes promised to guide and protect him, but he refused to accept the gift, then

"Took the chariot at a bound,
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around :

Before the inspiring god that urged them on,
The coursers fly with spirit not their own.
And now they reached the naval walls and found
The guards repasting, while the bowls go round;
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes:
Then heaved the massy gates, removed the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars."

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxiv. (Pope).

Thus the messenger of the gods brought the old man in safety to the tent of Pelides, made of the reeds collected from the shore. Easily he set wide the enormous bar by which the gate was closed, and which, although it took three ordinary men to move, Achilleus himself could singly close. Then alighting from the chariot, the celestial guide thus spake:

"'Hear, prince! and understand
Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, descended from above,
The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.
Farewell: to shun Achilles' sight I fly,
Uncommon are such favours of the sky,
Nor stand confess'd to frail mortality.
Now fearless enter, and prefer thy prayers;
Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
His son, his mother! urge him to bestow
Whatever pity that stern heart can know.'"

HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxiv. (Pope).

Following the advice of Hermes, Priam at once entered the tent of Achilleus, who was still awake, and lay thinking, as ever, of his lost friend. Passing unseen through the attendants, the aged king stood before the man who had slain his son, and fell down at his feet in supplication,

kissing his hands. Mute with surprise, Achilleus gazed at him, when the kingly suppliant spoke :

"Ah think, thou favoured of the powers divine !
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine !
In me that father's reverend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face ;
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see !
In all my equal, but in misery !
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state :
Think, from some powerful foe thou seest him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise ;
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes,
And, hearing, still may hope a better day
May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The best, the bravest, of my sons are slain !
Yet what a race ! ere Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a loved and loving dame :
Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead !
How oft, alas ! has wretched Priam bled !
Still one was left their loss to recompense ;
His father's hope, his country's last defence.
Him too thy rage has slain ! beneath thy steel,
Unhappy in his country's cause he fell !
For him through hostile camps I bent my way,
For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay ;
Large gifts proportioned to thy wrath I bear ;
O hear the wretched, and the gods revere !
Think of thy father, and his face behold !
See him in me, as helpless and as old !
Though not so wretched : there he yields to me,
The first of men in sovereign misery !
Thus forced to kneel, thus grovelling to embrace
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race :

Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore."

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxiv. (Pope).

Touched to the heart, Achilleus granted the request of the white-haired monarch, and as the remembrance of his father was thus brought back to him, the tears flowed also from his eyes, and gently he raised Priam from the ground, and commanded the handmaids to wash and anoint the body and place it in the chariot. Then he examined the rich gifts the king had brought to him, refreshed him with meat and wine, and made him lie down to rest:

"Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;
Industrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The power descending hover'd o'er his head:
'And sleep'st thou, father! (thus the vision said:)
Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restored?
For fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?
Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,
Thy still surviving sons may sue for thee;
May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
To spare thy age; and offer all in vain.'
Waked with the word the trembling sire arose,
And raised his friend: the god before him goes:
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in silence through the hostile land."

—HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxiv. (Pope).

Thus was the body of Hektor brought back to Ilium. As King Priam entered the city he was met by his daughter Cassandra, and with loud lamentations and cries of woe she called the Trojans together: "Haste, turn hither your footsteps, sons and daughters of Ilium, now meet your hero

dead, as ye often met him when in life he returned victorious from the field. Now let your sorrows flow for this our common grief."

Obeying her summons, men and women thronged mournfully to meet their king:

> "The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
> Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair."
> —HOMER, "Iliad," Book xxiv.

When the body reached the palace it was placed on a bed of state, and dirges were chanted round it for nine days. On the tenth the body was burned on a gigantic funeral pile, and the ashes were collected in a golden urn and buried in the ground. Such were the honours paid to the dead, and Hektor's spirit was at peace in the dark regions of Hades.

Here ends the story of the Iliad. Later myths relate that Achilleus continued to distinguish himself by many successful combats before Troy. Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, who came to aid the Trojans with her warrior maids, received her death-blow at the hand of the son of Peleus. But sadly grieved, the hero stood before the mortally wounded queen fascinated by the great beauty of her whom his sword had thus deprived of life. While thus lost in melancholy contemplation, Thersites came up, and mockingly jeered at him. Furious with rage Achilleus turned, and with one blow of his fist laid the mocker dead upon the ground.

For this deed Achilleus was banished to Lesbos, and had to offer innumerable sacrifices and perform many sacred rites before he was pronounced free from blood-guiltiness. He returned to camp just as a new ally for Priam had arrived, Memnon, King of the Ethiopians, and son of Tithonos and

Eos. He also was conquered and slain by Achilleus, and the same fate also came upon Kyknos, son of Poseidon, who, although impervious to wounds, was killed by the Greek hero, who first stunned him with a blow from his sword and then strangled him. Poseidon rescued the body from the victor, and changed it into a swan.

But the time drew ever nigh that the fate, which he himself foresaw, and which had been prophesied by his mother and by the dying words of Hektor, should come upon Achilleus. The mighty Greek hero was to be cut down in the very pride of his youth and strength.

Having seen Polyxena, one of Priam's daughters, his heart was filled with love for her, and declaring that he could not live without her, he went to Priam and offered not only to quit the Greek camp but to defend Troy against them. While, however, he was discussing the conditions with Priam, Paris treacherously and vindictively shot an arrow, wounding him mortally in his heel, the only vulnerable part of the son of Thetis. His body after a fierce and bloody fight was safely carried back to the Grecian camp, and burnt on a large funeral pile. Then, obeying his behest, the ashes were collected in an urn, and placed beside those of Patroklos in one grave; and after a contest with Ajax, Odysseus received the beautiful arms of the son of Peleus. In the time of Alexander the Great the joint tomb was still shewn.

Towards the end of the siege, Diomed and Odysseus managed to scale the walls of Troy, kill the guard, and carry off the Palladium. Thus the town lost its greatest protection, for only so long as it retained this wooden treasure was it invincible.

ODYSSEUS ACCEPTING THE ARMS OF ACHILLES.

XXXVIII.—DESTRUCTION OF TROY, 1184.

Homer in his "Iliad" goes no further than the death and burial of Hektor, but Virgil gives a very graphic description of the fall of Troy in the "Aeneid."

Having attempted in vain for ten long years to take the city the Greeks saw that they must now use stratagem, for force was of no avail. Therefore, with the help and advice of Athene, they constructed an enormous wooden horse, in the hollow of which Odysseus, Menelaos, Machaon, and several others hid themselves. The rest got into their vessels, and sailing away behind the island of Tenedos, made the Trojans imagine that they had left and returned to Greece.

At once the gates of Troy were opened wide, and, glad of the unwonted freedom, the inhabitants spread themselves over the plain where the remains of the Greek camp were still to be seen. Above all they admired the great wooden horse, and some were anxious to take it into the town and place it in the castle. But the rest feared some wile or stratagem, and counselled that it should be destroyed. While they were thus disputing, Laocoon, a Trojan priest, came up and cried to them :

"'O wretched men, how hath such madness grown?
Deem ye the foe hath fared away? Deem ye that Danaan gifts
May ever lack due share of guile? Are these Ulysses' shifts?
For either the Achaeans lurk within this fashioned tree,
Or 'tis an engine wrought with craft bane of our walls to be.
To look into our very homes, and scale the town perforce:
Some guile at least therein abides: Teucrians, trust not the horse!
Whatso it is, the Danaan folk, yea gift-bearing I fear.'"

—VIRGIL, "Æneid," Book ii. (Morris).

And as he spoke he sent a lance into the side of the animal, which gave forth a deep and hollow sound.

At this moment a shepherd brought in a Greek youth called Sinon as prisoner. He had allowed himself to be thus captured, the more completely to mislead the Trojans, and now as they all gathered round he pretended to be greatly terrified, crying out, "Alas! alas! whither shall I go? the Greeks have cast me out, and now the Trojans will put me to death."

Then his captors relented, and bade him give an account of himself, and somewhat reassured he thus continued: "Happen what may, I will speak the truth. My name is Sinon: having offended Odysseus, I had to flee from his vengeance. Now I will tell you the real history of the wooden horse: for long the Greeks have wished to return home, but storms have always prevented their so doing. At last they sent to ask Apollo, and the reply came back:

> "With blood and with a virgin's death did ye the winds appease
> When first ye came, O Danaan folk, unto the Ilian shore;
> With blood and with an Argive soul the gods shall ye adore
> For your return.
>
> —VIRGIL, "Æneid," Book ii. (Morris).

"When they heard this, the question arose, who should be sacrificed? Odysseus then demanded of Kalchas what were the wishes of the gods, and after ten days' silence he named —— me! Already was the day of my death settled, and everything arranged for the sacrifice, when, favoured by fortune, I succeeded in making my escape. Have pity on me therefore, men of Ilium, and condemn me not to that death from which I have only now escaped."

The Trojans believed his tale, and Priam commanded his fetters to be taken off, and then told him to continue his relation with regard to the horse. "Know," said Sinon,

"that the Greeks have ever placed the greatest reliance on the aid and protection of Pallas. But ever since Odysseus and Diomed sacrilegiously carried off the Palladium, the goddess has turned from them in anger. When the figure was brought into the camp the eyes flashed forth wrathful glances, great drops of sweat fell from her brow, and more wonderful than all, she thrice leapt into the air, still holding in her hand her shield and lance. Kalchas counselled an immediate departure to Argos, there to obtain fresh information from the Oracle, and then to return again here. But by his advice they first built the wooden horse for the Palladium, to reconcile the goddess, and made it so large that ye might not be able to take it in through your gates; for were it to go back to the city, it would once again render it invincible. Whereas, if now ye were to attempt to destroy it with profane hands, endless woe and ruin would be your lot."

These lying words completely deceived the men of Troy. And now a strange and startling incident took place. Straight from the island of Tenedos two enormous serpents came swimming through the sea, breathing forth flames of fire; they reared their blood-red heads above the waves, and as they rushed on shore out of the water, all the assembled people fled in terror. Then they writhed their deadly coils round the priest Laocoon, who, with his two sons, was in the act of offering a sacrifice to Poseidon. In vain the unhappy man drew his sword to defend himself and his children, in vain

> "He striveth with his hands to rend their folds atwain,
> And starward sendeth forth a cry most horrible."
> —VIRGIL, "Æneid," Book ii. (Morris).

The monsters crushed to death the father and his two

sons, and then crawled away to the city, and hid themselves beneath the shrine of Pallas.

The frightened people now no longer doubted that Laocoon had thus been made to atone for his profanity in regard to the horse sacred to the goddess Athene, and with wild cries wheels were placed under the horse's feet, ropes fastened round his neck, and young and old dragged the gigantic structure with joy into the city, the very walls being torn down to permit of its entering, since the gates were too small to allow it to pass through. Four times it stopped on the threshold; four times the sound of arms rang forth from its body as it was dragged through the breach. But, maddened and blinded, the people heeded it not, and the rest of the day was spent in decorating all the temples with green boughs amid shouts of joy at the supposed recovery of the Palladium.

At length night fell, darkness shrouded the earth, and the Trojans having feasted and rejoiced, lay down to rest. Then by the light of the friendly moon, which now rose, the Greek ships returned from Tenedos, and landed on the Trojan shore. At the same time artful Sinon stealthily opened the door in the body of the horse, and one by one the armed heroes stepped quietly forth. Quickly they overpowered the guards, and murdered the Trojans, who were still sleeping off the effects of the banquet. Then they opened the gates to their companions who had now come up from the ships.

Numbers of Trojans had been already slain, when Hektor's spirit appeared to Aeneas in a dream. He was covered with dust and blood, his feet swollen with the leathern thong, and on his body were the wounds he had borne for Troy. Sorrowfully he spoke:

"'O goddess born, flee forth,' he said, 'and snatch thee from the fire!
The foeman hath the walls, and Troy is down from topmost spire.
For Priam and for country now enough. If any hand
Might have kept Pergamos, held up by mine, it yet should stand,
Her holy things and household gods Troy gives in charge to thee;
Take these as fellows of thy fate: go forth the walls to see,
The great walls thou shalt build, when thou the sea hast wandered o'er.'"

—VIRGIL, "Æneid," Book ii. (Morris).

The spirit disappeared, and Aeneas, starting up from his sleep, heard the roaring of flames and clashing of arms. Half-stunned he seized his weapons, dashed out into the street, and calling together the scattered Trojans, hurried to assist in the defence of the king's palace:

"O ruin and death of that ill night, what tongue may set it forth,
Or who may pay the debt of tears that agony was worth!
The ancient city overthrown, lord for so many a year,
The many bodies of the slain that, moveless, everywhere
Lie in the street, in houses lie, lie round the holy doors of gods."

—VIRGIL, "Æneid," Book ii. (Morris).

Aeneas first met a troop of Greeks, who, mistaking him for one of their own party, abused him for his tardiness. But he and his followers allowing them no time to find out their mistake, fell upon them, slew them all, and, to still deceive the rest of the Greeks, took possession of their arms and weapons. Thus disguised, they were enabled to create great havoc among the Greeks. Many fled back to their ships, while others hid themselves under the body of the horse.

Now a number of Greeks dragged forth Kassandra, the beautiful daughter of Priam. With wildly dishevelled hair and fettered hands she raised her burning eyes to heaven, praying in vain for help. Maddened at this sight, Aeneas and his companions furiously attacked the Greeks, hoping to release the maiden. Suddenly they found themselves assailed by a shower of arrows from Athene's temple, where a number of Trojans were stationed. These, deluded by the armour Aeneas and his followers wore, mistook them for Greeks; thus were they assailed both by friends and foes. Most of them were slain, only Aeneas and two of his companions succeeded at length in reaching the palace of Priam,

"Where such a mighty battle was as though none other where
Yet burned: as though none others fell in all the town beside."

Now the Greeks fiercely attacked the palace, raising their shields above their heads to keep off the stones and arrows of their enemies. Others placed ladders against the walls, and the bravest among them, with their shields in their left hands, scaled the walls.

The Trojans on their side tore stones from the roof and walls, which they flung down on their assailants, while others defended the various entrances to the palace at the point of the sword.

Aeneas, passing through a secret gate which in happier days had been used by Andromache when she carried young Astyanax to see his grand-parents, went through the castle up to the top of a high tower overlooking the whole of Troy. Here he managed to loosen the upper part of the structure by means of a strong iron rod, and hurling down the gigantic mass with mighty strength he killed thousands of the Greeks below. But more and more came on, among

them Pyrrhos (Neoptolemos), the brave son of Achilleus, who, with his powerful axe, dealt such fierce blows on the door of the palace that at length it gave way, thus opening wide to the Greeks the halls of Priam.

Within all was terror and confusion, women pale with fear wandered aimlessly through the vast chambers, their cries rending the air, as Pyrrhos, having overcome the guards, rushed furiously in with his bloodthirsty band, everything giving way before him. When aged Priam beheld the door thus stormed, he girt on his long unused armour, and grasping his sword with his feeble hands hastened to meet the enemy.

Meanwhile Hekate, with her daughter, had sought protection round an altar that had been erected in an open court overshadowed with laurels. Now when she saw the king, she cried: "O unhappy spouse! what evil thought makes thee go forth with arms which thou canst no longer wield? Come hither and join us at the foot of this altar, and pray to the guardian Penates. It may be that they will protect us; if not, we may at least die together." The old man, heart-broken, gave way at her entreaties, and sat down sadly beside the shrine. Just then Polites, one of his sons, ran through the empty hall, closely followed by Pyrrhos, with his deadly spear raised aloft. Already he bled from many wounds, and as he reached his parents' side he fell down, drawing his last breath. At this sight Priam could no longer refrain himself—

"'Ah, for such wickedness,' he cried, 'for daring such a deed,
If aught abide in heaven as yet such things as this to heed,
May the gods give thee worthy thanks, and pay thee well-earned prize,
That thou hast set the death of sons before my father's eyes,
That thou thy murder's fouling thus in father's face hast flung.

Not he, Achilles, whence indeed thou liar hast never sprung
Was such a foe to Priam erst ; for shamefast meed he gave
To law and troth of suppliant men, and rendered to the grave
The bloodless Hector dead, and me sent to mine own again.'"
—VIRGIL, "Æneid," Book ii. (Morris).

With these words the infuriated father threw his spear with nerveless arm at the enemy, but the weapon only faintly grazed the shield of Pyrrhos, who cried :

"'Yea tell him this, go take the tidings down
To Peleus' son my father then, of Pyrrhus worser grown
And all these evil deeds of mine ! take heed to tell the tale !
Now die !'"
—VIRGIL, "Æneid," Book ii. (Morris).

And dragging him back to the altar by his grey hair with one hand, he raised his sword in the other and drove the blade up to its hilt in Priam's side.

The death of the king made Aeneas fear for the safety of his old father Anchises, his wife Kreusa, and his little son Ascanius or Iulus, and he hurried away to seek them, and met Helen on her way to obtain protection in the temple of Vesta. The sight of her filled his heart with wrath as he thought of all the misery she had caused, and he was about to slay her, when Aphrodite, gloriously apparelled, appeared before him and stayed the blow : "Wherefore art thou so angry, my son," she said, "wilt thou not rather look after thine own ? Surrounded by the horrors of war they would long ere this have perished had not I protected them. Neither Helen nor Paris has caused the overthrow of Troy, it is the act of hostile gods ; the gods who know no pity. Behold where Poseidon with his mighty trident is throwing down the walls. See at the gate, Hera calls up fresh Grecian hosts from the ships, and on the palace yonder

stands Pallas, striking terror into every Trojan heart with her fearful Aegis. Even Zeus himself encourages the Greeks in every way. Hasten, therefore, and fly, my son, while yet there is time. To strive longer were useless. I will guard thee safely to thy father's house."

She spoke, and disappeared. Then Aeneas hastened on 'twixt fire and foe, until at last he reached his father's house. Anchises however refused to leave his native city: "Ye, who are young may fly, but leave me here to die in peace, for lame and useless am I, since the day that Zeus struck me with his thunderbolt." Prayers and entreaties were of no avail, the old man refused to fly.

Then Aeneas cried: "If thou wilt not go, neither will I leave the city; I will return into the midst of the fight, till death meets me, while ye my beloved ones are murdered here." And hastily putting on his armour, he was about to hasten forth, when his wife Kreusa threw herself at his feet and holding up the child Ascanios besought him:

"'If thou art on thy way to die, then bear us through it all;
But if to thee the wise in arms some hope of arms befall,
Then keep this house first! Unto whom giv'st thou Julus life,
Thy father's, yea and mine withal, that once was called thy wife.'"

—VIRGIL, "Æneid," Book ii. (Morris).

As she thus wailed, a marvellous portent was suddenly seen: a bright flame appeared on the head of the child, but without doing him any harm, or even burning a single hair.

Filled with terror, they tried to extinguish it with water, but Anchises exclaimed: "Almighty Jove! if our prayers can move thee, look down in pity and confirm this sign."

Scarcely had he ended when a loud peal of thunder crashed through the air, and a brilliant star with a shining tail darted along the sky, and disappeared behind the wooded heights of Mount Ida.

Anchises no longer withstood these signs, but prepared for an immediate departure. No time was to be lost, louder and louder roared the flames, nearer and nearer came the stifling, glowing heat of the conflagration, which was devouring the doomed city.

Pious Aeneas took his aged father upon his shoulders, and holding Ascanios by the hand, bade his wife follow him. The rest of the household were to make the best of their way to the temple of Demeter, which stood on a mound outside the city, shrouded by ancient cypress-trees. Here they were all to meet, and having committed the Penates into Anchises' hands for safety, they started forth on their perilous journey.

They had almost reached the gates when the sound of pursuing footsteps fell upon their ears. "Obey son, my son," cried Anchises, "get thee swiftly away, for the enemy is upon us." Terrified Aeneas stepped aside, and waited till he thought it was safe before going on again. At last he reached the temple of Demeter, but to his dismay his wife was not there! She must have missed her way in the darkness of the night, or dropped down from weariness or terror! Frantic with grief, he left his father and the child in the care of his friends, and regardless of the danger to himself returned again to the burning town. In vain he searched all the streets through which they had passed! everything was silent and deserted. He reached his house, but there found Greeks in possession, while the flames rose up to heaven. At last, as he still traversed the streets, daring even in the dead silence of night to call aloud:

"Kreusa! Kreusa," the spirit of his wife appeared before him.

Startled at the sight, his hair stood on end, and his voice froze upon his lips, so that he could not utter a word. "Husband beloved! why dost thou thus give way to grief? The gods have willed that thy wife should not accompany thee from Troy, therefore, farewell! mourn for me no longer, but have a care of our beloved son." So saying she left him. Thrice he sought to clasp her in his arms, but each time she escaped from him like a fleeting breath, leaving him to bear his sorrow alone.

Aeneas returned to the temple of Demeter, and, aided by all the Trojans who had escaped, built a fleet on the other side of Mount Ida, in which they set sail caring not whither the gods might lead them. Many adventures befel them as they went, and at last they reached the Ionian Sea, and landed on the islands of the Strophades, where dwelt the Harpies after they had been driven away by Phineus.

"No monster woefuller than they, and crueller is none
Of all God's plagues and curses dread from Stygian waters sent.
A wingèd thing with maiden face, ...
. . and hookèd hands, and face for ever pale
With hunger that no feeding stints."

—VIRGIL "Æneid," Book iii. (Morris).

The wanderers did not at first notice these monsters, but seeing only beautiful herds grazing near the shore they at once killed some of them, and prepared both sacrifices and a banquet. They were about to set down and partake of the latter,

"When, lo, with sudden dreadful rush from out the mountains hap
The Harpy folk, and all about their clanging wings they flap,

And foul all things with filthy touch as at the food they wrench."

—VIRGIL "Æneid," Book iii. (Morris).

The Trojans fled to a narrow valley, and, taking refuge in a thick wood, prepared a fresh repast, and again sat down:

"Again from diverse parts of heaven, from dusky lurking place,
The shrieking rout with hookèd feet about the prey doth fly;
. . . therewith I bid my company
To arms, that with an evil folk the war may come to pass.
They do no less than my commands, and lay along the grass
Their hidden swords, and therewithal their bucklers cover o'er.
Wherefore, when swooping down again, they fill the curvèd shore
With noise, Misenus blows the call from off a watch-stead high
With hollow brass; our folk fall on and wondrous battle try.
But nought will bite upon their backs, and from their feathers still
Glanceth the sword, and swift they flee up 'neath the stars of air,
Half-eaten meat and token foul leaving behind them there."

—VIRGIL "Æneid," Book iii. (Morris).

One of the monsters, Kelaino, seating herself on a lofty peak, croaked forth this prediction: "Descendants of Laomedon! In that ye have killed their herds and driven the sackless Harpies away from the banquet, ye yourselves ere ye reach the shores of Italy shall suffer from the pangs of hunger and famine." Then she flew away, and, filled with terror, the Trojans sailed from the shores of the Strophades, and turned towards Sicily. On the way Anchises died, and at length Aeneas and his companions landed on the coast of Italy, where the prediction of the Harpies was fulfilled.

He was obliged to help the inhabitants in a long and tedious war, during which he was often in the greatest straits for want of food. In the end he conquered and found rest and peace, for he built a city (Alba Longa), from whence later on Rome, the mistress of the world, was to rise.

XXXIX.—RETURN OF ODYSSEUS FROM TROY.

The Greeks had now at last conquered Ilium, but many and various were the mishaps which were still to befall them on their way home. And none among them fared worse than Ulysses, or Odysseus, the Grecian form of his name, whose adventures have been related by Homer in his "Odyssey." It is to the account of the great poet, therefore, that we will keep, only giving first the following short sketch of the early history of Odysseus.

Ithaka, one of the Ionian Islands, was the native land of Odysseus. When he went to join the Trojan war he left at home his aged father Laertes, his wife the beautiful and virtuous Penelope, and his young son Telemachos. On the news of the fall of Troy reaching Greece, Penelope daily expected the return of her beloved husband. But year after year passed by and he came not, until everyone said that he must have perished and would never return to Ithaka. Penelope alone refused to give up hope, for in her heart she felt that she should see him again.

In the meantime a number of youths, some writers say one hundred and sixty, mostly princes of the neighbouring towns, became suitors for her hand, and, while awaiting her

decision, lived in Odysseus' palace at his cost. They drank his best wines, devoured the finest of his flocks, and gave Penelope no rest till she should select one of them. In order therefore to gain time she said, "Have patience yet a little longer, and when the web I am now weaving is ready I will make my choice." But she only spoke thus to deceive them, for the work she had spun during the day she unravelled again at night, so that it might never come to an end.

Homer begins the "Odyssey" by placing Odysseus on the island of the nymph Kalypso (Malta), who, filled with love for the great hero, would not let him go. She promised him perpetual youth and strength if he would only stay with her, and for seven years he remained in the island, but an irresistible longing for his native land and loved ones filled his breast. Daily he sat on the shore gazing into the depths of the sea, weeping and yearning for a sight of his distant home. At last Athene had compassion upon him, and going to Zeus said, "Deeply does it grieve me to see Odysseus thus kept in the island of Kalypso by her evil spells. In vain she flatters him and tries her arts upon him; she cannot make him forget his home in Ithaka, whither he would gladly return, even if only to die. Why art thou still wrathful with him, O mighty Jove?"

"Thou art mistaken, my daughter," answered the god of Heaven, "Odysseus is a favourite of mine, for he has ever been ready to offer up sacrifices and burnt-offerings in my honour. It is Poseidon who persecutes him for having put out the eye of his son Polyphemos, one of the Cyclops. But if we all unite in helping him Poseidon cannot harm him."

"If that is indeed thy serious earnest," replied Athene, "then send Hermes at once down to Kalypso's isle, and

command her to free Odysseus. I myself will hasten to Ithaka and urge Telemachos to go to Sparta and Pylos, there to enquire of Menelaos and Nestor as to his father's return."

Athene fastened on her golden sandals, with which she could cross both land and sea, and hurried down to Ithaka. There she assumed the form of Mentor, king of one of the neighbouring islands. When she arrived at the palace she found all the suitors playing at quoits, while the servants cut up the meat and brought in the wine for the banquet. Young Telemachos, grown a tall and manly youth, was seated in the midst, his bosom torn with hope and fear, for his thoughts were with his lost father, wishing he would return to drive away this host of idle suitors. As soon as he noticed the goddess at the door he instantly rose to welcome the stranger guest. Leading her into a separate chamber he bade a servant bring a golden ewer and silver basin to wash her hands ere sitting down to the feast.

Soon the crowd of suitors came in, took their seats in due order, partook of the luxurious banquet, and then demanded dances and songs for their amusement, upon which a herald presented the singer Phemios with a harp. And the minstrel passed his hand over the strings and began a glorious lay.

XL.—JOURNEY OF TELEMACHOS TO PYLOS AND SPARTA.

While the song was going on, Telemachos took his seat beside the goddess and conversed with her apart. He told her how he longed for his father's return to free his mother from all these suitors, but that he greatly feared he must

have been drowned at sea, and then he asked who she was and whence she came. Athene replied that she was Mentor, Odysseus' old companion in arms, and that Telemachos need not despair of his father's return. She herself did not understand much about auguries, but the gods had assured her that he had been detained on his way, and would now soon arrive.

Then Mentor urged the youth to tell the suitors they must leave the palace the next day; and he himself should fit out a vessel, go to Nestor in Pylos, and afterwards to Menelaos in Sparta, and find out from them if they knew where Odysseus was. "If thou hearest that he is dead, then erect a monument to his memory, and let your mother marry again; but try and rid thee of the suitors, if not by force, then by stratagem."

The next morning Telemachos assembled all the people, as well as the suitors, called upon the former to stand by him against these interlopers, who were eating him out of house and home. Antinoos, the most overbearing among the suitors, rudely replied: "Why complainest thou of us? it is thy mother, not we, who is in fault. For four long years she has kept us here without the hope that she would choose one of our number, as soon as she should have finished the web she was weaving. Now we learn through one of her maidens that the work she has done by day is again unravelled at night. Hearken, therefore, to our determination! so long as she thus trifles with us we will not take our departure, but will remain to eat of thy flocks and drink of thy wines."

"And canst thou demand of me," replied Telemachos, "that I should send away my mother for being faithful to my father's memory? Would she not at once summon the cruel Erinnyes, and thus bring endless evil upon me? No,

never shall such a deed disgrace my name! But if *ye* are lost to all honour and shame, and will not return to your own lands, then will I ask the gods for help to drive you forth."

While he thus spoke Zeus sent two eagles down from the mountains, who, after hovering threateningly over the assembly, fought fiercely for some moments, and then flew away across the town. All were amazed at the divine sign, and one among the crowd specially gifted in auguries cried: "Hearken all ye suitors! Some great danger threatens you. Odysseus must be near, and your destruction is at hand, for I remember that, when he started for Troy, it was foretold that he would return only after twenty years, and after having passed through many dangers."

Eurymachos answered angrily: "Hush, dotard! prophesy at home, and do not enrage Telemachos the more or it will be the worse for thee. Advise him rather to bid the queen make her choice among us:"

> "'For well I know the Achaians till that day
> Never will cease from their rough suit, nor spare
> His substance, since all-dreadless we for no man care.
> Not even Telemachus, so loud of speech—
> No!—nor the oracle which thou, old man,
> Dost vainly, to thine own confusion, preach.'"
>
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book ii. (Worsley).

"Enough," replied Telemachos; "I will now go on board ship with twenty of my companions and hasten to Pylos and Sparta, there to find what has chanced to my father. If I hear that he still lives I will return and patiently endure for yet another year, but if on the contrary he is dead, I will erect a tomb to his memory, and then my mother may select another spouse."

Thereupon the assembly dispersed noisily, while Tele-

machos went to the shore, where Athene, still disguised as Mentor, accompanied him, gave him good advice, and promised to procure a ship for him. He then returned to the palace in order to arrange about the necessary provisions, and there found the suitors all preparing for renewed feasting and riot. They derided him with taunting words, but he allowed them to speak without noticing their scoffs, and ordered wise Eurykleia, who had nursed him as a child, to bring forth some measures of wheat and jars of wine for his journey. But the old woman cried out with anguish when she heard his purpose, and as the tears ran down her face she sobbed :

"'Ah ! why, dear child, this voyage hast thou vowed?
Whither art roaming from thy native nest,
The sole one of the mother, o'er earth's wide breast?
Zeus-born Odysseus far from hence hath died
'Mid stranger peoples, and this brood unblest
When thou art gone will evil counsels hide
To cut thee off unwares, and all thy wealth divide.
Ah ! bide with thine own people here at ease.
There is no call to suffer useless pain
Wandering always on the barren seas.'"

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book ii. (Worsley).

Telemachos, however, consoled the faithful old servant, telling her it was by the will of the gods that he undertook the journey, only he commanded her to say nothing about it to his anxious mother, until after the twelfth day of his departure :

"'Lest her salt tears despoil much loveliness with woe."

Athene, meanwhile, disguised as Telemachos, had gone through the city, calling the men together, who were to go with him, and had also succeeded in getting a ship from

the chieftain Noëmon. Then, as evening closed in, the goddess again assumed the form of Mentor, hurried back to the palace, where she wrapt the suitors in a deep sleep, and urged Telemachos to hasten his departure.

When at length all were seated in the vessel Athene herself accompanied her young favourite, the rowers bent to their oars, and

> "Loud and clear
> Sang the bluff Zephyr o'er the wine-dark mere
> Behind them. By Athene's hest he blew . . .
> Loudly the keel rushed through the seething tide . . .
> All night the ship clave onward till the Dawn upsoared."
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book ii. (Worsley).

And the young chief offered up libations to the gods, in especial to blue-eyed Pallas, their protectress.

The vessel reached Pylos the next morning, and received a cordial welcome from noble Nestor. He could not, however, give Telemachos any information regarding Odysseus, for after Troy had fallen, a violent dispute had arisen between Agamemnon and Menelaos, the former wishing to remain and offer sacrifices to Athene, whom he had offended, whereas Menelaos wanted to return home. The Greek host was therefore split into two parties: Nestor sided with Menelaos, and he, Odysseus, and several others shipped for Tenedos, where they stayed to offer their sacrifices. Here, however, a fresh dispute arose. Odysseus and some of the others changed their minds and returned to Agamemnon, so that only Diomed and Menelaos came back to Greece with Nestor. Since that, news had reached him that Pyrrhos, Philoctetes, Idomeneus, and Agamemnon had returned home, but of Odysseus he knew nothing. He therefore advised Telemachos to go to Sparta and see Menelaos, for

he had only lately returned from a long sea voyage after visiting various distant countries, where possibly he might have heard something of Odysseus. He also give him his chariot and horses, and sent his son Pisistratos as charioteer, thus enabling Telemachos to make the journey by land.

When they reached Sparta they were kindly received also by Menelaos, although he did not know who they were. While seated at the board, the talk ran on Troy and its fall, and Menelaos was unable to restrain his grief at the death of his brother Agamemnon, and the other friends who had once fought for him. And concluded:

> "'All, all I weep;
> And yet not all lament so much as one—
> Whom to remember robs my eyes of sleep,
> My lips of food; since of the Achaians none
> Hath ever toiled as he, Odysseus, toiled and won.
> His was the fate to suffer grievous woe,
> And mine to mourn without forgetfulness,
> While onward and still on the seasons flow,
> And he yet absent, and I comfortless.
> Whether he live or die we cannot guess.'"
>
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book iv. (Worsley).

"Perchance his loved ones mourn him now as dead."

These words cut Telemachos to the heart. The tears started from his eyes, but unwilling to let others witness his grief, he shaded his face with his purple mantle.

Menelaos, however, had observed him closely, and struck by his great likeness to Odysseus, which Helen had also remarked, concluded that his stranger guest must be Telemachos. This supposition to his great joy was confirmed by Nestor's son. "O gods!" cried Menelaos, "do mine eyes indeed behold the son of my loved friend! I ever planned that when we both returned from Troy I would then give

Odysseus a city in my land, where, with Penelope and Telemachos, he might dwell in peace, and we should live together as brothers till death came to dissolve the bond. But such happiness would have been too great for us, and the gods have prevented his returning home."

The thought of Odysseus' fate brought tears to the eyes of all, till Nestor's son entreated them to speak of other things:

> "'Let not your roof with echoing grief resound,
> Now for the feast the friendly bowl is crown'd:
> But when, from dewy shade emerging bright,
> Aurora streaks the sky with orient light,
> Let each deplore his dead.'"
>
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book iv. (Pope).

Menelaos saw the wisdom of this speech, and Helen, to help assuage their grief, mixed a philter in their wine the virtues of which she had learnt in Egypt, for it drove away every hidden care and pain, and banished all thoughts of past griefs.

Next morning Menelaos enquired what happy fate had brought Telemachos to Sparta, and learnt the object of his journey, and his anxiety for his father's return if he still lived. The king exclaimed against the rapacity of the suitors, and then gave an account of his own wanderings.

"On my way from Troy the gods, angry at my having omitted the usual sacrifices in their honour, long detained my fleet on the Egyptian coast. At length we reached the isle of Pharos, which is only a day's sail from Egypt, and here we were detained by contrary winds for twenty days till we nearly lost all hope of ever seeing our native land again. When behold! fair Eidothea, daughter of the sea-god Proteus, had pity on us, and as I sat fishing on the shore she came to me and asked why we thus loitered on the isle.

"'Truly not from choice, O immortal one!' I replied.

'A stronger will than mine keeps us here, and some offended god doth surely hold back the favouring winds.'

"'Hearken, O king,' thus she answered me. 'Here on this coast my father Proteus, one of Poseidon's subjects, often comes on shore, and having the gift of prophecy he can tell thee how best to get away from here, and also what events have happened in thy native land since thy departure. But to accomplish this thou must use both care and stratagem.'

"'O goddess,' then I cried, 'tell me what arts to use that I may thus beguile the god.' To which she answered:

"'What time the sun in middle heaven is stayed,
Veiled in dark ripple, Zephyr's air beneath,
Comes up the god to sleep in cavern-shade.
Around him the whole sea-brood slumbereth,
All by the deep respire their bitter briny breath.
There will I take you when the Dawn appears
And set you couched in order. Choose thou well
Three comrades, bravest of thy mariners.
I all the old man's sleights to thee will tell,
He first the number of the seals will spell,
And then lie down, like shepherd with his sheep.
Soon as ye see him couched, remember well
Your virtue, and in iron grasp him keep
Reluctant, though to all things that on earth's breast creep
He change, and water, and pretentious fire.
You all the while clasp harder, strain the more.
When your purpose shall with words inquire,
In the same figure that he whilome wore,
Loose him, and ask what god with anguish sore
Loads thee, and how the wide fish-teeming sea
Thou mayst pass over to thy native shore.'

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book iv. (Worsley).

"Then the beneficent goddess disappeared into the depths of the sea, and I returned on board the ship.

"Next morning when the daughter of the Dawn advanced with rosy steps across the sky, I and my companions went on shore and prayed to the gods for help and guidance. Ere long Eidothea rose from the waves, bearing in her hand four seals' skins, which she had just taken from the animals. Then having scooped a hole for each of us in the silvery sand, she made us lie down, and covered us with the skins :

"'Dire was the ambush, and the stench severe.
Who could a rank sea-beast at such close quarters bear?'
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book iv. (Worsley).

"But the goddess,

——"'Placed ambrosia near the lips of each,
Which in our nostrils breathed an odour bland,
And the sea-monster's stench did overreach.'
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book iv. (Worsley).

"Thus we lay the whole morning perfectly still. At last when the sun was already high in the heavens, the seals came up out of the water and stretched themselves on the warm sands all round us.

"At noon Proteus appeared, counted his seals, found the number correct, and suspecting no treachery, lay down to rest. When we saw that slumber had closed his eyes, we rushed forth with a loud shout and seized the god. He, however, at once made use of his art and changed himself into various forms :

"'Lion, long-maned, snake, panther, he became ;
Then water, and a tree with leafy crest.
But we with clench of iron held our game,
Till the old sea-god tired and took his former frame.'
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book iv. (Worsley).

Then spoke to me: 'Say, son of Atreus, what god inspired

thee with this daring fraud, and what is the boon thou dost require of me?'

"And I replied, 'O seer, canst thou tell me which of the gods it is that keeps me here, and what I must do in order to return to my native land?'

"'That is soon answered,' said he; 'thou hast forgotten to do honour to Jove and all the gods, therefore thou must now return to Egypt and sacrifice great hecatombs to expiate thy fault. Not till this has been performed canst thou expect a favouring gale.'

"I was deeply grieved to think I must again retrace my steps, and continued still to question him: 'Tell me, great Proteus, have all the Greeks who remained in Troy when Nestor and I left returned in safety home." And he vouchsafed reply:

"'O Menelaus, son of Atreus, why
Seek a sad knowledge? 'Tis not meet at all
Thine heart should learn what in my breast doth lie.
Too soon, alas! a bitter shower would fall,
Streamed from thy smileless eyes, when thou hadst hearkened all.
For many were destroyed and many left,
Yet of the Achaian leaders died but twain,
Returning; (*you* know whom the battle left);
One in the wide-realmed ocean doth remain
Pent, yet alive; and Ajax hath been slain
Among his ships. For by Poseidon led
He unto Gyrae's cliffs did safe attain,
And, though by Pallas hated, might have fled
Destruction, had he not drawn doom on his own head.
Flown with coarse pride, and breathing deep disdain,
He boasted maugre all the powers on high
That he had safely vanquished the great main.
And lo! Poseidon heard the vauntful cry,

And with his trident smote imperiously
On the Gyraean rock a thunderous blow,
And clave it ; part remained and part did fly
Seaward, whereon sat Ajax to his woe
Mouthing vain scorn. So sank he in the wild sea flow."
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book iv. (Worsley).

"He also told me of my brother Agamemnon's fate on his return home. Thus he continued the tale until my heart was well nigh breaking, and life seemed no longer to have any brightness left in it. Sorely I wept and grieved over the death of my noble brother, until at length the sea-god spoke again : "Wherefore dost thou mourn thus hopelessly, Menelaos? Tears cure no ills. Rouse thee like a man and hasten home, attend the funeral feast, and avenge thy brother." Once more my soul received back hope, the thought of action consoled me, and I further enquired which of the Greeks were still alive and had not reached their homes :

"'So did I speak, and he replied once more :
"It is the Ithacan, Laertes' child ;
Yea, mine own eyes have seen him weeping sore
Pent in the palace, in mid-ocean isled
Of that celestial nymph, Calypso styled.
She her reluctant few doth aye constrain ;
Nor can he, sailing o'er the sea-deep wild,
Gaze on the rough dear fatherland again,
Reft of both oars and bark, and all his valiant train.
But thou, Zeus-nurtured one, by will supreme,
Never in knight-famed Argos shalt see death.
Thee to Elysian fields, at earth's extreme,
The gods shall convoy, so the high-fate saith,
Where Rhadamanthus aye inhabiteth,
And life runs smoothest ; whither storm, rain, snow,
Come, never ; but the ocean-zephyr's breath,

Winged with cool ease, o'er happy men doth blow ;
Because thou Helen hast, and child of Zeus art so.'"
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book iv. (Worsley).

"With which words Proteus dived underneath the whirling waves, while I returned on board and sailed back to Egypt. There, having offered the required sacrifices, and raised a cenotaph to Agamemnon's name, set sail, and arrived in safety at home.

"And now, young prince, tarry with me for ten or twelve days, when I will speed thee hence, laden with rich gifts."

But Telemachos refused this gracious offer, for he said his companions awaited his return at Pylos. Menelaos then let him depart, giving him as a farewell gift a capacious silver goblet chased with gold, the work of Hephaestos.

In Ithaka, meanwhile, the suitors, learning that Telemachos had really departed, recognised in this act his manly and independent spirit, and by advice of Antinoos they settled to kill him on his return. Antinoos therefore manned a vessel, and lay in wait for him at the spot where they thought he would most probably land. The herald Medon, however, overheard their consultations, and hastened to tell Penelope. Already in great anxiety about her son, she was still more alarmed when she heard the fresh danger which threatened him. By Eurykleia's advice she bathed, robed herself in new garments, and then, attended by her maidens, ascended to the roof of the palace, and there invoked Athene's aid :

"Hearken, O tireless Virgin, Zeus-born maid !
If here, Odysseus, in the seasons gone,
Of ox or sheep choice offerings ever made,
Remember these things now, and save my son !
Make those hard-hearted fall, defeated, and undone."
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book iv. (Worsley).

The goddess heard her prayers, and, when Penelope had retired to rest, sent a dream in the guise of her sister who stood beside her, and thus spoke:

"Liest thou here, mine own Penelope,
With thy dear spirit drowned in pain and sleep?
The easy-living gods have pitied thee;
Not with their will, dost thou lament and weep;
For yet thy son returneth o'er the deep;
He, no offender to the gods doth seem."

HOMER, "Odyssey," Book iv. (Worsley).

Still wrapt in slumber Penelope told her sister of her fear that Telemachos would be slain, but the shadowy form replied:

"'Calm now thy fears, thy fainting heart command.
For such a safeguard on thy son doth rest,
As many a man desires his own life to invest.
For she is able and hath strength to save,
Pallas Athene. She hath heard thy cry,
And to my care but now this message gave
To help thee fallen in perplexity.'"

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book iv. (Worsley).

"If thou art indeed a goddess," cried Penelope, "canst thou not tell me if Odysseus is yet alive, or whether he has already descended to Hades."

But the phantom cried:

"Whether he live or die I may not tell;
But words like these are idle as the wind."

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book iv. (Worsley).

And with these words swiftly vanished. Penelope awoke and hope once again filled her heart, as she determined to await the arrival of her son.

XLI.—SHIPWRECK OF ODYSSEUS.

With the first blush of rosy morn, the gods again assembled in consultation. Athene reminded Zeus that he had not yet freed Odysseus from the wiles of Kalypso. Immediately, therefore, Hermes was dispatched to the island, where he found the beautiful nymph seated in her cool grotto, singing melodiously as she wove a web with her golden shuttle. Hermes delivered Zeus's message, and she promised, much against her will, to obey his commands. When the messenger had departed, she went down to the shore where Odysseus sat weeping and bemoaning his lot.

Approaching him softly, the nymph thus spoke: "Unhappy prince! no longer waste thy time in idle tears, for free as the winds I give thee leave to depart. Up! fell trees and build thee a raft, on which thou canst cross the sea. I will provide thee with food and wine, and waft thee on thy way with prosperous gales."

But Odysseus would not trust her words. "Surely," he said, "thou hast some other motive than is seen, O goddess! and art only preparing fresh misery for me! No, I will not trust myself on so slight a protection as a raft, unless thou wilt swear to me by the solemn oath of the gods that thou hast no hidden design against me."

Smilingly Kalypso answered;

> "'O versed in wiles, with temper filed too fine,
> Still thy wit plays, nor is thy cunning dead.
> Yet may the heaven that bendeth over head,
> Earth, and that dark stream, rolling evermore,
> The great oath Styx, which even immortals dread,
> Know that I mean no guile in my heart's core,
> But for thy use I plan whate'er I should explore."
>
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book v. (Worsley).

Once again she offered him the gift of immortality if he would remain with her, but he refused as before. "Although I own," he said, "that thy beauty is far superior to that of Penelope, yet I cannot forget her. Daily my heart longs to return to my home and country. Chide me not. I am willing to bear whatsoever the gods may have in store for me, if only my wish is granted."

Next morning Odysseus began to cut down trees, and on the fourth day the raft was ready. On the fifth he took leave of Kalypso, and, with a joyful heart, spread his sail to catch the prosperous winds. Thus he journeyed on for seventeen days, and on the eighteenth he beheld before him, in the distance, a beautiful island. This was Scheria,* where dwelt the happy race of the Phaeaces.

Before he could reach the shore, however, Poseidon, who had just returned from Ethiopia, saw him, and shaking his azure locks, cried angrily: "Great heavens! the gods must surely have reversed his sentence! Not thus, however, shall he escape my wrath, if my sceptre still rules the watery main:"

> "'Therewith the clouds he marshalled, and the wave
> Smote with his trident, stirring the wild deep,
> And loosed the blasts of all the winds that rave.
> O'er earth and main he bade the dark clouds sweep,
> And night came rushing from heaven's stormy steep.
> Fiercely the sky-born north, south, east and west,
> Blow their wild chorus, and the rough waves leap
> In thunder."
>
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book v. (Worsley).

Kalypso was terrified at sight of the fearful storm. "Alas!" he cried, "how can I survive this? Surely mighty Jove himself must have swelled this tempest. What raging winds! what roaring waters! O thrice happy those who fell

* Now Corfu.

on the field of Troy. Would that I also had died, that day the Trojan lances fell around me." While he thus spoke a mighty wave reared its crested head and rushed over him, covering the raft, and drawing him down into the surging waters. With great difficulty he at last succeeded in regaining the raft, and was driven now north, now south, now east, now west, till the goddess Leukothea, seeing his need, took pity on him, and rising from the depths of the swelling surges, placed herself beside him on the raft.

This infused fresh courage in the fainting heart of the hero, and Leukothea gave him her veil, telling him to gird himself with it and to jump into the water. Having reached the shores of Phaeacia he was to throw it back into the waves. Then she disappeared under the rushing waters. Odysseus, however, fearing that this was but some fresh design of Poseidon's by which to get him off the raft, determined to remain as long as it would hold together. But while he was still debating what to do, the angry ocean god sent a mighty wave which, bursting over him with fearful force, tore the planks asunder.

One of these planks Odysseus grasped, and getting upon it cast aside his cumbrous garments, and girded himself with Leukothea's veil. Then he let go the plank, and boldly breasted the heaving billows.

Poseidon watched him sternly, and then said contemptuously: "Go forth then on thy watery way till thou reach the island of Phaeacia; whate'er thy fate thou wilt not easily forget my wrath," and turning round his sea-horses he dived down to his glistening palace beneath the ocean. Athene then ordered the winds, which had raged fiercely for three days, back to their caves, keeping Boreas alone to waft Odysseus gently to the neighbouring coast. Great was his delight when he saw it so close, but the nearer he came

the louder grew the dull roar of the breakers which lay between him and the coveted shore:

> "Full on the coast the great waves' thunder-shocks
> Roll, and afar the wet foam-vapours fall.
> No roadstead, no haven seemed at all."
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book v. (Worsley).

Uncertain whether to land here, he was about to swim further on when a monstrous wave carried him straight to the rocky shore. Wildly he clung to a jutting cliff to prevent the waters drawing him in again. But a second wave, mightier than the first, tore him from his hold and threw him back into the seathing billows.

Now he would indeed have been lost had not Leukothea's veil again saved him. By its aid he battled stoutly with the angry sea till at length he reached a sandy beach, and weary and exhausted with pain and hunger, lay down almost lifeless on the Phaeacian shore. When he recovered consciousness, he took the veil as the goddess had commanded, and threw it back into the sea, after which he went to seek a resting-place. Entering a wood close by, thick with an undergrowth of brushwood, he made a soft bed of leaves, and covering himself completely so that no one could see him, was soon wrapped in peaceful slumbers.

XLII.—ODYSSEUS IN PHAEACIA.

The King of Scheria, Alkinoos, famed for his wisdom and kindness, had a fair daughter named Nausikaa, whose beauty was equalled by her bravery and courage. To her, Athene, leaving the heights of Olympos, appeared in a dream, taking the form of her favourite friend, and thus addressed her: "O indolent one! thus wasting thine hours lying idly there

when the bridal morn is so near, and thou wilt have need of all thy finest garments. Arise ! and neglect thy duties no longer :

> "'These are the things whence good repute is born,
> And praises that make glad a parent's breast.'
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book vi. (Worsely).

Therefore, with the first streaks of dawn, hasten to the stream and I will join thee in thy labours there. Ask a chariot from thy father,

> "'Which to the place of washing shall convey
> Girdles and robes and rugs of splendid hue.
> This for thyself were better than essay
> Thither to walk—the place is distant a long way.'"
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book vi. (Worsley).

As soon as Nausikaa awoke she hurried to her parents, and meeting her father at the door: "Dear father," she asked, "wilt thou grant my prayer, and let me have the royal car, that I may take all my garments down to wash them at the stream ?"

Alkinoos willingly consented, and the mules having been harnessed, and the clothes, food, and wine put in, Nausikaa herself sprang into the car, and taking the reins drove off. Arrived at the shore she and her attendants, a bevy of bright damsels, soon finished their labours, and having spread the garments to dry on the golden sands, they sat down to rest and refresh themselves with food. Then laying aside their veils, they began with merry laughter to play ball, while Nausikaa with her sweet voice sang to them. Their game finished, they prepared to return home, when Nausikaa, stooping down, picked up the ball and threw it at one of her companions. It missed, and, directed by Athene, fell into the water, whereat they all screamed aloud. The

noise awoke Odysseus, who, rising from his leafy bed, exclaimed :

" 'Ay me ! what mortal souls inhabit here ?
Despiteful, wild, unjust ?—or love they well
The stranger, and the immortal gods revere ?
Surely but now the female cry did swell
Of virgin nymphs who in the mountains dwell,
Or haunt the cradles whence the rivers flow,
Or green slopes of the fountain-trickling dell—
Am I with men that human language know ?
Come, I will soon explore what cheer these coasts bestow.' "
—HOMER, " Odyssey," Book vi. (Worsley).

He then proceeded to make himself a girdle of twisted branches, and stepped forth from the leafy covert. At sight of him, half-naked, dirty, and with matted and tangled hair, Nausikaa's companions all fled in terror, taking him for some wild mountain spirit. She alone, brave and gentle, waited to see if she could help the stranger. Odysseus, still keeping at a distance, entreatingly petitioned her : " Fair maid, or goddess ! lend a pitying ear to my sad tale ! If thou art a goddess then thou must be Artemis, for none other hath so stately a presence. But if thou art a mortal, happy the father and mother who possesses so beautiful a daughter, and happier still the man who shall one day lead thee home as his bride. Lady, I bend a suppliant before thee. Great are the misfortunes which have befallen me. For twenty days and nights have I been tossed about helplessly on the stormy ocean, till, cold and faint, the waves at last threw me on to the rocks of this island, where I lay bruised and stunned until your voices woke me. O have compassion upon me, for I know not the people of this land. Shew me the city, tell me where I may supply my wants, and I beseech thee give me some garments in which to wrap myself :

"'And unto thee the heavenly gods make flow
Whate'er of happiness thy mind forecast,
Husband and home and spirit-union fast!
Since nought is lovelier on the earth than this,
When in the house one-minded to the last
Dwell man and wife—a pain to foes, I wis,
And joy to friends—but most themselves know their own bliss.'"

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book vi. (Worsley).

Then Nausikaa spoke gently to him: "Do not fear, O stranger, whosoe'er thou art; since fate has thrown thee on our shores, thou shalt want for neither food nor clothing. Know that the Phaeacians inhabit this island, and I myself am daughter to Alkinoos, their great king," and turning to her companions she cried: "Come back, ye coward maidens! wherefore do ye fly? This is no foe, but an unfortunate stranger who craves our care and pity. Hasten, therefore, bring hither food and wine, and garments wherewith he may clothe himself."

Obedient to her call, the attendants, gathering courage from their mistress, hastened to place a royal robe and sweet-scented ointments in a sheltered nook beside the river. Athene then endowed her favourite with fresh beauty, that he might therewith impress the Phaeacians when he came forth from his refreshing bathe. Robed in splendid apparel, Nausikaa was amazed at the marvellous change.

The attendant maidens supplied Odysseus with food and wine, and of these he eagerly partook, glad to appease his hunger. Nausikaa, having replaced the rest of the garments in the car, took her seat, and said: "Fair stranger arise, and come with us to the town, where I will take thee to my father's palace. Thou canst walk with my maidens beside the carriage till we come to the gates, but once we enter

the city I will go on alone, for the people are a proud and haughty race, and might bring a slur on my spotless name, saying, 'What stranger is this who follows Nausikaa, and where could she have found him? Perchance he is from some distant shore, and, disdaining all in this realm, she has chosen him as her future lord.' And thus we should both be blamed; and justly, for we should ever shun offence. Remain, therefore, outside the city walls, and when thou thinkest I have reached my home, go into the town, and seek my father's dwelling, any child will guide thee. Once entered there go on through all the rooms, until thou comest to the queen, surrounded by a circle of bright damsels, weaving a web of wondrous beauty. My father sits beside her on his royal throne, but pass him by, and to the queen disclose thy mournful tale. May thine eloquence so prevail that she may give her willing aid to speed thee back unto thy native land."

So saying the princess drove on, and Odysseus followed the car until they reached a grove of trees outside the town, where he stopped and prayed to Athene for help. She heard his prayer, and wrapped him in a thick cloud, so that he might reach the king's palace in safety. When he entered the city, the goddess approached him in the guise of a young girl carrying a pitcher, and, not knowing who she was, he asked her the way to the dwelling of Alkinoos.

"Willingly will I be thy guide," she replied, "for my good father lives close by." And she led the way, past the ships, the great high walls, and along the streets of magnificent buildings. Arrived at the palace, she encouraged him to enter boldly, and at once to address himself to the Queen Arete, the wife of Alkinoos,

"And loved and honoured as no wives elsewhere,
Such as in these days on the earth are seen,

Find honour ; yea, like reverence she doth bear
From children, house, and people as her rightful share.
Oft as she walks along the stately street,
Her all the people like a goddess hail
Beholding, and with salutations greet,
Since of a noble mind she doth not fail.
Yea, where she list good kindness to entail
Even of men the quarrels to unbind
Not seldom her well-tempered words avail.'"

—HOMER, "Odyssey, Book vii. (Worsley).

As he paused outside the palace debating what he should say, Odysseus was struck with the splendour of the buildings. The pillars were of silver, the doors of gold, the walls of brass, and on each side was a row of gold and silver dogs wrought by the cunning hand of Hephaistos. Inside, along the walls, were seats for all the princes who attended the banquets, covered with rich tapestry, while rich carpets lay spread around on the floors. Instead of sconces, figures of golden youths held the torches at the nightly feasts, and fifty women were kept continually at work weaving or grinding corn.

Still invisible to outward eyes, Odysseus went through the halls and flung himself at the feet of Arete. Immediately the vale of night fell from him, and all gazed with amazement at the strange man who prayed so eloquently and earnestly for a gracious reception. Then bowing his head in great humility he sat down on the hearth amid the ashes. When he had finished speaking a general silence ensued, until at length the eldest of the princes spoke: "It becomes thee not, O great Alkinoos, to let a stranger sit in the dust. Stretch forth thine hand, and give the guest his due."

Then the king raised up Odysseus, led him to a seat, had water brought for him to wash his hands, and placed before

him a table amply provided with food and wine. Then all having pledged him with their goblets, the king said: "Hearken ye chiefs! it is late, we must retire to rest; but to-morrow morning we will assemble here in council, and settle by what means we may transport the stranger to his native shore. Who knows, perchance our guest may be a god himself."

"Not so," returned Odysseus modestly, "neither in growth nor stature do I resemble the immortals. I am but an unfortunate man who could relate many a wonderful tale of all the sorrows he has endured. But first let me appease the pangs of hunger, for

> "'Nothing more shameless is than Appetite,
> Who still, whatever anguish load our breast,
> Makes us remember in our own despite
> Both food and drink.'
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book vii. (Worsley).

Thus even I, notwithstanding my sore trouble, cannot do without the necessary food; but ye, O chiefs, hasten to accomplish what ye have proposed, that, with the early dawn, I may return unto my native land."

The princes promised to do all that lay in their power, and then retired to rest. When they had all gone, and Odysseus was left alone with Alkinoos and Arete, the latter noticing that the garments the stranger wore were some which had been woven by her own hand, asked him whence he had received the robes, and where he came from.

Then he told her about Kalypso, how she had kept him at Ogygia for seven long years, how when at last she let him go he had been nearly drowned at sea, and how he had now been cast upon their shores by the waves. Then

he finished his tale by launching forth in praise of Nausikaa and her kindness to him.

"Only one thing do I blame her for," said the king; "she should at once have brought thee to my house."

"Blame her not for that," answered Odysseus, "she bade me follow her attendants, but I refused, thinking that thou mightest deem it presumptuous hadst thou seen it.

"'For we the sons of men were ever a jealous breed.'"

And now Arete having ordered a soft couch to be prepared for the wanderer, he rested more soundly than on the leaves in the wood the night before.

As soon as Eos had tinted the sky with rosy red, and opened the golden gates for Helios, Alkinoos and Odysseus rose from their couches and repaired to the market place to sit in council with the princes. Athene, in guise of a herald, went through the city calling the chiefs together, and when they were all assembled Alkinoos addressed them. In mute astonishment they gazed at the stranger, who by the goddess's aid had been endued with every grace, and now appeared among them like a god.

The king told them how Odysseus had been thrown by the stormy sea upon their island, and had come to ask him if he would further him upon his way home. "Up then! my people," he continued, "launch him a swift vessel with all speed. Let fifty-two of our bravest sailors prepare to accompany him; and when all is ready, come ye every one to my palace and feast ere you depart. Meanwhile, ye princes, let us conduct the stranger back to the palace, and prepare a banquet worthy of him; also summon the blind singer Demodokos, whose songs are sweeter than all others, that he may rejoice us, both with harp and song."

The king's commands were speedily carried out, the ship was soon in readiness, and before long the palace was

thronged with people going in and out. When they were seated at the banquet, the bard took his harp, and sang to them of the deeds of the heroes, whose fame reached to the skies, and specially of the combat between Odysseus and Achilleus. Now none of the Phaeacians had any idea that Odysseus, the much praised hero of the song, was sitting there among them. He, himself, was moved to tears by the pathos of the singer, and, to hide his emotion, he buried his face in his purple robe and did not uncover it till the song was ended. When, however, Demodokos commenced again, Odysseus was fain once more to hide his face in his mantle. Alkinoos, seeing this, brought the song to a close, and proposed withdrawing to the outer court, there to have games for the amusement of their guest.

The most skilled among the youths then started various contests in racing, leaping, wrestling, quoits, and boxing. When they had finished, they came up and entreated Odysseus: "Fair stranger, wilt thou not essay thy strength in a contest? Thy frame bespeaks thee strong and mighty, no doubt thy skill is equal to thy strength."

But Odysseus answered:

> "'O Laodamas, my friend,
> Why of my woes do ye this mockery make,
> And lightly bid me on your games attend?
> Less toward such pastime than to grief I bend
> My spirit. Ere this many toils I bore,
> Much suffering drained. Now, dreaming of the end,
> Here I sit with you on this crowded shore,
> And king and people urge with supplication sore.'"
>
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book viii. (Worsley).

Then one of the youths answered slightingly: "Perchance the stranger cares not to show his want of skill; mayhap he is a merchant or a sailor in pursuit of gain, and not a warrior able to compete in games like these."

Incensed at the taunt, Odysseus answered with a frown: "Thy speech, O youth! is both forward and unwise. The gods bestow their gifts with partial hand, and seldom is one man endowed at once with strength and beauty, eloquence and wisdom. Thou, for example, art brave in combat, but thou wantest both wisdom and understanding. I am no such novice to these games of skill as thou dost imagine, but until lately, with the best held rank at will, now, however, I am bowed down with grief and sorrow. But I will accept the contest to which thou hast challenged me, for thy words have stung me deep this day."

Then stooping quickly to the ground, he lifted a quoit, thicker and heavier than those used by the Phaeacians, and fiercely flinging it from his hand, it rushed whizzing through the air with such force and power, that the bystanders involuntarily stooped to avoid it. As it went far beyond the mark, Odysseus greatly elated, cried:

> "'Come on now! soon will I a second throw
> As far or farther. Whoso list to try,
> Let him come forward and his manhood show;
> For ye have fired my soul exceedingly.
> Box, wrestle, or run races—what care I?'"
>
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book viii. (Worsley).

All had gazed in amazement at the feat, but Alkinoos said: "Thou hast indeed surpassed us in these games of skill and strength, and we know thy worth, and that thou art loved by Jove. But in order that thou mayest give us some praise on thy return to thy native land, know that in the dance, the race, and on the ocean, we are masters." So saying, he ordered Demodokos to play on his harp, while the youth danced, and sang songs of the olden time.

When the song and dance were ended loud applause rent the air, and Odysseus exclaimed: "It is with justice, O king, that thou boastest thy dancers to be the best in the world! I am lost in surprise and admiration at the sight, they far exceed all that I have ever seen." This praise so delighted the king that he proposed that all the princes should bring gifts for the stranger. Then each of them gave him an embroidered vest and robe, and a talent of the purest gold. Even the youth Eurualos, who had at first spoken so slightingly to him, gladly came forward to make amends, and gave him a splendid sword in an ivory sheath, with these words:

"'Hail, guest and father! If were said or done
Aught unbecoming, now from where we stand
Let the winds whirl it in oblivion!
And thee, long grieved and friendless, from our strand
Heaven render back to wife and fatherland.'"
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book viii. (Worsley).

To which Odysseus answered:

"'Friend, thou too thrice hail!
Heaven give thee blessings with an open hand,
And for this dear sword no regrets entail,
Offered with welcome words mine ire to countervail.'"
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book viii. (Worsley).

Alkinoos then placed the gifts in a polished chest, round which Odysseus fastened a band with many cunning knots to prevent any of his treasures being stolen during his homeward journey. Then having bathed and been anointed, for all befriended him, although as yet they did not know who the stranger was, he returned magnificently robed to the hall, where the chiefs were already seated at the banquet.

Nausikaa timidly gazed at him with wondering eyes, and said: "Thou art about to leave us now, O stranger, but

when thou reachest thine own shores wilt thou remember to whom thou owest thy rescue?"

"Royal maiden," replied the hero, "may the gods grant to me a safe and prosperous voyage home, and as long as the spirit is in this body, I will daily remember thee, and ever think of the noble Nausikaa as the preserver of my life." Then having taken his seat beside the king the feast began. A herald led the blind bard to his place beneath a sculptured arch, and Odysseus cut him the best piece from the chine of boar, for

> "All mortals reverence pay
> That tribe whose voice the loving muse made sweet,
> And taught their fingers on the harp to play."
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book viii. (Worsley).

Then he asked the bard to sing the tale of the Greeks before Troy, and how Odysseus and the other heroes hid themselves in the wooden horse until the final destruction of the city; but as the song proceeded grief again filled his heart, the tears sprang to his eyes, and he was again forced to hide his face in his mantle. Alkinoos noticed it, and hearing his deep sighs the king cried: "Cease thy song, Demodokos, for ever since thou hast begun thy lay our guest here sighs with grief; some terrible sorrow must surely oppress him, and weighs down his heart, and as our banquet is in his honour we must strive to chase all sadness away from him. But now, O stranger, tell us thy name, who thy parents are, and to what land thou belongest, that our vessels may carry thee back thither; for the ships of the Phaeacians are not as other ships, they know whither they have to sail without heed of guidance. Tell us therefore how and from whence thou camest to us, what strange lands thou hast seen, and why the wars of the Greeks before Troy affect thee so mightily."

XLIII.—THE KIKONES, LOTOPHAGES, AND KUKLOPES.

Odysseus thereupon began: "Since it is thy wish, O great Alkinoos, to hear my tale, I will gladly tell thee the story of all my mishaps; but first of all I will disclose my name.

"I am Odysseus, son of Laertes, king of Ithaka, of whose deeds thou hast no doubt already heard. After I and my companions sailed away from Troy, the wind carried us to the land of the Kikones. I burnt their town, carried off the men, and divided the women and treasure among my people. They, however, against my wishes stopped to revel and feast on the shore; the Kikones, meantime, who had escaped called their island neighbours to aid them, and coming down to the shore, overwhelmed us with great force. The whole day we fought, but towards evening we had to give in, six of our number lay dead, and the rest only escaped with great difficulty to the ships. On our departure, mighty Jove sent a frightful storm upon us, heaven and earth were wrapped in total darkness, and o'er the watery waste Boreas raged with fearful fury, the sails were rent in shreds, and the vessels tossed helplessly about on the waves.

"At last, when the wind somewhat abated, we passed the foreland of Malea,* and hoped soon to reach our native shores, when, lo! another hurricane arose, and drove us away to the south, far away to the flowery land of Lotos. Here we landed, and I sent three of my companions and a herald to the inhabitants, whose only food is the lotus plant, which yields a juice as sweet as honey. The Lotophages received the messengers gladly, and gave them some lotus

* The most southern point of the Peloponnesus.

fruit to eat; but this juice has the peculiarity that whoever once tastes it thinks no more of his home, and thus it fared with my companions. They thought no more of their native land, and wept tears of regret and sorrow when I took them away by force, and made them again handle their oars.

"Next we came to the land of the Kuklopes (Sicily), where the inhabitants need not to cultivate the soil, for wheat, barley, and wines of all sorts grow without care or trouble. The Kuklopes live in caves hollowed out in the mountains, and have no laws, each one rules his own family. Not far from their country lies a small and fruitful island, quite uninhabited save by wild goats. Here, under cover of the night, we were driven by the winds into a sheltered harbour. We landed, and, shooting a number of the goats, satisfied our hunger, and refreshed ourselves with some of the red wine that we had brought away from the Kikones.

"In the distance we saw the home of the Kuklopes, with its column of smoke rising towards the sky, and even heard the voices of the inhabitants and the bleating of the flocks and herds. Next day I said to my companions: 'Remain ye here, while I take one of the ships and go across to find out what the inhabitants are like.'

"So I sailed across, leaving the eleven other ships behind. Having landed we saw, close to the shore, a gigantic cave almost hidden by laurel bushes, and in front of it a large enclosure surrounded by rocks and fir and oak trees. Here sheep and goats rested at night, when they returned home from their distant pasture. Within the cave lived a creature of enormous stature, not like a human being either in face or figure, but a perfect monster.

"I chose out the twelve most valiant of my shipmates, and commanded the others to guard the ship while we went to the cave. Then providing myself with a leather bottle,

filled with rich red wine, and a basket of provisions, we entered the giant's abode. It was empty, for he had gone off with his flocks; but the sides were lined with cheeses, a number of kids and lambs were in the stable at the back, and all the buckets, pails, and basins standing about were filled with milk.

"My companions besought me to take possession of the food and hurry away, but I wished to remain and see the giant himself. So we first offered up a sacrifice to the gods, and then sat down to refresh ourselves with milk and cheese.

"Presently we heard a distant bleating, nearer and nearer it came, and then we felt the earth tremble beneath the footsteps of the giant as he strode along. At last he entered the cave, bearing on his back a mighty pine log, which he threw down with a tremendous crash; while we, not wishing to be seen, crouched down at the back of the cave.

"Then the Kuklopes drove in the sheep and goats, and having milked them took up a great piece of rock and blocked up the entrance. Next he proceeded to drink half the quantity of milk he had obtained, and putting away the rest for his supper went to light the fire, when the flames, lighting up the inside of the cave, suddenly disclosed us to his eyes. 'Who are ye that dare thus to enter the cave of Poluphemos?' he roared in a voice of thunder. 'Have come to rob me?'

"At these rough words our hearts began to fail us, but recovering quickly I replied: 'We are Greeks returning from Troy, and the gods have driven us hither on our way. Be not wrathful with us therefore, but deal hospitably with us, for surely thou dost reverence the decrees of the gods; more especially that Zeus himself ever shows kindness to strangers.'

"'Thou art a fool thus to speak to me of the gods,' cried the Kuklopes angrily; 'we care not for Zeus or any of the gods, for we are superior to them all; if therefore I spare thee it will not be on their account, but because I please. Tell me now where lies the ship that brought thee hither?'

"Knowing, however, that he only asked this in order to obtain possession of the vessel, I answered: 'Alas! alas! Poseidon destroyed it when he drove us on this shore.'

"No reply did the Kuklopes make, but frowning savagely he turned and seized two of my comrades, dashed them against a stone, and devoured them for his supper. At this terrible sight we cried out, and raising our hands entreatingly towards great Jove, implored his help and succour. His hunger satiated, the monster now lay down to sleep, and as I heard his loud snores I thought how easy it would be to pierce him with my sword, and thus put an end to his existence. But just in time I remembered that if Polyphemos were killed, no one would be able to remove the huge stone he had placed at the entrance of the cave, and thus we should still all perish miserably.

"Now night had come on, and wearily the hours passed, until at length when the first dim rays of early dawn penetrated through the tiny chinks between the top of the stone and the cave, the giant rose, relighted his fire, milked his flocks, and then devoured two more of my unfortunate companions. Next he shoved aside the stone, let out his sheep and goats, and replaced it as before, so that none of us could get away. I now began to think seriously over every possible scheme by which we might escape, for if we remained the giant would surely devour us all. At last my eye caught the monster's huge club of olive wood, big as the mast of a ship, lying on the ground far back in the cave. From this I cut off a piece as large as a man could

lift, and told my companions to smooth it, while I sharpened the end, which having been done we laid it carefully away. Then we all drew lots as to who should drive the stake into the one eye of the Kuklopes while he was asleep, and the lot fell on four, and I was the fifth, and chosen to be their captain.

"In the evening Poluphemos returned, and having milked his herd as before, again seized two of my companions for his evening repast. Then I went up to him holding the big skin of wine in my hands, poured out a bowl full, and said :

"'Cyclops, take wine, and drink after thy meal
Consumed of human flesh, that thou mayest know
The kind of liquor wherein we sailors deal.
This a drink-offering have I brought, that so
Thou mightest pity me, and let me go
Safe homeward. Thou, alas ! with fury extreme
Art raving, and thy fierceness doth outgrow
All bounds of reason. How then dost thou dream
Others will seek thy place, who dost so ruthless seem ?'"
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book ix. (Worsley).

"Greedily he drank it off at one draught and begged me to refill the bowl : 'Give me more of this honey sweet wine, this celestial nectar,' he cried, 'and tell me thy name, O stranger, that I may do thee a kindness in return for this delicious draught." I refilled the beaker thrice, by which time he had grown heavy and stupid, then I said, "My name is Noman, by this title I am always known, now I trust that thou wilt not forget thy promise to do me a kindness.'

"'Receive the promised boon, my friend,' he said : 'Noman will I devour last of all. That is the kindness that I mean to show thee.' And as he finished he fell

down on his couch, and his heavy snores soon resounded through the cave.

"Quick as thought I plunged the stake into the still glowing embers, and when it began to burn, I cried out to my companions not to fear, for now *our* time was come. With beating hearts they approached the monster, and swiftly I drove the burning stake into the great eye in the centre of his forehead, while my companions helped to push it still further in. As it pierced him, he sent forth a dreadful groan, which resounded through the inmost recesses of the cave. Then

> "'He the stake wrenched forth amain . . .
> And, bursting forth into a mighty yell,
> Called the Cyclopes, who in cave and lair
> 'Mid the deep glens and windy hill-tops dwell.
> They, trooping to the shriek from far and near,
> Ask from without what ails him.'
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book ix. (Worsley).

"'What fearest thou, Poluphemos?' they cried, 'why dost thou thus disturb our slumbers with thy cries? Is any one stealing thy flocks? or trying to slay thee by craft or violence?'

"'O friends,' cried the frenzied Poluphemos, 'Noman is killing me by craft and violence.'

"When they heard this the Kuklopes were angry, and they answered him: 'If no man is killing thee, why dost thou thus cry out? Pain and sickness are sent to thee by the gods; if therefore sickness has o'ertaken thee, we cannot help thee. Pray to thy father Poseidon for aid.' And they strode away from the cave, while I rejoiced at the success of my artifice.

"The blind giant now arose; groaning loudly, he groped

about with his hands until he came to the entrance of the cave, where, removing the huge stone, he seated himself on the ground with his arms extended. 'No one can go out from hence,' he said, 'for if they attempt to pass by me, I shall be certain to seize them.' Meanwhile I had thought over various schemes, and at last succeeded in outwitting him.

"Among the herd were some splendid rams, and these I fastened together in threes with willow bands. Then under each centre ram I tied one of my companions, and reserving the largest animal for myself, I clung to the thick wool under his body with both hands, and waited anxiously for the coming morn.

"No sooner did the first streaks of daylight appear than all the animals sprang up ready to go out to the meadow. The giant only felt their backs as they passed him, and their fleeces being very thick, he did not discover the willow bands which fastened on my companions. Last of all came the great ram that bore me, walking slowly along. Poluphemos stopped him, and mournfully spoke :

"'Ah ! mine own fondling, why dost linger now
So late?—far other wast thou known of old.
With lordly steps the flowery pastures turn
First ever seekest, and the waters cold,
First two at eve returnest to the fold.—
Now last of all—dost thou thy master's eye
Bewail, whose dear orb, when I sank controlled
With wine, this Noman vile with infamy,
Backed by his rascal crew, hath darkened treacherously.
O hadst thou mind like mine, and couldst address
Thy master, and the secret lair confess
Wherein my wrath he shuns, then should his brain
Dashed on the earth with hideous stamp impress

> Pavement and wall, appeasing the fell pain
> Which from this Noman-traitor nothing-worth I drain.'
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book ix. (Worsley).

Then he allowed the ram to follow the rest.

"As soon as it had gone a short distance from the cave, I freed myself, and then untied my companions. We drove the animals before us, and soon reached the ship, where our comrades rejoiced greatly at our return. When, however, they began to lament over the fate of their murdered friends, I warned them to keep silence and to depart with all speed. Pushing off to sea, we soon cleared the shallows, but were still near enough to make our voices heard on shore. Therefore I called out to the Kuklopes: 'Cruel Poluphemos! those whom thou hast devoured have not remained unavenged! thy breach of hospitality has brought on thee a well merited punishment.'

"These words of defiance made the giant furious, and rising he broke off great pieces of rock and hurled them after us. One huge fragment came whizzing through the air, and fell so close to our ship that the water dashed up round us in tremendous waves, driving us back to land, but I quickly shoved off the vessel, and my comrades rowed with all their might; thus we soon were out of reach of danger. When we had got away twice the distance, I could not resist once again shouting to the giant: 'Hearken, Kuklopes. If ever any man asks who blinded thee, tell him it was Odysseus.'

"When Poluphemos heard this he cried out: 'Alas, then the prophecy has come true! an augur once foretold that a man named Odysseus should deprive me of my sight, but I thought it would have been some great hero, a man almost as strong as myself. Now a weak pigmy, a miserable creature has blinded me, and that not by strength, but by means of wine and cunning. But stay, Odysseus, come back

to the shore again that I may treat thee as an honoured guest, and I will ask my father Poseidon, who no doubt will also heal my eye, to befriend thee on thy way.'

"To which I answered: 'Would that I were as certain of sending that huge carcase of thine to the Underworld as I am that Poseidon cannot restore thy sight.' Then seeing he could not induce me to return, Poluphemos stretched his hands towards heaven and cried:

"'Hear now, great monarch of the raven hair;
Holder of earth, Poseidon, hear my cry,
If thou my father art indeed, and I
Thy child! Or ever he the way fulfil,
Make thou Laertes-born Odysseus die,
Waster of walls! or should the high Fates will
That friends and home he see, then lone and late and ill
Let him return on board a foreign ship,
And in his house find evil.'"

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book ix. (Worsley).

"Poseidon heard his prayer, and as the giant hurled a still larger piece of rock than before after our vessel, the sea god caused great waves to rise when the rock struck the water so that we were almost drowned. Fortunately we escaped, however, and succeeded in reaching the island where the rest of the vessels lay. There was great rejoicing among all our shipmates when they saw us, and we divided the sheep and goats among them. I still retained the large ram, and now sacrificed it to Zeus, but the great father disdained my offering, for anger was burning against us in his heart.

"The following morning we got on board, and sailed away from the island, glad thus to have escaped from the jaws of death, even should fresh dangers still be in store for us."

XLIV. — ODYSSEUS' ACCOUNT OF THE AEOLIAN ISLANDS (LIPARI), THE LAISTRYGONEN, AND KIRKE.

Odysseus continued thus:

"'So to Aeolia came we on, where dwelt
Aeolus, god-loved child of Hippotas.
All round the island stretched a lucid belt,
Based on the sheer rock, a long mount of brass.
There his twelve children the sweet seasons pass,
Six sons, six daughters (each hath wedded one),
And evermore lies piled a fragrant mass
Of dainties on the board from sun to sun,
While with their mother dear and sire they still feast on
Round the fair court the steamy halls all day
Murmur. At night . . . .
Each on elaborate couch of fine array
Sleeps. We came down unto their beauteous place;
And a whole month with feast and courtly grace
He, the king, loved me, and did ask me there
Of Ilion and the ships and Argive race,
How they sailed homeward. These things I declared
In full, and convoy ask that I may home repair.
He, not at all refusing, stripped the hide
Of a nine-seasoned steer, and gave it me.
Therein the courses of the winds he tied,
He their one keeper by the Sire's decree,
At will to quench and raise by land or sea.
So with a silver cord he bound them fast,
Escapeless; only Zephyr he left free,
To waft us home. Far otherwise at last
Chanced! Through our own vain will to bitter doom we passed.'

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book x. (Worsley).

"In nine days, with the help of the friendly west wind, we came near to our native isle, and having had a long and weary watch I fell asleep, thinking now our troubles were at an end. But my comrades, fancying that the leather bag contained gold and silver, thought they would like to see the contents.

"'Come (for he slumbers in oblivious dream),
This gold and silver, his peculiar prey
Tied up, the god's love-gift, now haste we to essay.'
Thus, their ill thought prevailing, they untied
The skin—whom straight the battling tempests bore
Far from their country o'er the ocean wide,
Weeping. Half-stunned with the tumultuous roar
I, scared from slumber, sat debating sore
Whether to die beneath the rolling heap
Of waters, or bear life a little more.
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book x. (Worsley).

"The storm drove us back to the Aeolian Isles, where we landed, and I again went to the king's palace.

"'Him with his wife and children crouched at meat
We found within his halls magnificent.
There entering, on the ground we take our seat
Hard by the doors, as from some dire event.
Then all with one accord spake, wondering what it meant.
"Whence comest thou, Odysseus? what bad fate
Lays hold upon thee? Surely with due care,
Armed with each means, we sent thee hence of late,
To fatherland and home, and wheresoe'er
Thy mind incline thee through the seas to fare."
I grieving: "Faithless friends my doom have wrought
And sleep pernicious. O the loss repair
For ye are able." Wrapt in silent thought
Paused they awhile, till he, the sire, this answer brought:
"Out and avaunt, thou worst of souls alive!

How can I cherish, or dismiss with love,
One whom the blessed gods will not let thrive?
Hence! Thou art hated by the powers above."'
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book x. (Worsley).

"Driven away by Aeolus, we again put to sea, and for six days and nights were tossed about on the ocean, until at last on the seventh we sighted the country of the Laistrygones, and ran into a splendid harbour. Here I sent two men and a herald on shore, to ascertain what sort of people the inhabitants were. When they entered the town, they were met by a damsel carrying a pitcher of water, who in reply to their questions as to what the people were like, and who their king was, pointed out the palace as her father's house. The enormous size of the gate struck them, and when the mother of the maiden appeared, she filled their hearts with fear, for she was like a huge mountain.

"Quickly calling her husband, he came and seized hold of one of my poor comrades, and devoured him, the other two running away for their lives. Baulked of his prey, the monster shouted loudly to his people, and soon a band of hideous giants rushed down to the shore, smashed the vessels with huge stones, and carried off the men to eat them. Eleven of our ships and crews were thus destroyed, and it was with difficulty that I succeeded in cutting away my own vessel. We got safely away from the shore, and continued our voyage, but our hearts were heavy, and we were overwhelmed with grief for the loss of our companions.

"Next we came to the island of Aeaea, where dwelt the fair enchantress Kirke, daughter of the sun-god Helios. For two days and nights we remained on board, not venturing to land, for we feared the people might harm us. But on the third day I went on shore, and climbed up a high

cliff. From thence I looked down into a valley, and saw a column of curling smoke ascending through the trees from Kirke's palace.

"Upon this I hastened back to the ship, thinking it wiser first to send out spies. On my return I was lucky enough to kill a magnificent stag, which I carried in triumph to the ship, and we all sat down and feasted for the rest of the day. Next morning, however, when I told my companions that we were again on an island, they broke forth into loud lamentations, remembering the fate of our late companions. So I divided them into two parties, and then made them draw lots as to which was to go and spy out the land. Fate decided for the hero Eurylochos and twenty-two men, and with heavy hearts and eyes dim with tears we beheld them start for the interior of the island.

"On the way they saw a number of lions and wolves, but instead of being wild and savage, they came up and fawned upon the strangers, greatly to their amazement, not knowing that the animals were in reality all people who had been thus transformed by the sorceress. At last they reached the palace, which Odysseus had seen through the trees, and when they entered the hall, they found a fair lady seated before a loom, weaving a splendid robe, while she sang aloud in a sweet soft voice.

"One of the men then accosted her, and she at once rose from her seat, and begged them to come in and sit down. This they did, all except Eurylochos, who, suspecting some fraud, remained outside the palace. Then they all sat down at the long tables in the hall, which were liberally spread with everything that the heart of man could desire. But, alas! they did not know that Kirke had mixed strange herbs in the food and wine, which had the power of turning them into any form she pleased.

"As soon as they were satisfied, and wished to rise and depart, Kirke touched them gently with her wand, and immediately they were changed into pigs, and were driven out into the sty, where straw and acorns were thrown down for them. For some time Eurylochos waited on in hopes of seeing his companions return, but when they did not come he retraced his steps to the ship. Sorrow and grief weighed heavily on his soul, and at first he could not speak, but at last he managed to tell us that he did not know where his comrades were, or what had become of them.

"I thereupon grasped my sword, and slinging my bow across my shoulders hurried forth in spite of all remonstrances, and took my way to the palace of the sorceress. As I went I met Hermes with his golden wand, and taking my hand he said kindly:

". . 'Whither wouldst thou thy steps incline,
Ah! hapless, all unweeting of thy way?
Thy friends lie huddling in their styes like swine;
And these wouldst thou deliver? I tell thee nay—
Except I help thee, thou with them shalt stay.
Come, take this talisman to Circe's hall,
For I will save thee from thine ills to-day
Nor leave like ruin on thy life to fall,
Since her pernicious wiles I now will tell thee all.
Drink will she mix, and in thy food will charm
Drugs, but in vain, because I give thee now
This antidote beyond her power of harm.
When she shall smite thee with her wand, do thou
Draw thy sharp sword, and fierce design avow
To slay her.'

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book x. (Worsley).

'She will fear thy lifted arm, and bind her then by the great oath of the immortals, that she do not change thee also, as thy comrades have been changed.' Then the god

pulled up from the ground a black root which was growing there, and having given me this healing herb, flew back to Olympus, while I went on to the palace of the golden-haired sorceress.

"As soon as she saw me she invited me in, and having presented me with her poisonous draught, touched me with her wand, saying: "Now join thy companions in the sty." I, however, remained unchanged by means of the magic herb of which I had partaken, and as Hermes bade me, I drew my sword, and rushed murderously at her. Terrified, she fell at my knees, crying: "Who art thou? from whence dost thou come? how is it that my potent draught has not transformed thee like the rest? Perhaps, indeed, thou art Odysseus, whose coming Hermes once foretold to me. If so, it would be vain for me to struggle with thee; now therefore put up thy sword. Come, sit beside me, and let us join our hands in peace."

"Then having made her swear by the sacred oath of the gods that she would do me no harm, I seated myself before the well-spread table. Seeing, however, that I would not touch anything, she asked me why I was so sad, and I told her that I could not eat while I was grieving for my lost companions. Kirke instantly left the apartment, and brought back my comrades from their styes; then placing them before her, she touched them with her wand, and at once they again became men, only far younger and more beautiful than they had been before.

"Then the lady Kirke entreated me to remain with her, and begged me to pull the vessel upon the shore, and fetch the rest of my companions to her palace. Therefore I hurried back to the ship. Here I found them all sadly walking on the shore, grieving for me, but when they found that I had mastered the sorceress, and that they were to

return to her palace with me they obeyed my behest with great joy. Eurylochos alone would not be convinced, and tried to keep them back with his foolish fears, and even he, when he saw the others preparing to come with me, felt ashamed of his doubts, and followed with the rest.

"On entering the hall they were gladdened by the sight of their lost companions, and having heard the history of their transformation we all sat down to a liberal banquet."

XLV.—ODYSSEUS' DESCENT INTO THE UNDERWORLD.

"Thus we remained for a year in the island. But the wish to return to our homes was still strong within us, and at last I entreated Kirke with tears to let us depart. She consented, but told me I should first have to visit the abode of Hades, and gave me directions as to my journey thither.

"'When the ocean thou hast passed
And reached the soil of dark Persephone,
Sown with the fruitless willow, withering fast,
And poplar, hale thy bark from the deep sea,
And move towards Hades' house, gloom-bound eternally.
There into Acheron Cocytus glides,
Streaming from Styx and Pyriphlegethon;
Under a great rock meet the sounding tides.
There, hero, land, and scoop a trench anon
One cubit square, and give the dead their own
Drink-offerings, mead, then wine, and water last;
And sprinkle the white meal, and call upon
The shades, and vow, when all thy toils are passed,
A heifer choice and pyre where all good things are cast.
And, after, promise to the Theban seer

One sheep all black, thy best of sheep, to kill ;
So when thou shalt have ended all thy prayer,
And in the dead tribes a propitious will
Wrought by just vows, thy purpose to fulfil,
Then sacrifice a ram and sable ewe
Toward Erebus : but thou thyself bend still
Thine eyes upon the rivers, and all the crew
Of strengthless shades shall flock thy sacrifice to view.
Then bid thy comrades haste those sheep to flay,
Slain with the knife, and burn them down with fire,
And to Persephone and Hades pray.
But thou with drawn sword seated near the pyre
Warm from the blood those shades, till thou enquire
First of Tiresias, the blind old seer.
He from the crowd advancing, noble sire,
All thy long voyage shall foretell thee clear——
How through the deep fish-teeming thou mayst safely steer !'
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book x. (Worsley).

"Having been thus kindly dismissed by the fair enchantress, I got my men on board as quickly as I could, and prepared once again to start forth. But when they heard that before we turned towards home I had first to descend to Pluto's kingdom and question Teiresias, they tore their hair in despair, and broke out into bitter lamentations.

"'Yet came no rescue for their sorrow's sake.'
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book x. (Worsley).

"And in sadness we made our way down to the sea-beaten shore, and launching our bark, sailed on the watery main until midnight, when we found ourselves on the utmost border of Okeanos' dominions.

"'Where dwell,
Shrouded in mist and gloom continually,
That people, from sweet light secluded well,
The dark Cimmerian tribes, who skirt the realms of hell.

Never the sun that giveth light to men
Looks down upon them with his golden eye,
Or when he climbs the starry arch, or when
Slope toward the earth he wheels adown the sky ;
But sad night weighs upon them wearily.'
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xi. (Worsley).

"Then we landed, and, according to the instructions I had received from Kirke, offered up the required sacrifices and performed the necessary rites.

Immediately the souls of the departed rose up from the depths of Erebos — bridegrooms, youths, old men, and children, many of the warriors still wearing their armour covered with blood from the wounds received in battle. Fearful were the cries they uttered, and possessed by pale dread I allowed the sacrifices to burn, while I tried to wave back the crowding shadows. Foremost was the spirit of one of my comrades, who had fallen from the roof of Kirkes' palace whilst he was sleeping. He entreated me to have his body buried as soon as I returned to the island, that so he might rest in peace. This I willingly promised to do, and, as he left me, the soul of my beloved mother appeared, whom also I had to warn away from touching the blood.

"At last the spirit of the mighty seer Teiresias arose, and, as he slowly and majestically approached, asked : 'What dost thou here, O mortal, among the spirits of the dead, leaving the realms of day for these dark regions? But sheath thy sword, and after I have drunk of the blood of the sacrifices, I will foretell the fate to which the gods have destined thee.' Obeying his commands, I sheathed my sword, whereupon he began : 'Know, O Odysseus! that Poseidon will retard thy homeward journey by many dangers, in revenge that you deprived his son Poluphemos of his sight. But the gods are propitious to thee, and will end thy woes

at length, if thou wilt obey and please them. On thy arrival in Sicily beware of injuring the herds of Apollo, for if thou dost in any way hurt them thou wilt lose all thy companions, and wilt reach thy native shores alone, and only after great and dire misfortunes.'

"'I thank thee, great Teiresias,' I replied, 'and will bear courageously whatever the gods have ordained; but now, tell me why does my mother sit there so silently without even once looking at her son?'

"'She knows thee not,' he answered; 'only those who drink of the sacrificial blood remember the past and recall the scenes of earth.' With these words Tiresias returned to the palace of eternal night, and now I let my mother approach and partake of the blood, when she at once recognised me, asked me how I had come there, and whether I had yet returned to Ithaka. I answered all her questions, and in return learnt from her that Penelope, faithful to me as ever, was still alive, and anxiously awaited my return, that Telemachos managed the affairs of the kingdom, and that my old father Laertes was living in the country, and pining away with grief at my long absence.

"'My death was caused,' she added, 'by anxiety and sorrow for thee, my much loved son.' Thrice I tried to embrace the spirit of my dead mother, but each time she faded away from my grasp like a dream. Then she bade me return quickly to the Upperworld, but even while she spoke I saw numbers of wives and daughters of heroes or kings approaching: Alkmene, the mother of Herakles; Epikaste, wife of Laios of Thebes; Leda, mother of the Dioscuri; Phaedra, Ariadne, and many others. They all vanished at the summons of Persephone, and then came forward the heroes who had been killed by Aigisthos, the noble form of Agamemnon towering far above the rest. As

soon as he had drunk of the blood he recognised me, and crying aloud, shed many bitter tears. I asked him what relentless doom had sent him here, and he told me how he had been murdered by Aigisthos and his own wife Klutaimnestra,* and called me happy in having so true a wife as Penelope, but added warningly,

"'Never for this, hereafter in thy life,
. . . the whole matter, even to thy wife
Show forth, but part reveal and part suppress.
. . . . . .
No more are women to be trusted now.'
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xi. (Worsley).

"Now appeared the spirit of Achilleus, together with that of his friend Patroclos, as well as Ajax. Telamon and the former asked me to tell him whether his father Peleus, and his son Neoptolemos were still alive. Of the former I knew nothing, but when I told him of his son's great deeds, he glowed with transport, and passed on with the others. I also saw the shade of Minos, who with his sceptre of burnished gold here judges the spirits of the dead; shadowy Orion, club in hand, chasing the dark forms of the animals he had slain when on earth; also the giant Tituos, that mighty son of Gaea, whose body covers nine acres, lay here writhing in torture, while vultures gnawed his liver. Farther on groaned Tantalos, pining with thirst whilst standing in the midst of circling waters which reached to his chin,

"'But when he rushed, in fierce desire to break
His torment, not one drop could he partake.
For as the old man stooping seems to meet
That water with his fiery lips, and slake
The frenzy of wild thirst, around his feet,

* Or in Latin Clytemnestra.

Leaving the dark earth dry, the shuddering waves retreat.
Also the thick-leaved arches overhead
Fruit of all savour in profusion flung,
And in his clasp rich clusters seemed to shed.
There citrons waved, with shining fruitage hung,
Pears and pomegranates, olive ever young,
And the sweet-mellowing fig : but whensoe'er
The old man, fain to cool his burning tongue,
Clutched with his fingers at the branches fair,
Came a strong wind and whirled them skyward through the air.
And I saw Sisyphus in travail strong
Shove with both hands a mighty sphere of stone.
With feet and sinewy wrists he labouring long
Just pushed the vast globe up, with many a groan,
But when he thought the huge mass to have thrown
Clean o'er the summit, the enormous weight,
Back to the nether plain rolled tumbling down.
He, straining, the great toil resumed, while sweat
Bathed each laborious limb, and the brows smoked with heat.'

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xi. (Worsley).

"Next appeared the giant frame of Herakles, but this was only his wraith, for he himself has a place among the ever-living gods, as the spouse of beautiful Hebe. There he stood dark as night, with bent brow, glancing fiercely round him, and ready to send the feathered shaft on its unerring way. Across his breast he wore a wondrous golden belt, on which were depicted with inimitable art, lions, bears, wolves, woodland vistas, and various scenes of battle. I lingered on in hopes that I might see Theseus and Pirithoos, or some of the other kings of ancient days, but a dense mass of spectres now came thronging past with fearful groans and yells, and terrified lest Persephone should send dread Kerberos after me, I hurriedly left the direful shore,

and hastening back to the ship, ordered my companions to set sail, and take up their oars without delay. Swiftly the vessel sped over the waves and bore us away again from the mighty stream of Okeanos.

XLVI.—ODYSSEUS' ACCOUNT OF THE SEIRENES, SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS, AND THE HERDS OF HELIOS.

"After sailing all night the early dawn found us within sight of the Isle of Aeaea, and we landed once more there and buried the body of our unfortunate friend.

"As soon as Kirke perceived us she at once came down to the shore, her attendants bearing bread, meat, and wine for our refreshment: 'O ye brave men!' she cried, 'who have dared whilst still alive to penetrate into Pluto's abode! Rest now awhile and refresh yourselves, and when the morn unveils her glowing face speed on your way. Meanwhile I will tell you of the dangers which are yet in store for you both by land and sea.' I complied with her request, and we spent the remainder of the day in feasting. Our banquet ended, the lady Kirke seated herself beside me and asked to hear our adventures after we had left her. In silence she listened to what I had to relate, and then commenced: 'Many and great are the dangers thou hast already passed through, O prince,—— now, hearken, and learn those which are still before thee. First, thou wilt reach the Seirenes, those cruel maidens who bewitch all who approach them, and whose song is death! Heed them not howsoever beautiful their lay! but stop their companions' ears, and order them to lash thee to the mast, for

"'He who hath quaffed it, with his ears shall find
No voice, no welcome, on his native shore,
Shall on his dear wife gaze and lisping babes no more.'"
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xii. (Worsley).

They devour all who come within their reach, and the ground is strewn with the bones of their numerous victims.

"'Once past their island two ways are open to thee: the first leads towards the Cyanean rocks, which constantly separate and rush together again, so that not even a bird can fly unhurt between them. Only one ship, the Argo, has ever passed through them in safety, and that only because she was protected by mighty Hera. The second road leads to two other rocks, one of which rears its proud summit shrouded in clouds almost to the skies. No one can reach its head, for the steep and slippery sides are impregnable to the foot of man. Half way up this rock, so high that not the swiftest arrow can reach it, is a yawning cavern:

"'Within . . . .
Scylla in secret lurks, dread-howling through the gloom
Her voice is like the voice of whelps new-born,
Yet she such monster as no eyes can meet
Rejoicing, or with glance of careless scorn,
Not though a god should pass her dire retreat.
Twelve feet she has, twelve huge misshapen feet
And six long necks, wherefrom she quivereth
Six heads of terror, and her prey doth eat
With grim jaws, armed with triple rows of teeth,
Frequent and thickly sown and teeming with black death.
Her waist is hidden in the hollow cave,
But all her heads from the infernal lair
She thrusts, to fish with, in the whirling wave,
And, feeling round the rock with eager care,

For dolphins dips, and sea-dogs, or if there
Perchance some larger weightier bulk she catch,
Such as the deep in myriads feeds.'
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xii. (Worsley).

"'No vessel ever yet passed fell Scylla without losing several men.

"'On the opposite shore, but rather lower, and only a bow-shot distant, is another rock with a gigantic fig-tree growing on its summit:

"'Charybdis fell
Sucks the black water in her throat's deep hell
Beneath it; thrice disgorges in the day,
And thrice again sucks up the eddying swell.
Heaven from that suction keep thee far away!
Not the Earthshaker's self could then thy doom delay.'
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xii. (Worsley).

"'When therefore thou approachest Charybdis urge thy men to bend to their oars with all their might, for if ye come within her reach ye must all perish! O shun the horrid gulf, and cleave to Scylla; rather risk some than that all should die.

"'Next thou wilt come to the island of Trinacria (Sicily), where, guarded by two lovely nymphs, graze the herds of the God of Day. Beware of harming them, for if thou dost, thy ship and all thy comrades will surely be lost, even if thou thyself escapest.'

"The next morning we left the island, and everything took place as the lady Kirke had foretold. We only escaped from the Sirens because I stopped up my companions' ears with wax, and then, having lashed me to the mast, they rowed with all their might, and, safe from their alluring strains themselves, they heeded not my entreaties to be set free till all danger for us was over. We had, however,

hardly escaped this peril when we heard the roaring of heavy breakers ahead, and saw the white spray dashing wildly on the rocks. Filled with terror, my comrades dropped their oars, but I encouraged them to row on bravely, and telling the steersman to avoid the whirlpool and keep close to the opposite rocks, we strained every nerve and as the vessel flew past we escaped the breakers, and now steered towards Scylla. On one side was she, on the other Charybdis,

> "'With huge throat
> Gorging salt waves, which when she cast away
> . . . the steamy froth upshot
> Wide o'er both rocks. But when she gorged again,
> Drunk with abysmal gurglings, one might note
> The dark sands of the immeasurable main
> Gleam iron-blue.'
>
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xii. (Worsley).

"While we gazed in horror at the flood of tumbling waters, fierce Scylla stooped from her cave and snatched away six of my companions. In vain they cried to me for help! Fiercely she dashed them against the rocks, and, unable to aid them, we saw them disappear into her yawning jaws. Never can I forget that awful sight.

"The rest of us escaped with the ship, and, after we had left the terrible rocks some way behind, we came to the beautiful shores of the island Trinacria. Calm and peaceful lay the island in the rays of the sun, and in the distance could be heard the bleating and lowing of Helios' herds. Then I remembered the warnings of Tiresias and the lady Kirke, and I wished to avoid the island, but Eurylochos insisted that we should land and rest, and all the others agreed with him. When I saw that it was vain to try and persuade them to go on I made them promise not to lay

hands upon the sacred herds, or go near them, and we landed. They gave the promise I required, and we only used the meat that we had brought with us in the ship.

"Unfortunately, however, we were compelled to remain on the island a whole month, for Zeus, angry that we had landed, sent down a fearful gale, so that it was impossible for us to put to sea. In vain we looked day after day for the waters to become quiet; the food and wine which Kirke had given us were consumed, and we were in great straits. True, we could catch fish and birds, but these were not enough for our needs. All this time the sacred herds of Helios had remained untouched, and now, wearied and faint of heart, I wandered inland and prayed to the gods to send us a favourable wind, then, being exhausted by the distance I had come, I lay down to rest, and a sweet sleep fell o'er me.

"Meanwhile, Eurylochos, taking advantage of my absence, had persuaded the others to kill some of Apollo's herds, and, after offering up a sacrifice to the gods, they prepared a feast. 'For if I have to die,' he cried, 'I would rather find my grave in the sea than perish by the pangs of hunger. When I awoke from my slumber and returned to my comrades, the scent of the sacrifice was wafted towards me. Chill dread fell on my spirit, and, beating my breast with my hands, I cried aloud: 'O mighty Zeus! why was I thus beguiled to sleep. Now my comrades have done this wicked deed while I was far away.'

"But my appeal was useless. Phoebos Apollo, full of wrath, called all the gods together, and threatened to go down to the land of Hades and never more to shine on earth if I and my companions were not punished for our act of sacrilege. Then spake mighty Jove: 'Rest in peace, O Helios, and withdraw not thy kindly light from the face of

the earth, for I will at once hurl a thunderbolt on Odysseus' ship, so that he and his companions may be destroyed.'

"Bitterly I blamed my comrades for their wicked act, but the deed could not be undone, and soon the gods themselves showed signs of their displeasure. The hides of the slaughtered animals crept and quivered as though still alive, and all flesh, both raw and roasted, moaned and groaned as the flames curled round it. Six days more we remained, then the storm had abated, and once again we sailed away from the shore. But no sooner were we out of sight of land, and surrounded only by sky and water, than Zeus brought thick clouds across the heavens, and bade the winds come up in a hurricane.

"Higher and higher rose the angry waves, vivid lightnings flashed from the lurid clouds, and the thunders crashed and rolled, while the wind increased in fury, till at length the ropes and sails snapped, and the mast fell with a mighty sound and killed the steersman. At the same moment angry Jove cast down a thunderbolt which completely destroyed our vessel, and we were thrown into the foaming waters.

"All my comrades were drowned, I alone escaping by clinging to the mast, and now I was drifted helplessly about at the mercy of the waves, which bore me back to the whirlpool of Charybdis and the terrible rocks. I thought all was lost, for already the monster had caught the mast and was drawing it down. Quickly I grasped one of the branches of the gigantic fig tree which hung from the summit of the rock, and by it swung in mid-air, until a returning wave brought back the mast, released from Charybdis' jaws. Again I caught hold of it, and swam away with all my might, and most happily Scylla was still in her cave, so that I escaped from that danger also.

"For nine days and nights I tossed about on the stormy waters, and on the tenth reached the island of Kalypso. All that has chanced since then, mighty prince, is already known to thee; it needs not to repeat the tale."

XLVII.—RETURN OF ODYSSEUS TO ITHAKA.

Great was the interest with which the king and queen had listened to the foregoing tale. "Take courage, Odysseus," said Alkinoos, "surely now all thy troubles will have come to an end. Phaeacians, rise, and bring fresh gifts for this our godlike guest." Willingly was this command obeyed, and next morning all the rich gifts were put on board the vessel. Again the day was spent in feasting, and once more in the evening Odysseus begged Alkinoos to send him back to Ithaka. The king agreed to his request, and ordering mighty cans of wine to be brought, offered a libation to the gods, and all joined in the parting cup. Odysseus thanked the monarch for all his kindness and generosity, and then turned to the queen with these words:

"'O be thou happy till old age or death,
Which in all lands all mortals visiteth,
Find thee, O queen, in some far distant day!
I now sail homeward. Here may thy life's breath,
With husband, children, citizens, I pray,
Glide in pure gladness deep, when I am far away.'"
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xiii. (Worsley).

Then he went down to the ship, followed by attendants carrying garments, bread, and wine. Night had now set in, therefore they spread a soft couch for him on the deck, and while he lay down to sleep, the Phaeacians bent to

their oars, and the vessel sped on her way. Swiftly she flew over the waves while Odysseus lay wrapped in sweet slumber forgetting all his cares, and when the first blush of morning reddened the eastern sky the Phaeacians entered the harbour of Ithaka.

Gently the sailors raised the sleeping man in their arms, carried him on shore, and laid him in a cool grotto, placing all the gifts beside him. Then they went their way home again. Poseidon, however, was angry that the hero had been thus saved, and just as the returning vessel approached Scheria, the god transformed her into a rock as a warning to the Phaeacians not to convoy mortals who were obnoxious to him across the sea.

With surprise the Phaeacians beheld this island suddenly rise up amid the water. But Alkinoos cried: "Alas! this is without doubt the fulfilment of the ancient prophecy, which my father often told me: how that Poseidon, angry that we always send strangers safely back to their homes, would one day punish us by changing one of our returning vessels into a mountain right across the harbour. Therefore let us have nothing more to do with these strange travellers, but we will now offer twelve beautiful oxen to the god that he may pardon us this time, and take us back again into his favour."

Meanwhile Odysseus awoke from his long sleep; he knew not where he was, for Pallas Athene had spread a mist all round him, so that he might not be recognized until he had punished the suitors. Then the wanderer spake sadly to the gods in his sorrow: "O ye gods, where am I? among what savage people, and on what wild land have I now been cast? Would that I had remained among the Phaeacians! How they have deceived me, after promising to bring me home. But let me count the treasure; perchance

they have been faithless, and have robbed me of it." All the gifts lay beside him, the full number, none wanting, therefore he bethought him where to hide them when Athene, in the guise of a shepherd lad, came up to him.

Odysseus enquired of the seeming youth what shore this was upon which he was landed, and she cried: "What! knowest thou not Ithaka?" Then great gladness filled his heart when he knew that at last he had reached his native land; but he remembered that he wished to remain unknown, and said: "Often have I heard speak of Ithaka, but I knew not that this was it. I have slain the son of Idomeneus of Crete, because he would rob me of the treasure I had got from Troy; therefore I fled on board a Venetian vessel to go to Elis or Pylos. But a hurricane came on and drove us hither, and while I slept, the sailors put me and my treasure on shore."

Then Pallas smiled, and taking the figure of a young maiden, thus addressed Odysseus: "Of a truth thou art ever ready in artful speech or action, and even now that thou hast returned to thy native land thou still dissemblest as thou didst when a boy. But now lay that aside. Know that I am Pallas Athene, who, through all thy wanderings, watched over thee. And now I come to tell thee what thou must do, and to encourage thee to be patient in all that may yet befall thee. Above all I warn thee not to disclose to anyone who thou art, but bear thy griefs yet awhile in silence."

So saying the goddess scattered the mist with which she had surrounded him, and Odysseus now beheld and recognized his native land. With rapture he bent down and pressed his lips to the beloved ground, the sight of which had been so long denied to his eyes, and then, aided by Pallas, he hid the treasures in the dark recesses of the cave,

and consulted with her how he should rid himself of the train of suitors.

"First of all," said Athene, "I will change thee, so that none shall know thee," and touching him with her wand, all the beauty of his form disappeared: his face became seamed with wrinkles, his eyes grew dim, his hair matted, and his shining raiment turned to rags. Then she placed a beggar's wallet over his shoulders, put a staff into his hand, and bade him go to the house of Eumaeus, the swineherd, who had remained faithful to Penelope and Telemachos, while she herself hurried back to Sparta to fetch the youth himself.

XLVIII.—ODYSSEUS AND THE SWINEHERD EUMAIOS.

So Odysseus went his way to the house of the swineherd, and found him sitting in the large court-yard surrounded by hedges, and containing styes for six hundred swine, of which the suitors had already consumed half.

As soon as the dogs saw Odysseus in his ragged attire they barked and rushed at him, and, had not Eumaios driven them off, would have torn him in pieces. Then the swineherd took the stranger into his house and gave him a seat on a shaggy goat's skin, begging him to rest. Odysseus thanked him for his kind reception of a poor man, but he answered: "Friend, it would be wrong to despise any stranger however poor he might be. Ah! would that I could do more for thee. But he, Odysseus, who would assuredly reward me for my long and faithful service, is far away, and never more I fear will he return. Would that the gods had uprooted

Helen and all her kindred ere she had brought so many brave men low."

Then Eumaios went to the herd, killed two young porkers for the refreshment of his guest, and placing food and wine before him, said: "It is but poor food I have to offer thee, for the strangers who come to sue for the hand of Penelope eat up the fat of the land." Odysseus partook of the repast, and, having satisfied his hunger, began to consider ways and means of revenging himself upon the suitors. At last he spoke: "Who then is this lord of whom thou sayest he hath never returned from Troy? Perchance I could give thee news of him, for I too have wandered far in distant lands."

But the swineherd answered: "Old man, there is small hope that thou canst give us news of him, and even if thou didst, neither Penelope nor I would give credence to thy tale. Too oft already have wanderers come to my dear queen with marvellous tales, and thou no doubt wouldst say like them, to obtain a new cloak. No, I fear Odysseus has died long ere this, and never more again shall I find so good a master. Even should I return to my own home my father and mother could not treat me with more kindness than Odysseus has ever done. O stranger, my whole heart yearns to see him, but that wish may never come to pass."

"Friend, thou art unbelieving and hopeless of heart, but I swear to thee by the gods that Odysseus will return. And on that day that he arrives thou shalt give me as a reward new raiment. Till then I will not have it, for from my heart I despise those who invent falsehood for the sake of gain, and I know that Odysseus will return this year, nay this very month, to free his home from the unwelcome guests."

"Friend," replied Eumaios, shaking his head in denial, "I shall never have to give thee the raiment; well know I

that Odysseus will never return to Ithaka. Therefore drink thy wine in peace, but grieve me not by speaking again of my noble master. Would that Telemachos were only safe at home once more, for the suitors are lying in wait for him. May mighty Jove protect him. And now tell me about thyself, whence thou comest, and what ship brought thee hither?"

But Odysseus was afraid to trust him with the truth, and he answered: "That I will tell thee shortly, for to relate all my wanderings would take more than a year. I come from Crete. My father, who has several other sons, was wealthy, and, when he died, divided the inheritance among my brothers, only giving me but a small portion, since I was only their half-brother. I, however, took a thrifty wife, and soon distinguished myself in various combats, and was nearly always foremost when an enemy was to be encountered. Of agriculture I was no friend, neither did I trouble much as to my house or children, but had always a ship and arms ready at hand, and, when the Greeks made war with Troy, I had to go with King Idomeneus, and was present at the taking of the town.

"On our return I was induced to land in Egypt, and going up the Nile I went on shore to see what the country was like. Meanwhile my companions attacked some of the herds of the inhabitants, who at once rushed to arms and slew most of my people, and even I should hardly have escaped had I not laid down my arms, and entreated the king for mercy. He had compassion upon me, and took me back to his palace, where I remained for seven years. In the seventh year a Phoenician persuaded me to leave the country. He took me on board his ship, meaning to carry me to Libya, and there sell me. But Zeus prevented this by sending a frightful storm when we were near

Crete. The lightning struck the vessel, and all were drowned except myself, who clung to the mast and was tossed about for nine days till at last I was cast on shore. There the king of Crete welcomed me kindly, and from him I heard of Odysseus, who had also landed on the island, and had only just left to go to Dodona, there to enquire of the oracle as to his return. His ships lay ready to bring him hither as soon as he returned from the oracle.

"The king kindly sent me off in a vessel, but on the way the sailors robbed me of all my clothes, gave me the rags which you now see, and landed me after dark on the shores of Ithaka."

"Poor stranger, from my heart I pity thee," answered Eumaios, "but one thing yet I do not understand, the tidings that thou feignest of Odysseus. Why wilt thou still try and deceive me, old man? Too well I know that he will not return again, for in their hearts the gods bear hatred to him. Try not then to gain my favour by such lies. If I bid thee welcome it is because Zeus commands it, and I have pity on thy woes."

"Still is thy heart hard of faith?" cried Odysseus, "Nevertheless as thou wilt not credit my oath, listen. If thy master returns not command the servants that they throw me down from this steep rock."

But even this failed to persuade the doubting swineherd. And now the servants came in from the fields with the herds, and drove them into the styes. Eumaios had one of the largest swine killed in honour of his guest, and when all had eaten they lay down to rest. The swineherd alone could not rest, and rising, he took his sword, wrapped himself in his mantle, and went out spear in hand to guard the herds entrusted to his care, while Odysseus inwardly rejoiced at the faithfulness he displayed.

Meanwhile, Athene had hurried to Sparta to hasten the return of Telemachos. She found him with Peisistratos, the son of Nestor, resting in front of Menelaos' palace, and bending over him, for he had just fallen asleep she urged him to return at once to Ithaka from fear that the suitors might induce Penelope with rich gifts to marry one of them. "Nothing," she said, "is so fickle as the heart of woman, therefore watch. Beware also that on thy return thou fall not into the hands of thy unbidden guests, who have laid an ambush for thee. Travel by night, and when thou reachest Ithaka go not straight to the palace, but spend the night in the house of Eumaios the swineherd, and beg him to send Penelope word that thou hast returned."

Then Telemachos awoke, and begged Menelaos to let him go home, which request the king granted after having first feasted him sumptuously and presented him with rich gifts. Just as they were departing an eagle swooped down, and seizing a goose from the court-yard, carried it off, notwithstanding all the screams and cries of the bystanders. This was looked upon as a favourable sign from the gods, and Helen exclaimed:

"'Hearken and I will utter what this day
The gods suggest and also may fulfil!
Just as this eagle came from far away,
Reared in the bleak rock, nursling of the hill,
And in the stormy ravin of his wild will
Seized on the white goose, delicately bred,
So brave Odysseus, after countless ill,
Comes from afar off, dealing vengeance dread,
Or waits at home e'en now, to strike the suitors dead.'"

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xv. (Worsley).

Then the two young princes bade farewell to Menelaos, and departed. As they neared Pylos, Telemachos, not

wishing to be detained, did not go to the palace of Nestor, but bade farewell to Peisistratos and hurried off to his ship.

Just as he was about to set sail a stranger came up to him and entreated to be allowed to go with him, as he was being pursued for having committed a murder in his native country Argos. He was an augur named Theoklymenos, and Telemachos having made him welcome, they departed.

Meanwhile Odysseus remained with Eumaios, and wishing to find out whether the latter still wished him to remain with him or not, he said: "At daybreak I will go forth into the town that I may no longer be a burden to thee. Let some one show me the way to the gates, from whence I can make my way to the house of Odysseus. Perchance Penelope herself will show me kindness, if I bring her news of her long-lost husband, or mayhap the suitors will give me food if I offer them any services, for none can cut wood, light a fire, roast meat, or hand the wine cup more deftly than I."

But Eumaios answered: "How now! what other venture wouldst thou try? It is but badly thou wouldst fare among the suitors with such a petition. A servant such as thou art would ill suit their mind. It is by bright youths gaily dressed in rich garments that they are served. Remain where thou art. Neither I nor my comrades are weary of thee, and when Telemachos returns he will surely give thee a robe and vest, and send thee wheresoever thou desirest." This answer pleased Odysseus greatly, and he begged his host to tell him whether the parents of Odysseus were yet alive. Eumaios replied: "Laertes is still living, but he is old and weak and longs for death, for since his son left and his wife died, he has no more enjoyment in life; Penelope also is greatly to be pitied, that her house has been invaded by the suitor crew."

Then Odysseus asked the swineherd of his birth and parentage, and wherefore he had left his country. And he answered that he had been carried away by Phoenicians when a boy and sold as a slave to Laertes.

And now the ship which bore Telemachos had at last arrived at Ithaka, and so soon as he landed the young prince bade one of his companions take the seer Theoklymenos, and conceal him in his own house. He himself would go to the swineherd while the vessel with the rest of the men went on to the town.

It was early morning, and Eumaios and Odysseus were just preparing their repast when Telemachos approached the house, and the dogs at once ran forward to greet him and lick his hands. "Surely," cried Odysseus, "it is a friend who comes hither, for the dogs receive him joyfully." Eumaios recognized the son of his beloved master, and jumped up so hastily from his seat that he dropped the bowl he was holding. With tears of joy in his eyes he kissed the hands of the prince:

"Look, when a loving father of true heart
Kisses his own one child, exceeding dear,
Now beyond hope from some far distant part
Of the wide earth at last in the tenth year
Returning, and for whom full many a tear
Nightly and daily in his grief he shed—
So the good swineherd to the prince came near,
Fell on his neck and kissed his eyes and head,
As one from sheer death rescued, and thus weeping said:
'Thou, O Telemachus, my life, my light,
Returnest: yet my soul did often say
That never, never more should I have sight
Of thy sweet face, since thou didst sail away.
Enter, dear child, and let my heart allay
Her yearnings: newly art thou come from far.'"

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xvi. (Worsley).

"Gladly will I do so," answered Telemachos, "for it is purposely that I am come hither to speak to thee, that I may find out whether my mother is still in her home, or whether she has been persuaded to wed one of the suitors."

Eumaios having satisfied him on these points, they entered the house together, when Odysseus at once rose and offered his seat to the noble youth. "Not so," exclaimed Telemachos, "keep thy seat fair stranger. Youth ever gives way to age, and Eumaios will find me a humbler place." So Odysseus sat down again, and while the swineherd placed food and wine before the prince, with proud delight and admiration Odysseus gazed at the son whom years ago he had left a babe in his mother's arms. Then having refreshed himself, Telemachos asked: "Tell me, good father, whence comes this stranger, and what vessel brought him to Ithaka." Whereupon Eumaios related the fable told him by Odysseus, and added that he now gave him over into the prince's care.

But Telemachos answered: "What can I do with him, Eumaios. Well thou knowest that I dare not take him home, for how could I protect him if the suitors should flout and jeer at him. Besides I know not yet whether my mother still awaits my father's return, or whether she has been persuaded to wed another. I can, however, give the stranger a coat and a good stout sword, and send him forth wheresoever he will. Until then keep him safely by thee, and I will send down food and clothing that he may not be a burthen to thee. I will not take him to my own house there to expose him to insult and abuse."

Then secret anger filled the breast of Odysseus, and he cried hastily: "Truly these suitors seem a mighty host, and much it grieves me to see thee thus sore troubled. Would that I were young, or in thy place. Or would that Odysseus were

himself come back, for then, even should it cost me my head, I would essay to turn out the wanton crew. Truly I would rather lose my life than bear dishonour, which is worse than death."

"Nay, friend, it is easy for thee to talk," replied Telemachos, "but how can I, a mere stripling and alone, rid myself of so many foes? Unless the gods themselves come to my assistance I must stand patiently by while they devour my substance. But now, go thou to the town Eumaios, and tell my mother of my safe return; I will wait here until thou come to me again."

Eumaios obeyed. No sooner had he departed than Athene approached the house in the guise of a beautiful maiden, but she was only visible to the sight of Odysseus and to that of the dogs, who, instead of barking, crept whining to the farthest extremity of the court-yard. The goddess beckoned Odysseus to her, and bade him make himself known to his son, at the same time promising to aid him in his coming encounter with the suitors. Then she touched him with her golden wand, and immediately he became once more a noble hero, in the full vigour of youth, and clad in a magnificent mantle.

The goddess left him, and Odysseus re-entered the hut. In wonder his son gazed at him, and at last averted his eyes, believing that he saw before him one of the immortals. "Who art thou, stranger!" he cried, "Art thou indeed one of the bright and beautiful gods? If so, be propitious, and gladly will we offer sacrifices to thee."

But Odysseus answered: "Nay, nay, my son. No god am I. I am thy long lost father, for whom thou hast often sighed and sorrowed," and with tears of joy he embraced his son. But Telemachos could not yet believe his ears:

"'No, thou art not my father nor by name
Odysseus, but, of power divine, dost long
With flattering words to mock me to my shame,
That I whose grief already is far too strong,
May learn new weepings and a mightier wrong.
Not of himself could man this scheme unfold,
But God can lightly make one old or young,
And thou of late wast wrapt in rags and old,
Who now resemblest gods that heaven's dominion hold.'"
—HOMER "Odyssey," Book xvi. (Worsley).

"Wherefore does my return so astonish thee?" replied Odysseus. "My absence has indeed been long, but by the help of beneficent Athene, I have at length regained my country after twenty years of sorrow and danger. It was the same gracious goddess who transformed me into a beggar and now has restored me to my original form." Then Telemachos, no longer doubting, sprang forward,

"And clung weeping round his father's breast.
There the pent grief rained o'er them, yearning thus.
Louder they wailed than on the rock's lone crest
Eagle or hook-nailed vulture, from whose nest
Rude churls the unfeathered young have stolen away.
Thus piteously they wailed in sore unrest."
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xvi. (Worsley).

At length Odysseus found his voice, and related to his son how he had been brought to Ithaka by the Phaeacians, and declared his determination to attack the suitors. But Telemachos, startled at this, replied: "O, my father, oft indeed have I heard that thou art a hero mighty and strong, but it is not possible that two men unaided like ourselves should prevail against so many. The suitors are more than one hundred in number, besides six servants, the herald, the bard, and two cooks; but it may be that thou knowest of some allies willing to help us in the encounter."

"What need have we of other aid if Zeus and Pallas are on our side?" answered Odysseus; "they both have promised their assistance in the struggle. At earliest dawn, my son, go thou unto the palace; Eumaios will conduct me to the town disguised as a beggar. Should the suitors scoff and jeer at me, heed them not. No, not even if they should ill-treat me; but as soon as I make thee a given sign, take all the arms in the hall to an upper chamber, leaving only two swords, two shields, and two spears for thee and me. But tell none—not even Laertes, Penelope, or Eumaios—that I have returned to Ithaka."

While they were thus speaking the vessel that bore Telemachos to his home entered the harbour, and a herald announced its arrival to Penelope, and also to Eumaios, who had just come into the palace. The thought that Telemachos had escaped them filled the suitors with rage, and they were about to dispatch a ship to recall those who were lying in wait for him, when they themselves appeared, their leader Antinoos exclaiming: "It is incredible that Telemachos has eluded our vigilance, for we kept watch close to the shore all day, and during the night cruised about incessantly. The youth must surely have been under the protection of the gods! Now, however, let us consult how best to compass his destruction on land. This time he shall not escape us, for our object is unattainable whilst he lives. There must be no delay, for he may assemble the people, and by telling them that we have lain in wait for him, incite them to rise against us. Let us therefore slay him, and divide the land amongst us, and he whom Penelope shall choose shall have the palace."

Then said Amphinomos (worthiest and most true-hearted of all the suitors): "Let us not harm Telemachos. No good is ever gained by shedding royal blood; at least let us

first consult the will of the gods." This counsel satisfied them all, and repairing to the palace they took their seats at the banqueting board. Penelope, meanwhile, having learnt that the suitors had resolved to waylay and kill her son, came veiled to the entrance of the hall, and cried with indignation: "Antinoos, wouldst thou slay Telemachos? Canst thou thus disregard the cry of the sorrowful and bereaved, who are ever under the protection of mighty Jove? Ungrateful one! rememberest thou not how Odysseus saved thy father from the fury of the people, who would have murdered him for having robbed our allies? and now, not only dost thou devour the substance of thy benefactor and afflict his wife, but thou wouldst also raise thine hand against his only child."

"Cast aside these fears," answered Eurymachos, another of the suitors; "not a hair of thy son's head shall be touched. He who harms Telemachos will meet with his punishment at my hands; for often in my childhood Odysseus would take me on his knee and give me meat and wine." Thus spake he, feigning friendship, whereas he himself was among the foremost in conspiring against the prince. Somewhat reassured Penelope returned to her chamber and wept over her sorrows, wailing for her lost husband, till pitiful Athene closed her eyes in slumber.

At dusk Eumaios returned to his house, where he found Odysseus, who had been once more changed into a beggar. To him he recounted the return of the suitors from their fruitless voyage, and rejoicing greatly over the preservation of Telemachos, they all lay down to rest so to gain strength for what lay before them on the morrow.

XLIX.—ODYSSEUS RETURNS TO HIS HOME.

Scarce had day dawned when Telemachos entered the town to seek the presence of his mother, having bidden the swineherd follow him with the stranger without delay. On entering the palace the prince first encountered Eurykleia, who ran to greet him with tears of joy. All now crowded round him, and at last Penelope came forth from her chamber more beautiful than ever. Fondly she clasped her son in her arms, weeping for joy over him. "O Telemachos, my life, my light, the only joy remaining to me. Hast thou indeed returned in safety? What anxiety have I not suffered on thy account! But now, tell me, what hast thou been able to accomplish?"

"Ah, beloved mother," answered the youth, "harrow not my soul afresh with thy questions. Rather ascend, robed in white, to the tower, and there present a thank-offering to the gods for my safe return, while I seek and bring hither the guest whom I brought from Pylos." While Penelope complied with the desire of her son, Telemachos traversed the palace, spear in hand, and followed by his faithful hounds:

> "Athene did with grace endear
> His form, that all the people gazed intent,
> And wondered while he passed without a peer.
> Then the proud suitors thronged him as he went,
> With fair words on the lip, with dark wrongs deeply meant."
>
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xvii. (Worsley).

But he would not stop among them. Joining his father's friends, he awaited the arrival of the man into whose care he had entrusted the seer Theoklymenos, and accompanied

him to the market place. From thence he brought back his guest to the palace, and with Penelope and a few faithful friends (the suitors being absent), sat down to their morning repast, while Telemachos thus related his adventures.

"When I arrived at Pylos, Nestor received me as though I had been his own son, but not a word could he tell me of the fate of my father. Therefore I hastened onward to Sparta, where I found Menelaos, and from him received some information, Proteus, the sea-god, having told him that Odysseus, with neither ships nor men, was unable to return to his kingdom, and was being detained by Kalypso in her island." On this the seer Theoklymenos exclaimed:

"'Wife of Laertiades Odysseus, hear!
He only knows in part; my prophecy is clear.
First of the gods bear witness Zeus the while,
Thy table kind, the hearth which I have found,
Hearth of the brave Odysseus void of guile,—
E'en now thy husband on his native ground,
Sitting or walking, hears an evil sound
Of suitors in his hall, and vengeance dark
Broods, which with dire fulfilment shall be crowned:
Such omen, whi e I sat beside the bark,
I knew, and called aloud, and bade thy son to mark.'"

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xvii. (Worsley).

"Heaven grant that it may be so," cried Penelope; "then by richly rewarding thee, will I prove that I am not ungrateful." While they thus communed in the hall, the suitors in the court-yard of the palace engaged in various sports, such as throwing the dart and hurling the disc, till the hour of noon approached. Then they assisted in slaying and preparing the flesh of the requisite animals for the mid-day meal.

Now, Odysseus, clothed in tattered garments, with a patched wallet on his back, and holding a stout staff on which to stay his tottering steps, made his way into the town, accompanied by Eumaios. As they approached the gates, they met Melanthius, the goat-herd, who sided with the suitors, and was now bringing in some kids for their banquet. When he beheld Odysseus, he cried mockingly:

"See how God ever like with like doth pair,
And still the worthless doth the worthless lead!
Unenviable swineherd! tell me where
This wretch wouldst thou bestow? Not such we need,
Banes of the banquet, very wolves to feed.
He by the door-posts loitering in the way
Will rub his shoulders, and to sate his greed
Prowl mid the suitors for vile scraps of prey,
Nor sword nor caldron earn by any manly play.
If thou wouldst lend him for a while to me,
The stalls to sweep, and for the kids supply
Young leaves for pasture, very soon would he
Swill the rich whey and nourish a stout thigh.
But the ill caitiff of all toil is shy,
And with a hell-deep moan doth cringe about
For victuals. Mark me, for I will not lie!
Once let him set foot mid the suitors' rout,
Soon will his ribs and head the flying stools wear out."
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xvii. (Worsley).

Not content with this, Melanthius still pursued them, and spurned Odysseus with his foot. But the disguised hero, although sorely tempted to strike the miscreant dead with his staff, restrained himself. Eumaios, however, raising his hands towards heaven, cried:

"Virgins of Zeus, ye fountain-nymphs divine,
If that Odysseus thighs did ever burn
Of lambs or kids, fat-folded, at your shrine,

Fulfil the hope wherewith in soul I yearn!
May God yet bring him, may that man return!
Then will he fling thy finery to the wind,
Wherein rejoicing thou the poor dost spurn,
Roaming the city, while with evil mind
Bad herdsmen waste the flocks which thou hast left beind."
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xvii. (Worsley).

"What art thou muttering, fool?" cried Melanthius; "only wait till the suitors have slain Telemachos, and then will I carry thee off and sell thee for a slave." And hurrying into the palace, he seated himself among the guests and joined in the revel.

Not long after Eumaios and Odysseus also arrived. As they drew near Odysseus stayed his steps, and, grasping the swineherd's hand, said: "What a magnificent building is this! The lordly chambers rise tier above tier, and what splendid towers and battlements surround the court-yard! I see also that many guests are assembled at the banquet, and the savoury odour of the viands, and the sweet tones of the harp issue forth most temptingly."

"Thou art indeed right," replied Eumaios, "but now let us decide whether thou art to go in first and take thy place among the suitors, or whether thou wilt wait here while I enter."

"I will wait here, my friend," said Odysseus, "go thou in first. Of hard blows, and even worse than these, have I borne many, but the pangs of hunger are unconquerable." As they spoke, an old dog that lay near raised himself and pricked up his ears. It was Argos, whom Odysseus himself had trained in years gone by, and than whom none had been swifter in the chase; now, since the departure of his master, Argos had lain neglected upon the heaps of rubbish outside the gates. Recognizing the voice of Odysseus the

aged hound strove in vain to approach him, the once strong limbs were now too feeble to bear him, but eyes, ears, and tail expressed the glad welcome that he could not utter. Tears filled the eyes of Odysseus at the sight of his noble hound in such evil plight, and he bent down and gently stroked his head. Then with one long gasp, the faithful four-footed friend fell back and died, satisfied when, after so many long years, his eyes had once again beheld the face of his beloved master.

Eumaios now entered the hall, where Telemachos provided him with a seat near to himself. Next came in also Odysseus, and stood leaning against a pillar. Telemachos immediately gave some meat and bread to Eumaios, saying: "Take this to yon mendicant, and say that I bid him go boldly among the suitors, and beg something from each." Odysseus gratefully accepted the proffered food, and seated himself to partake of it.

As soon as the sweet sounds of the harp had ceased, Athene, unseen by all beside, approached Odysseus and urged him to mingle with the guests and ask for alms. The hero obeyed her behest without delay. Struck by his tall stature and manly proportions the suitors asked one another who this beggar could be, and whence he came.

"I have seen him before," said Melanthius, the goatherd, "when the swineherd Eumaios was bringing him into the town, but where he comes from I know not."

"Wherefore didst thou bring this fellow here, Eumaios?" cried Antinoos insolently, "as if we had not already enough of such vile rabble."

"Thou speakest foolishly," returned the swineherd; "strangers, truly, are ever welcome, but they must be great men, either architects, physicians, or singers, or in some other way renowned: mendicants come unbidden, none would invite or bring them."

"Hold thy peace, Eumaios," now broke in Telemachos, "thou knowest well that Antinoos is ever ready to wound with bitter unkind words. Why therefore dost thou answer him?"

Odysseus during this had continued going from one to another of the suitors, receiving food from them, until at last he stood before Antinoos: "Thou also must bestow somewhat upon me," he said, "for thou hast the countenance and bearing of a king, and I will declare thy generosity far and wide. I, too, was once rich and powerful, and until it pleased the gods to deprive me of my wealth, I was ever ready to succour and help the needy."

But these words greatly displeased Antinoos, and he answered: "What god sent this man to annoy us? Hence, fellow! or thou wilt receive more than thou hast demanded!"

"O ye gods!" exclaimed Odysseus, "how different is the inward mind from the outward man! Nothing can I look for from thee since thou wilt not bestow so much as a crumb from the board where thou thyself hast been fed, but which is not thine own." Still more enraged, Antinoos raised his wooden stool and threw it at Odysseus, hitting him on the shoulder. The hero, however, merely bent his head in silence, and returned to his place at the entrance of the hall, saying to the suitors:

"'Hear me, ye suitors of the queen divine!
Men grieve not for the wounds they take in fight
Defending their own wealth, white sheep or kine;
But me (bear witness!) doth Antinous smite
Only because I suffer hunger's bite,
Fount to mankind of evils evermore.
Now may Antinous, ere his nuptial night,
If there be gods and furies of the poor,
Die unavenged, unwept, upon the palace-floor!'"

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xvii. (Worsley).

"Peace, wretch!" cried Antinoos, "eat thy food without further parley or we will fall upon thee, and cast thy body out to the dogs." The rest of the suitors joined in mocking and threatening the beggar. Telemachos and Penelope alone were sorely grieved at this violation of the laws of hospitality, and the latter, seated among her maidens, thinking that perhaps the stranger might be able to give her news of Odysseus, sent and bade Eumaios conduct him to her own apartments. But Odysseus sent her back word that for fear of the suitors he would wait till evening before seeking her presence, and that then he would recount to her all he knew regarding her husband.

Eumaios then took leave of Telemachos and departed, promising to return early on the morrow. Another beggar named Iros now approached. He was a surly vagrant, well known to be both a coward and a bully, and he immediately sought a quarrel with Odysseus.

"Hence, dotard!" cried he, "dost thou not see that the suitors are making signs to me to drive thee away? Hasten thy steps, lest thou feel the weight of my arm."

But Odysseus answered: "Nay, friend, there is here room both for you and me, and I will not grudge thee ought that they may give thee. Only molest me not, lest I smite thee in mine anger, and do thee some harm, old man though I be!" These words increased tenfold the scorn and insolence of Iros, and he swore and raved like a madman, greatly to the delight of the suitors, who watched the disputants with great interest.

Antinoos urged them both on, crying: "See! here is a savoury dish of roasted kid: whichever of you masters the other shall partake of as much of it as he will, and sit with us at the board."

"How can an old man like me," answered Odysseus

craftily, "hope to overcome one in the prime of manhood? Nevertheless, driven thereto by hunger, I will make the attempt, if ye will pledge yourselves not to lend Iros your aid."

To this they all agreed, and the hero prepared himself for the combat; but if the suitors had been amazed at his great height, Iros, when he beheld the marvellous strength of muscle displayed by Odysseus, was fairly cowed, and shrinking back would fain have escaped. The suitors, however, dragged him forward, and compelled him to fight. Then Odysseus, without exerting his full strength, returned the first blow feebly dealt at him by dashing Iros to the ground, and then picking him up, placed him against the wall of the court-yard, amidst the gibes and laughter of the spectators, exclaiming:

> "'Sit, pitiful that thou art, and learn to keep
> Dogs from the doors, and swine, nor henceforth dare
> O'er men to lord it, and foul insults heap
> On strangers and the poor, lest a worse thing thou reap.'"
>
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xviii. (Worsley).

And he quietly resumed his seat in the palace door-way, all the suitors applauding him and saying:

> "'Zeus and the gods whatever in thy mind
> Thou list, O stranger, at thy choice dispose!
> Since yonder cormorant his last hath dined
> At public charge.'"
>
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xviii. (Worsley).

Antinoos placed before him the roasted kids, while others plentifully supplied him with wine and bread.

Athene now inspired Penelope to descend into the banqueting hall, in order to afford Odysseus the opportunity of admiring the fidelity and skill of his wife. "Eurynome,"

said the queen to her old nurse, "well thou knowest my hatred of the suitors, yet methinks I will nevertheless join them now in the hall, for I would fain warn Telemachos of their evil practices, and also rebuke him for allowing them to insult the stranger."

"Do even as thou hast said, my child," replied the aged dame, "but first restrain thy ever-flowing tears, and deck thyself right royally that thy glorious beauty may command the admiration of all."

"Ah, talk not to me of adornment," sighed Penelope; "all pleasure in it has left me since the departure of my beloved Odysseus—nevertheless bid my maidens Autonoe and Hippodameia attend me." As soon as Eurynome had departed to carry out the commands of her mistress, Athene caused Penelope to fall into a deep slumber, and while she slept endowed her with dazzling beauty, bathing her face and hair with ambrosia, so that when she descended to the hall, attended by the two maidens, the suitors sprang to their feet, enchanted with her loveliness.

With her veil thrown round her the queen stood by the lofty pillars which supported the arched roof, and turning to her son thus addressed him: "Though thou hast almost attained to man's estate, my son, yet this day thou hast acted foolishly. Thou shouldst not have suffered a stranger who had sought our hospitality to be insulted in our presence."

"Rightly dost thou speak, my mother," replied the prince, "but the riot here puts to flight all just and sober thoughts. The combat, however, between Iros and the stranger terminated not as the suitors hoped and believed. O that Zeus would cause them to be laid low, even as was Iros!"

Thus he answered her, and then Eurymachos exclaimed: "How beautiful thou art, Penelope! fairest of the fair!

Could but the princes of my native land behold thee, the number of thy suitors would be doubled."

"Eurymachos," answered the queen, "grief for my beloved Odysseus has robbed me of my beauty. Were he but to return, then, indeed, life and joy would again be mine. Now the gods fill my life with evil:

"'Well I remember, when he went away,
He clasped my right hand by the wrist, and said:
"Not all the Argives that wear arms to-day,
Dear wife, believe me shall from Troy be led
Safe homeward; but the many shall lie dead.
They say the Trojans are all warriors tried,
Hurlers of javelins, and bowmen dread,
And riders of swift steeds, that far and wide
Swerves of the rolling battle very soon decide.
Therefore I know not whether God will spare
My life, or whether I in Troy shall fall.
But thou of all things in my stead take care,
And even as now, whatever fate befal,
My father and my mother in our hall
Remember——and yet more when I am gone.
And when thy son thou seest bearded, tall,
Wed whom thou wilt, and leave him here alone."'

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xviii. (Worsley).

Thus spake he, and now with dread I see the day approaching when I must become the wife of another. Of suitors I have truly enough, but such as waste my substance. Instead of bestowing on me an abundance of precious gifts, as is the custom of our land, ye prey on me for food and shelter."

At these words the most presumptuous of the suitors sent forth the herald to bring in rich presents, which forthwith they presented to the noble Penelope. After she had retired to her apartments the revellers in the hall continued

to dance and feast the whole night through, Odysseus the while carefully tending the torches and fires. Then Eurymachos cried tauntingly: "Hearken, my friends. Surely some god has sent hither this beggar to help in the illumination of the hall with the bright shining baldness of his head! What sayest thou, fellow? wouldst take service with me, either to work in the fields or to fell trees, or carry home wood from the forest? But, perchance, thou art but a useless vagabond who would rather lead the idle life of a mendicant."

"Not so," replied Odysseus; "I would we could now work for a wager, then shouldst thou see that I can mow grass, or drive the plough even from morn till far on into the night. Or if thou didst employ me in battle, thou wouldst ever find me foremost in the fight. But a proud insolent man art thou that thinkest thyself far greater than thou art. Would that Odysseus were returned, for then would these doors, wide though they seem, be too narrow to afford thee means of flight."

"What," exclaimed the enraged Eurymachos, "darest thou to insult me thus in presence of all these? Surely thou art heated and overcome with wine, or else thy triumph over Iros has turned thy head." So saying he hurled a wooden stool at Odysseus with such force that, had he not managed to avoid it, he must have been felled to the ground.

"Are ye all mad?" exclaimed Telemachos. "Has the wine turned your heads that ye thus brawl and riot at this unseemly hour? Surely it is fully time to seek repose." The suitors abashed by this rebuke retired, but only to recommence on the morrow the practices of the preceding night.

Odysseus remained in the hall meditating revenge. "Tele-

machos," he said at length, "let us quickly carry all these weapons and all the armour into an upper chamber." This they did without delay, Pallas, the while invisible to the eyes of Telemachos, lighting their way with her golden lamp.

Much astonished at the brilliant light that surrounded them the prince cried: "What miracle is this, my father? the walls, the roof, the pillars, all seem ablaze. Surely some divinity is present here." "Speak not of aught that thou seest," returned Odysseus, "but ponder all in thy heart. Such is the will of the immortals. Now rest awhile while I seek the presence of the queen, and recount to her my sorrows."

Odysseus had not long to wait ere Penelope appeared attended by her maidens, and took her place on her gold and silver seat, while the damsels cleared the banqueting tables. One of them going up to Odysseus, said: "How is this, stranger? hast thou not already received enough in this house, but thou must needs remain here all night also? Haste thee! begone!"

"Dost thou scorn me," replied the disguised king, "because I am clothed in rags, and my face is furrowed with grief and care? Time was when I too was young, well clad, and happy; bethink therefore that a like change may one day fall on thee also."

"Curb thy forward tongue, maiden," cried Penelope sternly; "it is at my desire that the stranger remains here to give me tidings of Odysseus." Then she made Odysseus seat himself, and asked of him his name, and whence he came. But he answered: "Lady, ask me not, for the narrative of my sorrows would force me to wail and lament with tears before thee."

But when Penelope again urged him to relate to her his

history, he told her that he was a brother of King Idomeneus, to whose court Odysseus had come on his way to Troy, and that, Idomeneus being absent, he had entertained the hero for twelve days. As he spoke of her husband, Penelope could not refrain from weeping, for she thought with sorrow of her beloved lord, but Odysseus betrayed no emotion. "And is it indeed as thou hast said?" she asked at length; "hast thou in truth seen Odysseus? Tell me, what manner of man was he? what raiment did he wear, and who were his companions?"

Then Odysseus described so minutely the clothes he had worn that the queen doubted no longer, and exclaimed with bitter tears: "Alas! that robe mine own hands broidered for him:"

> "'Ah! never more to my fond arms reclaimed
> Him shall I welcome! Far across the sea
> Odysseus, by a hard fate doubly blamed,
> Went to that evil Ilion never to be named.'"
>
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xix. (Worsley).

"Weep not thus," answered Odysseus, "this consuming grief will wear away thy beauty. Nevertheless I blame not thy love for a lord who, if report speaks truly, was endowed with more than mortal graces. And now take comfort. Odysseus is on his homeward journey, and even now not far from here; he returns laden with treasure, but alone, for all his companions are lost. Me he sent on before to prepare thee for his arrival."

"Dear stranger," cried Penelope, "if but thy words might indeed prove true thou shalt be richly rewarded. But, ah! I cannot yet believe in the near approach of my beloved. Maidens! bring hither water quickly to wash the feet of the stranger, prepare a soft couch on which he may

repose, and let none henceforth dare to molest or scoff at him."

"Lady, no soft bed do I require," answered Odysseus, "neither trouble thy maidens to attend on me; perhaps thou hast some old dame who could supply all that I need." Then Penelope bade Eurykleia, the aged nurse of Odysseus, bring water and wash the feet of the stranger. Gazing at him fixedly, her eyes full of tears the while at the thought of her master, so dear to her heart, the old woman said: "Of all the many strangers who have entered these halls none have I seen whose features, voice, and stature bore such likeness to my lord as thine."

"Truly, dame," replied Odysseus, "many who have seen us together have spoken of the same likeness." Then Eurykleia knelt to bathe his feet. Now Odysseus bore on his foot the scar of an old wound inflicted long ago by the sharp tusk of a boar, and this mark the old nurse at once recognized. Startled, she let the foot drop from her hands, spilling the water from the bowl beside her:

"Sorrow at once and joy her soul bedim,
While in her throat the liquid accents die,
And both her eyelids with the warm tears swim.
She to his beard upraised her hand, and spake to him:
'Surely thou art Odysseus—yes, thou art—
My darling child, and I not knew my king!'"

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xix. (Worsley).

Almost beside herself with joy she wished at once to tell Penelope of her discovery, but, through the care of Athene, the queen had observed nothing of what had passed, and now Odysseus laid his hand upon her, holding her back. "Silence," he said, "my return must be kept secret. Breathe but a word of what thou knowest, and thou wilt indeed feel the weight of my wrath."

"Nay, speak not so sternly, my son," replied Eurykleia; "well I know how to keep silence: from me shall none learn aught of thee."

As soon as Odysseus had bathed and been anointed Penelope recalled him to the hearth, and said: "One thing yet I must enquire of thee, O stranger, ere comes the hour of rest for those who sleep in sorrow;—to me a Daemon sends the restlessness of misery:"

> "Even as when, in the new vernal hours,
> Couched in the covert of some leafy dale
> Green all around her with ambrosial showers,
> Pandarus' child, the sylvan nightingale,
> With lovely variations her sweet tale
> Trills beautifully well, and the woods ring
> With sorrow, while her boy she still doth wail,
> Itys, dear Itys, child of Zethus king,
> Whom blindly she cut off and now doth sadly sing
> Thus ever the wild passion to and fro
> Veers in my breast, and rends the heart in twain.
> Whether to stay here with my child, or go,
> Wife of the bravest of the Achaian train,
> I wist not."
>
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xix. (Worsley).

"While my son was yet a child I rejected every suitor with scorn, but now that he has almost reached manhood he himself is desirous that, by quitting the palace, I should rid him of these unwelcome guests. I have, however, had a strange dream, and I pray thee, if thou canst, declare to me its meaning. I have a flock of twenty geese that bathe their white plumage in the waters of the limpid lake hard by, and ever come at my call to take golden grain from my hand. In my dream I beheld an eagle swoop down from the mountains, kill them all, and then fly away. There lay

his victims dead upon the ground, but as I wept and lamented over my loss, the eagle suddenly reappeared, and, alighting upon the battlements, thus spake with a human voice: 'Why weepest thou, O queen? no vain dream is this, but a prophetic vision. The greedy geese denote thy rapacious suitors, while I, hitherto in the form of an eagle, now come as thy husband to free thee from them by my sword.' Then I awoke and found my geese alive, unhurt, and quietly feeding."

"Thy dream contains its own explanation," replied Odysseus, "and itself tells thee the manner of its fulfilment. All thy suitors shall be slain with the sword, and not one of them shall escape."

"But there are deceptive visions, O stranger," said Penelope. "The land of dreams hath two portals, one of ivory and one of horn. Out of the former proceed those visions that only mock the brain, and are mere delusions, whereas those that come forth from the opposite gate bear with them truth and reality. Oh! that this dream of mine may belong to these last, for to-morrow must my fate be decided. To-morrow the suitors contend in a trial of strength, and my hand is to be the prize of the victor."

Their interview at an end, Penelope retired to her apartments, but it was long ere sleep visited the eyes of Odysseus; at length Athene appeared, and thus addressed him: "Why art thou thus restless and wakeful, Odysseus? Art thou not once more beneath thine own roof, and close to thy wife and child."

"True, O divine protectress," answered the hero, "but nevertheless, the thought of how I, a lone man, shall overcome all these suitors robs me of my rest."

"Faithless and doubting," cried the goddess, "how often hast thou trusted in vain to human aid. Wouldst thou

indeed doubt my power to help thee now? Repose in peace, and let thy grief slumber for a time." So saying she sealed his eyelids with sleep, and hurried back to Olympos.

L.—THE VENGEANCE OF ODYSSEUS.

On the morrow when Penelope awoke she raised herself on her couch and prayed with tears to Artemis. "O holy daughter of Jove, wilt thou not now take from me my life, or at least let the wind bear me away to the farthest shores of Ocean that I may never be forced to wed another than Odysseus. All ills are bearable if, after the sorrowful day, sweet sleep brings rest, peace, and oblivion of all things, but alas! for me, even my rest at night is broken and disturbed by fearful visions."

Odysseus also arose betimes, and prayed to Jove to send him a token that he might know whether his designs met with the divine favour. Even as he prayed a loud clap of thunder resounded through the bright cloudless sky, and, thus assured of the god's approval, the hero boldly prepared his mind for the task before him.

The serving maidens now entered and kindled the fire on the hearth, the ever-busy Eurykleia superintending them as they prepared the hall for the suitors. While some swept, others decked the seats with rich coverings, washed the dishes and cups, and fetched fresh water from the neighbouring spring. Eumaios also appeared bringing three porkers for the morning meal, and the goat-herd Melanthios contributed also the finest of the flock. On seeing Odysseus he exclaimed insolently: "What, vagrant! art thou still here? Wert thou not satisfied with the bounty bestowed on thee

yesterday? Take thy departure, and that quickly, or thou shalt feel the weight of my arm."

To this Odysseus deigned no reply, but only shook his head threateningly. Next came in Philoitios, a wise and kindly man, who brought with him a young bullock for the banquet. "Who is this stranger?" asked he of Eumaios, "he bears a strange resemblance to Odysseus;" and going up to him, he grasped his hand, exclaiming: "May fate have better things in store for thee, father, than have befallen our master Odysseus, of whom I was reminded when I first beheld thee, and who, perchance, is now wandering the earth like thee in sore need and misery. Oh! that he would return! Before he departed he left under my care all his herds, but what avails it that they have thriven so well since I must needs bring the best to the suitors? All this grieves me to the heart; still, however, I cling to the hope that Odysseus will one day return, and disperse this swarm of locusts who devour his substance."

"Methinks thou lackest not sense, cowherd," answered Odysseus. "Hearken therefore to me; I swear to thee, by mighty Jove, that thy master will return ere thou quit the palace, and that thou wilt with thine own eyes see him revenge himself upon the suitors."

"May the gods grant thy words to be fulfilled," returned Philoitios, "and then thou wilt not see *my* hands remain helpless and idle."

The suitors now crowded into the hall, consulting as to the best means of slaying Telemachos; but, on the sudden appearance on their left hand of an eagle holding in its talons a living dove, they recognised therein a divine token, and postponed their evil intentions. Then they proceeded to slay the requisite animals, and sat down to the banquet, while the attendants handed round wine. Telemachos

placed food on a side table for his father, saying: "Here, eat in peace, and fear neither scoff nor gibe, for he that insults thee must answer for it to me."

On hearing this the suitors bit their lips with anger, but remained silent, until at last one of them named Ktesippos cried out contemptuously: "See, my friends, the beggar has now had his fair portion of meat and wine. It is therefore but right that I should bestow on him some gift, that he in his turn may reward the servant who has waited upon him." With these words he took from a basket standing near him a cow's hoof, and flung it at Odysseus.

The hero adroitly evaded the blow, the missile passed him, and struck the wall behind; but a terrible smile passed over his face, and Telemachos cried angrily: "Count thyself happy, Ktesippos, to have missed thine aim, for truly had it been otherwise my javelin would have pierced thy body. I am now no longer a child, and will not henceforth suffer thy brawlings here."

"Rightly spoken," replied Agelaos; "provoke the stranger no more. But listen, young prince, to the counsel I give to both thee and thy mother. As long as ye still hoped and believed that Odysseus would return ye were not to blame for this delay, but now that his death is undoubted, go thou to Penelope and entreat her to at last choose from amongst us."

"That will I readily do," answered Telemachos, "and I must trust that she may this day decide."

Athene now caused paroxysms of ghastly laughter to seize the suitors, confusing their ideas and distorting their faces, and as the tears ran over their cheeks so dreadful was their aspect that the seer Theoclumenos rose and exclaimed:

> "Ah wretched! what is this? what horrible woe
> Comes on ye now. Night folds in dark embrace
> Your heads, your features, and your knees below;

Wild cries are kindled, tears are on the face;
With ghosts the vestibule, the court, doth swarm,
Who toward the far realms of the west apace
Strive with their eyes on Erebus; the sun's form
Dies from heaven, and falleth a black shadow of storm."
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xx. (Worsley).

Then the suitors again laughed aloud, and Eurymachos cried; "The old man surely is mad, for he imagines that it is night! Conduct him quickly out of the palace that he may behold the light of day."

"I require no guidance," answered Theoclumenos; "I depart willingly, for already I foresee the disastrous fate that will ere long come upon all who remain in the halls of Odysseus."

Telemachos looked anxiously from time to time at his father to see whether the hour of retribution had not arrived, but as yet no sign was made to him. Penelope, veiled from head to foot, now appeared at the entrance of the hall, and thus addressed the carousing suitors: "I bring hither to you the bow of Odysseus, with arrows, quiver, and twelve iron staves, each surmounted by a ring. Thrust these last firmly into the ground in a straight and even line. He among you who can span this bow and send an arrow through the twelve rings will I accept as my future husband."

All were delighted at this proposal, especially Antinoos, who already, in imagination, saw himself victorious. Telemachos now divested himself of his sword and cloak, fixed the iron staves in a row, and endeavoured to bend the bow to its full extent: "For," said he, "if I succeed, my mother may remain with me, and she will then know also that I am able and willing to fight my father's battles." Three times he tried, but without success; as he was about to make a fourth attempt, Odysseus signed to him to desist.

He therefore relinquished the bow to the suitors, who placed themselves in a row, that they might try their skill in turn.

The first soon gave up in despair. Then Antinoos angrily commanded that the bow should be soaked in melted fat to make it more pliable, but even this was of no avail. They all essayed, and failed, till at last no competitors remained save Antinoos and Eurymachos. Just then Eumaios and Philoitios quitted the court-yard together; Odysseus followed them and said: "My friends, were Odysseus now suddenly to return, tell me truly, would you side with him or with these suitors?"

"If immortal Jove grant him a safe return," said the cowherd, "soon will I show Odysseus how manfully I will fight for him;" and Eumaios also gave the same assurance. Then Odysseus exclaimed:

"'See now and mark, for I myself am here,
Who from long sorrows, roaming earth and sea,
Come to mine own land in the twentieth year.
And of the servants I well know that ye
Alone desire me; none I heard save ye
Pray for my coming; and to you this day
The truth will I reveal, as it shall be:
If God subdue them, this shall be your pay—
Wives, wealth, and builded houses near my own for aye.
And to Telemachus, mine own dear son,
Shall ye be friends and brethren evermore.'
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xxi. (Worsley).

And to drive away all doubt from your minds, see here the scar, caused years ago by a wild boar." At once recognising the mark, the two faithful retainers, beside themselves with joy, threw their arms round their beloved master, and embraced him weeping. Odysseus heartily responded to

their warm greeting, but he said: "Dry thy tears, my friends, lest they be observed by those within. Let us now return separately to the palace, then thou, Eumaois, must bring me the bow, and bid the women close the doors and remain quietly at their work, however great a tumult they may hear. Do thou, Philoitios, lock and bar the outer gate."

Re-entering the hall, Odysseus saw Eurymachos vainly endeavouring to span the bow. Finding all his efforts unavailing, he exclaimed passionately: "It is not so much the thought that I have now no hope of marrying Penelope that troubles me, but with what contempt will all our descendants regard us when they learn that we were powerless to bend the bow of the son of Laertes."

"Distress not thyself," returned Antinoos, "we will spend the rest of this day in feasting; to-morrow Melanthios shall bring us the best goats from the flock, that we may sacrifice to Apollo, who then, perchance, will give us strength to span the bow."

Pleased with this suggestion, all the suitors refilled their wine cups, and were about to begin a fresh revel, when Odysseus rose and said:

"Hear now, ye suitors! most Eurymachus
And godlike brave Antinous I entreat. . . .
Yea, leave it to the gods: some god, I weet,
Strength on the morrow as he list will mete:
Yet lend *me* also first the burnished bow,
To prove me, if in hands and arms and feet
Dwell the old vigour that I used to know,
Or wanderings and vile fare have marred me long ago."

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xxi.

The words roused the ire of the suitors, and Antinoos exclaimed:

"'Wretch, senseless utterly, and inapt to mend,
Art thou not satisfied that like a friend
Thou sitt'st among thy betters, and dost hear
Our talk and converse, eating without end,
And all the while no hungry guest comes near
Save thee, our words to listen and partake our cheer.
Ha! thou art wounded by the sweet red wine,
Bane of all those who with a throat like hell
Drink, and know not reason when they dine.'
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xxi. (Worsley).

Therefore suppress this mad desire of competing with younger and stronger men, lest evil befall thee."

"Nay, Antinoos," then broke in Penelope, "it is not seemly to threaten a stranger within our gates. Thinkest thou that, even if he should succeed in bending the bow, I would give myself to be his bride? Nay, truly, but nevertheless I would send him armed and rewarded whithersoever he should desire."

"Beloved mother," now quoth Telemachos, "none save myself has any right to the bow. I can give it to, or withhold it from, whom I will; therefore leave this matter in my hands, and return thou to thy household duties." Penelope, pleased with the wise and manly words of her son, retired to her chamber followed by her maidens.

The swineherd now carried the bow to Odysseus, but the suitors made such an uproar that he placed it back again. Then Telemachos cried out threateningly: "Eumaios, take the bow at once to the stranger; thou hast here no one to obey but me." At this the suitors laughed derisively, but opposed no further resistance. Eumaios saw that the doors were securely fastened, and Philoitios went to keep watch at the outer gate.

Then Odysseus took up his bow, and carefully examined it all over to assure himself that it was sound and unim-

paired. "See," cried one of the spectators to another, "how narrowly he scans it all over to discover a blemish. It is plain that he knows how to handle a weapon, clad in rags though he be." Having proved it, Odysseus suddenly spanned the bow to its utmost stretch with perfect ease, as though it were mere child's play, and, trying the tightly strained string with his fingers, made it resound through the hall, while, lost in wonder, the suitors silently watched his movements.

Strange portents, too, were not wanting; loud peals of thunder crashed overhead, and vivid lightning flashes illuminated the hall. Quickly drawing an arrow from his quiver, Odysseus placed it on the string, and in another instant it had passed through the whole line of rings.

Turning to Telemachos, the hero cried, "Thou seest that thou hast no cause to blush for me. The suitors, indeed, disdained my skill, but I am proud that as yet my strength has not deserted me. Now, however, let us to the banquet, after which we will prolong the night with music and song." As he thus spoke he signed to Telemachos, who immediately perceiving that the time for action had arrived, quickly girded on his sword, and holding his glittering spear, took his stand beside his father. Then Odysseus stepped on to the threshold, bow in hand, and, as he threw the arrows out of the quiver upon the ground in front of him, he cried loudly enough to be heard in every corner of the hall:

> "'See, at the last our matchless bout is o'er'
> Now for another mark, that I may know
> If I can hit what none hath hit before,
> And if Apollo hear me in the prayers I pour.'"
>
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xxii. (Worsley).

The day of doom for the suitors had come. One

moment's pause, and then an arrow sped from the bow of Odysseus and pierced the throat of Antinoos, just as he was about to lift a goblet of wine to his lips, and he fell forward, overturning the loaded banqueting board. Then the suitors rose in a body, crying tumultuously: "Unhappy wretch! this day shalt thou forfeit thy life for having slain the greatest chief of Ithaka," and they looked round the hall for their weapons, but they were not there, for by the order of Odysseus these had been removed; then

> "The king sternly eyed, and to the godless crew:
> 'Dogs, ye denied that I should e'er come back
> From Troia's people to my native land.
> Long in your pride my house ye rend and rack,
> And my wife claim while I on earth yet stand,
> Nor fear the gods who rule in the wide sky,
> Nor lest a mortal on the earth demand
> Your price of guilt—and ye are like to die!
> Round you Death's fatal coils inextricably lie.'"
>
> —HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xxii. (Worsley).

Pale with fear grew the faces of the suitors as the words of the king fell on their ears, and vainly they sought to discover some means of escape. Eurymachos alone endeavoured to make terms with his mighty opponent, saying: "Justly dost thou act, O Odysseus, in punishing us for the evil we have wrought against thee, but the author and leader of all already lies dead at thy feet. Not only did he aspire to the hand of Penelope, but he would fain also have slain Telemachos, and so made himself lord of Ithaka. But he has received his due reward, and now spare us who remain, and willingly will we restore to thee all that we have wasted here."

But Odysseus sternly answered: "Nay, Eurymachos, not if ye brought to me all your treasures would I spare ye

now. Think not by flight to escape my hands; nought is left for ye, but to fight with me for your lives."

Fear seized their hearts anew at this speech, but Eurymachos shouted: "Up friends! now must we defend ourselves as best we can, for Odysseus will not rest till he has slain us all. Draw your swords, let us all attack him at once, and strive to force him from the door."

So saying he rushed upon Odysseus with a lion-like roar, but ere he reached him an arrow from the terrible bow pierced him to the heart, his weapon slipped from his grasp, and he fell lifeless to the ground. Another suitor also fell by the sharp spear of Telemachos, and the remainder did not venture to advance, but slunk into corners to conceal themselves. Telemachos now went to the upper chamber, where the arms lay, and fetched thence weapons and armour for his father, the two trusty herdsmen and himself, Odysseus, meanwhile, discharging arrows at all the suitors who came within reach. He donned without delay the armour brought by Telemachos, and grasped his shield and spear, the high crest of his helmet towering proudly above his head.

Then Melanthios whispered to the suitors: "Wait ye here while I also go and seek arms." Finding the door open as Telemachos had left it, he secured and brought into the hall twelve suits of armour.

The sight of these startled Odysseus. "Who has done this," he asked; "it must be either some faithless maid, or else the goat-herd Melanthios."

"It is he," answered Eumaios, "for even now I see him slipping out again, bent on the same errand. But Philoitios and I will follow him. Shall we bring him hither to thee when we have captured him?" But Odysseus commanded them to drag the traitor into the chamber

whence he had taken the arms, and there to bind him hand and foot, and hang him by a rope to one of the pillars till the fight should be over. Accordingly the two herdsmen hurried out, and found Melanthios in the act of descending with a second supply of arms. They immediately seized him, and did as Odysseus had directed, after which they returned to the hall, and took their stand once more beside their master.

A fifth figure now joined them, Athene in the guise of Mentor. Odysseus at once recognised her; not so the suitors, who all exclaimed: "Let not Odysseus prevail upon thee, O Mentor, to fight against us; else it will fare ill with thee when we shall have overcome him."

But the anger of Athene was kindled. After encouraging the hero to strive on bravely that not one of the suitors might escape, she flew up to the rafters in the form of a swallow, and thence watched the combat below. Once more an attack was made upon Odysseus by the suitors, but Athene protected him with her mighty Aegis, so that every arrow shot at him passed harmlessly above his head. Not once, however, did Odysseus and his few faithful companions miss their aim, the number of their opponents gradually became smaller and smaller: he who had thrown the cow's hoof at Odysseus himself received his death-blow at the hands of Philoitios, the cowherd.

None at length remained but the singer Phemios, who, laying aside his harp, threw himself at the feet of Odysseus, and embracing his knees cried:

> "'Spare me, Odysseus, lest a time come when
> Fall on thine own heart sorrow, if thou kill
> Me, the self-taught, who sing to gods and men.
> Not man, but God, did my sweet voice instil.
> Thee too with songs can I divinely thrill.

O let me live! Telemachus can say
How not desiring, and with no good will,
I came to sing amid their feasts: but they,
Far mightier and far more, compelled me to obey.'"
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xxii. (Worsley).

The pleading tones caught the ear of Telemachos, and he cried: "Stay thine hand, my father, and harm him not. Spare also, I pray thee, the herald Medon, who has tended and guarded me with fidelity from my childhood. But I see him not! I fear that either Philoitios or Eumaios hath already slain him."

Medon, however, had crept beneath a seat, where the ox-hide hanging over it completely concealed him. As soon as he heard the words of Telemachos he sprang forth, fell on his knees before him, and prayed: "Behold me, O my prince! Entreat now thy father to spare my life."

"Fear not," replied Odysseus with a smile, "none shall harm thee; but go thou forth to the courtyard, thou and Phemios the bard, while we complete our work in this scene of carnage and bloodshed."

LI.—ODYSSEUS MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN TO HIS HOUSEHOLD.

The king now looked around him, to see whether any of his foes yet remained alive, but no! all lay still and dead, and the floor of the hall was deluged with blood. Then he commanded Telemachos to fetch Eurykleia, who, on beholding the heaps of slain, began loudly to rejoice, but sternly Odysseus reproved her, saying:

"'Nurse, with a mute heart this my vengeance hail!
Not holy is it o'er the slain to boast.
These Heaven and their own crimes have brought to bale;
Since of all strangers, from earth's every coast,
No man was honoured of this godless host,
Nor good nor evil, whomsoe'er they knew—
And with their souls they pay the fatal cost.'"
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xxii. (Worsley).

Then he demanded of her how many of the fifty handmaids in the palace had proved unfaithful to their queen, and, when he learned that twelve of the number had refused to obey Penelope and had taken the part of the suitors, he bade her send the culprits to him. They came, and he ordered Telemachos and the two herdsmen, assisted by the twelve trembling women, to carry out the bodies of the slain, and then, when they had cleansed the table, chairs, and floor, the shrieking maidens were put to death by the prince, who hung them side by side from the roof of the spacious kitchen.

The traitor Melanthios, who had, meanwhile, been hanging bound from the ceiling of the upper chamber where Philoitios and Eumaios had left him, was now dragged down, and put to death in the court-yard.

Thus was the vengeance of Odysseus accomplished, and in the hall, where so lately all had been riot and revelry, a stillness more fearful than the din of battle reigned.

Now the king commanded Eurykleia to bring fire and sulphur wherewith to purge and fumigate the hall. As soon as the news of their master's return reached the ears of those waiting-maids who had remained faithful they rushed to welcome him, kissing his hands, with cries of delight, while Odysseus himself shed tears of joy, for at once he recognised them all.

Eurykleia, meanwhile, ran eagerly to the queen to apprise her of the home-coming of her husband, and thus she cried:

"'Wake up, Penelope, and sweet sight win
Of that which thou hast longed for all thy life;
For now, though late, Odysseus hath come in
And slain the suitors, who with plague so rife
Daily devoured his wealth, and vexed his child and wife.'"
—HOMER, "Odyssey," xxiii. (Worsley).

But mournfully Penelope replied:

"'Dear Nurse, the gods have sent thee raving mad,
Who oft to folly turn the prudent breast,
And the mind heal which no direction had.
These warp thy judgment, which was once not bad.
Why thus arouse me, whelmed in grief too sore,
Vain things to prate, and make me yet more sad?
Ah me! such sleep I never knew before
As now some pitying god did on mine eyelids pour.
Not to mine eyelids a like sleep there came
From the dark hour Odysseus went away
To that bad Ilion, which let no one name!
But go back, leave me, and without delay;
For if another woman had come this day
Vain things to prate, and spoil me of my sleep,
Roughly would I her thankless zeal repay,
Driving her down again with cause to weep—
But for thyself herein let old age pardon reap.'
Her, Eurycleia the dear nurse, addressed:
'Child, I not mock thee. In mere sober deed
Odysseus hath returned, and now doth rest
Safe on his own hearth, as the gods decreed.
He is that stranger, full of years and need,
Whom the young men dishonoured in the hall;
And thy son knew it, but gave prudent heed
None of his counsels to reveal at all,
Till the whole godless rout his father should make fall.'"
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xxiii. (Worsley.

Eagerly then sprang Penelope from her couch and embraced the aged nurse, weeping and exclaiming:

"'Yet tell the truth, kind nurse, and show me clear—
If, as thou sayest, he indeed be here,
How did he lay hands on that shameless crowd?
Methinks that one man were not much to fear,
Matched against these, so many and so proud.'"
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xxiii.

"Mine eyes saw not the conflict," replied Eurykleia; "I but heard the groans that proceeded from the hall; we were all secure in our chambers, and not till Telemachos called me did I issue forth. Then I beheld Odysseus standing, surrounded on all sides by the dead bodies of the suitors: truly the sight would have rejoiced thy heart. Now the victims of my lord's vengeance lie without in the court, and he has caused the hall to be purged with sulphur, and there anxiously awaits thee. Hasten, therefore. The long-cherished desire of thy heart is at last granted." But Penelope answered:

"'Boast not thyself . . . dear nurse, to-day!
All would that dear news gladden, but far most
My child and me. Things are not as ye say.
But now a god wreaks on this sinful host
Their deeds of evil. Very well thou know'st,
No man they honoured, whomsoe'er they knew,
Nor good nor evil—let them bear the cost!
But my dear husband never more can view
Land of his own Achaia; for the Fates him slew.'"
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xxiii. (Worsley).

"What?" cried Eurykleia, "dost thou yet doubt? How canst thou declare that Odysseus will never return, when he is even now here in his own palace? When I washed his feet I saw the well-known scar of the boar's tooth, and

would have told thee of it without delay had not Odysseus himself forbidden me. But now come, see him thyself, and believe the testimony of thine own eyes."

Still the queen looked in doubt. "I cannot yet give credence to thy words," she said, "even the wisest are liable to be deceived. But I will descend to the hall, and view the bodies of the suitors, and the man that hath slain them."

Penelope entered the banqueting chamber in fear and hesitation, knowing not whether at once to embrace the stranger as her husband, or first to endeavour to prove his identity, but at last she decided upon the latter course. Passing the threshold she seated herself opposite to Odysseus, who stood leaning against a pillar, his eyes fixed upon the ground. Long did silence reign between them: one moment Penelope fancied she recognized the features of her royal lord; then in the next she doubted once more, for it seemed to her impossible that the care-worn, miserably-clad man who stood before her could be noble Odysseus. At last Telemachos spoke:

"'Mother, bad mother, and with hardened heart,
Why shun my father, ...
And not sit near him, and in talk have part
Lives not another wife so blunt of heart,
Herself to sunder from a husband dear,
Who from long toil, and pierced with sorrows' smart
Comes to his own land in the twentieth year.
But, as it seems, thy breast than stone is more severe.'"
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xxiii. (Worsley).

Then Penelope answered him:

"'Stunned is my spirit, and my brain seems wild,
Nought can I speak to him, no question make,
Nor even look him in the eyes, dear child.

But if indeed ye are not all beguiled,
If my Odysseus hath at last returned,
Then lightly can we twain stand reconciled.'"
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xxiii. (Worsley).

"Patience, my son," then cried Odysseus, "doubtless in time thy mother will recognise me. No marvel is it that she knows me not, disguised as I am in these wretched rags! But now let us consider what is the wisest course to pursue: he who has slain but one man, is forced to flee for safety from his country, and we have killed not one, but numbers, of princes and chiefs. Let us now, therefore, bathe and adorn ourselves, and let the harp of Phemios resound through the palace while the maidens gaily apparelled dance to the sound of its sweet strains. So shall those without, ignorant of the fate of the suitors, believe that the bridal feast of Penelope is taking place."

His orders were carried out with alacrity, and as the festive sounds echoed through the hall the people outside said one to another: "Surely the queen has this day made her choice among the suitors! Could she not have patiently waited a little longer for the return of her husband?"

Odysseus having bathed and anointed himself, arrayed his manly form in a magnificent robe, and such surpassing grace and beauty were bestowed on him by Athene that he appeared taller, and more majestic than ever before. When at last he issued forth with his hyacinthine locks flowing over his shoulders, and radiant with renewed youth, he seemed, indeed, more to resemble a god than a mortal.

Then Penelope recognised her lord, and, as he came once more and stood before her leaning against the pillar, all her doubts and fears vanished. Rising from her seat she threw her arms around him, and as her head rested on his breast with tears cried tremblingly:

" 'Frown not, Odysseus; thou art wise and true!
But God gave sorrow, and hath grudged to make
Our path to old age sweet, nor willed us to partake
Youth's joys together. Yet forgive me this,
Nor hate me that when first I saw thy brow
I fell not on the neck, and gave no kiss,
Nor wept in thy dear arms as I weep now.
For in my breast a bitter fear did bow
My soul, ...
Lest a strange man come hither, and avow
False things, ...
. . . Such guile men scheme, to lead the pure astray,
But now I believe against mine own belief.' "
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xxiii. (Worsley).

Long they wept in each other's arms, and so much had they to hear and to relate that no sleep visited their eyes that night, though Eos ascended in the eastern sky next morning much later than was her wont.

When Penelope lamented bitterly the ravages of the suitors, Odysseus comforted her, saying: "Do thou, sweet wife, see to the restoration of peace and order within the palace, and I will augment our flocks and herds till they equal their former numbers. Now will I seek my aged sire Laertes, who has hopelessly sorrowed for me so long." Arousing Telemachos, who accompanied him, together with Philoitius and Eumaios, he sallied forth to rejoice the heart of his aged father.

It has been already stated that it was Hermes who conducted the spirits of the dead to the Underworld. Now, therefore, he conveyed thither the souls of the slain suitors, and

" In his hands he held
Wand of pure gold, right beautiful to view,
Even that wand which can man's eyes subdue,

Whomso he listeth in long sleep can cast,
Or sleeping wake to breathe and feel anew.
Therewith he led them: the ghosts gibbering fast,
. . . . . .
And as when bats, amid the far recess
Of some great cave, flit gibbering and squeak low,
. . . . . e'en so
Clustered the dim ghosts gibbering in their fear,
Whom Hermes, giver of all good below,
On through the wide waste places, cold and drear,
Down to the sunless land was leading void of cheer.
So were they led beyond the ocean-streams,
The white Rock and the portals of the Sun,
And past the dim land of the people of Dreams,
Thence quick the fields of Asphodel they won,
Where souls of men, whose toils on earth are done,
Dwell shadowy and phantasmal."

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xxiv. (Worsley).

Here they encountered the shades of Achilleus, Agamemnon, and Patroklos. Wondering at this sudden influx into the "sinless land" of princes and nobles, the three heroes approached the newcomers. Agamemnon recognized a friend in their ranks, who recounted to him how Odysseus had killed them all, having found them on his return to Ithaca wasting his substance, and aspiring to the hand of his wife. He also related how Penelope had for three years eluded them by means of her web. Then Agamemnon, contrasting her fidelity with the perfidy of his own wife, Clytemnestra, exclaimed:

"'Now, wary-wise Odysseus, hail to thee,
Who with much virtue hast regained thy bride.
O the kind heart of pure Penelope!
O to her first one love how true was she!
Nought shall make dim the flower of her sweet fame

For ever, but the gods unceasingly
Shall to the earth's inhabitants her name,
Wide on the wings of song, with endless praise proclaim.
For she was not like Clytemnestra found,
False wife, the husband of her youth that slew,
Making her name inherit an ill sound
In earthly song for ever, for she drew
On the whole sex of women, even the true,
Bad fame, and caused them to partake her curse.' "

—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xxiv. (Worsley).

LII.—ODYSSEUS VISITS LAERTES.

Odysseus and his companions had now approached the dwelling of Laertes. The hero bid Telemachos and the two herdsmen go forward, and kill the finest lamb of his father's flock, and prepare its flesh for a meal, while he should seek the aged man alone. As he traversed the orchards of Laertes beneath the shade of avenues of fruit-trees, he hoped to meet some servant whom he could question as to his father's well-being, but all the household had gone to the neighbouring wood to cut thorn bushes with which to strengthen the fence of the orchard.

Laertes himself was in the garden busily engaged in weeding. It was with some difficulty that Odysseus recognized him, for he wore a coarse garment, old and patched, a well-worn ox-hide hung round him, to protect him from the thorns, coarse gloves of the same material covered his hands, and his grey hairs were surmounted by a goat skin cap.

Bitter tears filled the eyes of Odysseus when he beheld his sire thus wretchedly clad, and, stepping up to him, he said:

"Of a truth thy skill in gardening is great; thy careful handiwork is seen in all around, but tell me, O father, I pray thee, how comes it that thou thyself hast no one to tend and care for thee in thy old age? Surely it cannot be that thou servest a master who values thee not, for thy bearing is more that of a king than of a servant. A man such as thou art should have fair garments and rest softly. But tell me, whose is this garden, and is this indeed the island of Ithaca? I was so informed by a man whom I have just met, but he was a surly fellow, who would tell me nothing further, although I would fain have learnt something of a friend whom I hope to find here. Some time since a stranger, the friend of whom I speak, sought my hospitality; a man of noble and stately mien was he, and he told me that he came from Ithaca, and was the son of King Laertes. When he quitted my roof I bestowed on him many rich and valuable gifts."

Then Laertes, his eyes full of tears, replied: "I am Laertes, and this is indeed the isle of Ithaca, but wicked and lawless men bear rule here now. In vain seekest thou thy friend, who was, alas! Odysseus, mine own unhappy son. Long ere this doubtless he has perished in the deep, or fallen a prey to savage beasts. His mother and I have been denied even the melancholy satisfaction of paying him due funeral honours. Nor have the Fates permitted his sorrowing wife to close his eyes, or weep over his beloved remains. Had he been here thou wouldst have received a right royal welcome, and departed laden with precious gifts. But now tell me, who and whence thou art? in what port lies thy ship, and how long a time is it since my son sojourned with thee?"

Then Odysseus told him how five years ago his son had dwelt a short time in his house, and that at his departure

birds had flown up on his right hand, thereby portending a prosperous voyage. These tidings only increased tenfold the grief of Laertes, and, casting dust upon his head, he wailed and lamented with a loud voice. Then Odysseus could restrain himself no longer, and tenderly embracing his father, he cried :

"I only am that man, my father dear,
I only whom thou seekest : I at last
Come to mine own land in the twentieth year.
But cease thy groaning, and let tears be cast
Far from thine eyes, for the old grief hath passed.
For I will speak (and there is need of haste) :
Now I have slain those suitors in the hall ;
God made their own fierce deeds recoil upon them all."
—HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xxiv. (Worsley).

Overwhelmed with amazement Laertes gazed upon him doubtfully, saying : "If thou art indeed Odysseus, give me some token whereby I may know thee."

"See here," replied his son, "the scar of the wound given me long ago by the wild boar. I will show thee besides, in this very garden, the fruit-trees that thou gavest me, when, as a child, I ever loved to follow thy footsteps. Thirteen pear-trees, fifty vines of various kinds, ten apple trees, and forty fig-trees, didst thou bestow on me." Convinced by these proofs, Laertes, overcome with joy and emotion, sank fainting into the arms of Odysseus.

Gradually, however, he recovered himself, and then exclaimed : "Thanks and praise to thee, O mighty Jove, for restoring to me my son in safety, and for punishing the profligate and haughty suitors ! But I fear, Odysseus, that when the news of their death by thy hand reaches their people, they will take up arms, and come hither to avenge them."

Odysseus, however, prayed him to leave to the gods the issue of the deed, and to set his mind at rest; then returning to the house where Telemachos, Eumaios, and Philoitios awaited them, they feasted joyfully together.

Intelligence of the death of the suitors having spread abroad in the city great consternation prevailed, for many of them were Ithacan chieftains. Eupeithes, the father of Antinoos, assembled his followers, and called on the people to avenge the death of his son. Medon, the herald, endeavoured to appease their resentment by declaring that Odysseus had not acted of his own free will, but had been impelled by the gods. "I myself," said he, "beheld how one of the gods, disguised as Mentor, not only endued Odysseus with superhuman strength, but also sent confusion amongst the suitors, so that they attacked one another."

On hearing this, dread filled the hearts of the people, and a third speaker, a sage and reverend citizen, thus addressed them: "Hearken unto me, ye fathers, and all ye men of Ithaka! ye have brought upon yourselves this misfortune. Wherefore did ye allow your sons to pursue such evil courses, and to presumptuously woo the Queen herself? Molest not Odysseus; rush not madly upon your ruin!"

The wiser portion of the assembly accepted his warning rebuke and remained tranquil, but the rest sprang up with wild shouts, and, seizing their weapons, followed Eupithes, who, thirsting for revenge, led them to the house of Laertes. Ill would Odysseus have fared against such overwhelming numbers had not Athene again come to his rescue. She entreated Zeus to declare whether it was his will that Ithaka should be doomed to internal distraction and discord, or whether the contending parties should be reconciled to each other. "Do even as thou wilt," replied the ruler of Olympos; "thou knowest that I have delivered over Odysseus

to thy protecting care: nevertheless, I counsel thee to let oblivion spread her wings over the past, and let peace reign in the land."

Swiftly then did Pallas descend to earth to commence her task. The meal in the dwelling of Laertes being now concluded, Odysseus sent forth a servant to see if any foe was in sight. When this emissary returned bearing tidings of the approach of a host of armed men, Odysseus, Laertes, Telemachos, and all the retainers, equipped themselves with weapons and armour, and rushed forth to meet the enemy. Athene accompanied them under the form of Mentor, and Laertes rejoiced that the day had arrived which saw him go forth to fight side by side with his son and his grandson.

As the two parties neared one another the aged father of Odysseus hurled his lance towards the foe, and, striking Eupeithes, it pierced his helmet, and he fell lifeless to the ground. Athene now stepped between the combatants and cried: "Cease this strife, warriors! Enough blood has been shed. Return, therefore, peacefully to your homes." Struck by sudden terror the people dropped their javelins and fled back into the town. Odysseus, heated with warlike excitement, hotly pursued the fugitives and would have slain many had not Zeus, weary of the incessant conflicts, hurled a thunderbolt close at his feet. Then Athene cried to him in fear—

> "'Zeus-born Odysseus, wise Laertiades,
> Hold now thy hand, and stop the doubtful sway
> Of battle, lest Kronion thou displease.'"

Forthwith Odysseus obeyed the heavenly mandate, and Athene herself then effected a lasting peace between the noble king of Ithaka and his subjects.

With this last scene Homer brings his "Odyssey" to a close.

LIII.—DEATH OF AGAMEMNON.

It has been already stated that Thuestes had a son named Aigisthos, who slew his uncle Atreus in order to avenge the wrong done to his father. Aigisthos did not join the expedition to Troy, but taking advantage of the absence there of his cousin Agamemnon, had so completely won the affections of Clytemnestra,* wife of the son of Atreus, that she finally consented to marry him ; for he represented to her that as Troy had fallen, and Agamemnon had not returned, he must doubtless have been killed there.

Also, Clytemnestra herself could not forget how, before going to Troy, her husband had deceived her by taking her daughter Iphigenia to Aulis on the pretext of marrying her to Achilles, but with the real intention of sacrificing her to Artemis. Still she brooded over this wrong, and Aigisthos thus found in her a ready listener to his insidious representations, and accordingly she became his wife. But as he himself did not believe that Agamemnon was dead, but greatly feared his return, he stationed a servant on the summit of a high rock, bidding him keep a vigilant look-out, and so be able to give the earliest intimation of the dreaded arrival.

Years passed by and still this watchman waited in vain, for a storm had driven Agamemnon far from his country. At length the noble warrior regained his native shore, and, on landing, he stooped and fervently kissed the ground, while tears of gratitude to heaven streamed from his eyes.

The watchful sentinel of Aigisthos had already detected his approach, and now hastened to communicate the intelligence to his master. Aigisthos quickly prepared to receive

* Strictly Klutaimnestra.

his outraged kinsman by placing in ambush twenty desperate men, whom he commanded to slay the king's companions. For Agamemnon himself he made ready a sumptuous banquet, and hurried forth to greet him with hypocritical expressions of friendship, entreating him at once to enter the palace and rest from the fatigues of his long voyage. No sooner, however, had the king seated himself at the feast than Aigisthos basely slew him.

Homer makes Agamemnon himself relate the story to Odysseus in the Underworld in the following words:

"'Dark Aegisthus working doom and death,
Leagured with my cursed wife, hurled me to the grave,
While feasting in his house, without one breath
Of warning, as some churl a stalled ox murdereth.
So by the worst of dooms I died, and all
My friends like white-toothed swine around me bled.
. . . . . .
Thou of a truth hast witnessed thousands dead;
. . . . . Yet were this compassioned
More than all else, couldst thou have seen where stood
Full tables, foaming bowls, while the floor smoked with blood.
There did I hear Cassandra's* piercing shriek,
Daughter of Priam, as she fell down slain
By crafty Clytemnestra. . . . I, falling in wild pain,
Clutched the wet steel with dying hands in vain.
That shameless cursed woman where I lay
Tore out my life, and scorned with fell disdain
Eyelids of one then passing on his way
Towards Hades to seal down, and press the lips' cold clay.
Since nought exists more horrible and bold
Than evil in the breast of womankind, . . .

* The prophetess Cassandra, daughter of Priam, became the slave of Agamemnon after the fall of Troy. He, however, held her in great estimation, and brought her back to Greece with him, when she shared his sad fate as above related.

Even as this fell monster in her mind
Against the husband of her youth designed
Black murder. I, the while, poor dreamer, thought
Good words from children and from slaves to find ;
But she, by the foul sin she planned and wrought,
On the mere name of woman eternal shame hath brought.'"
HOMER, "Odyssey," Book xi. (Worsley).

Another legend narrates that Agamemnon, unsuspecting any faithlessness on the part of Clytemnestra, was received by her on his landing with the greatest appearance of joy and affection, Aigisthos concealing himself the while.

Then when Agamemnon, having bathed, asked for his garment, his wife threw it over his head so as to prevent his seeing, whereupon Aigisthos sprang from his hiding place and killed him with a blow from his axe before the king could free himself. A third story affirms that Clytemnestra herself murdered Agamemnon while he was asleep in the hall of the palace.

LIV.—ORESTES AND IPHIGENEIA IN TAURIS.

Besides Iphigeneia, Agamemnon had another daughter named Elektra, and a son, Orestes. This last, although but eleven years old at the time of the murder of his father, burned to revenge him by putting Aigisthos to death.

Elektra, on the death of Agamemnon, had taken the boy without delay from the palace, and placed him in safety with a kinsman, Strophios, King of Phokis, where he was educated and shielded from the enmity of Aigisthos. At the court of Strophios Orestes grew up together with Pylades, the king's own son, and a life-long friendship was

formed between them. When Orestes had attained to manhood the oracle bade him not forget his native land, but remember that his father's death was still unavenged, and accordingly, accompanied by his friend Pylades, he landed at Mykenae.

As he crossed the threshold of his step-father's dwelling, a shudder involuntarily ran through him: he made himself known to his sister Elektra, who encouraged him to delay his vengeance no longer, and leading him into the hall, showed him the very spot where his father had been murdered.

The two friends professed themselves to be strangers, and, whilst conversing as such with Aigisthos, mentioned that Orestes was dead. Aigisthos, unable to control himself, openly manifested his joy at this intelligence, and Pylades and Orestes then fell upon him and slew him. Dragging to the spot his unnatural mother, Orestes cried furiously, pointing to the still warm body: "Behold, I am the son of him whom thou didst murder so treacherously. He who aided thee has now received at my hands his just retribution for the foul deed."

Clytemnestra wept aloud for Aigisthos, and turned from her son with loathing, when, overcome with horror at her utter degeneracy, Orestes thrust his sword through her body. No sooner had this terrible crime been committed than the Erinnyes took possession of the murderer, relentlessly driving him with their torches and scourges far away from the scene of the dark deed; and, unceasingly pursued by the avenging deities, he wandered through the earth, the bleeding ghost of his mother appearing each night before him.

At length he sought the oracle at Delphi, to ask the counsel of Apollo as to what he should do to regain peace

of mind and free himself from the tortures of remorse. The Furies, who were not permitted to enter the holy place, waited for him on the threshold to seize him once more when he came forth. "Go to Tauris," was the answer of the oracle to his anxious enquiries, "and bring thence thy sister to her native land. Then, and then only, will ease and tranquillity return to thy troubled breast."

Tauris was a country on the Black Sea (now known as Tauria or the Crimea), whose king, Thoas, was also king of Lemnos and father of Hypsipyle. His daughter had saved his life when all the women of Lemnos killed their husbands, and a storm had drifted him to Tauris. Here he instituted the cruel law that every stranger who landed on his shores should at once be sacrificed to Artemis, but of this Orestes knew nothing.

At Tauris was a temple of Artemis, and together with his faithful companion, Pylades, and several others, he sailed for that land, intending to steal the statue of Artemis from its temple, for thus had he interpreted the bidding of the oracle. Arrived at their destination, he and Pylades landed secretly, leaving the ship and their companions concealed in a small creek. But soon they were discovered and brought before the king, who at once commanded that they should, as was the custom, be taken to the temple of Artemis, and there sacrificed.

They were therefore delivered over to the priestess, who was none other than Iphigeneia sister of Orestes. The goddess Artemis, after substituting a doe when Calchas was about to sacrifice Iphigeneia at Aulis, had chosen the maiden to be one of her priestesses, and conveyed her to Tauris. Greatly did she rejoice to hear once again the beloved accents of her native tongue, and she shuddered at the thought of being forced to sacrifice these two Greeks, her

fellow countrymen. Orestes now told her his name, and described to her the tortures inflicted on him by the pitiless Furies, for only whilst in the sacred precincts of the temple was he at peace. Iphigeneia then revealed to her brother her name and parentage, and promised him to obtain possession of the statue of the goddess, and quit in his vessel this inhospitable land.

After reflecting upon the deceit and ingratitude of quitting thus secretly the country that had afforded her a shelter, she, trusting in the aid of Artemis, told her whole history to King Thoas, who not only granted a pardon to the strangers, but permitted them to return, accompanied by Iphigeneia, and carrying with them the statue to their native shores.

On the way thither the Furies departed from Orestes, the gods having forgiven him, and peace of conscience was restored. Soon afterwards he married Hermione, daughter of Menelaos and Helen, and on the death of his father-in-law, became King of Sparta, over which country he ruled until he died in the ninetieth year of his age, beloved and mourned by his subjects.

THE END.

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